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**CLARA CHESTER;**

**A POEM.**

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EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY OLIVER & BOYD,  
HIGH STREET.

# CLARA CHESTER;

## A P O E M.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“ROME,” AND “THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.”

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The world was sad, the garden was a wild,  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd till woman smiled.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

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She was fair  
As Poets picture Hebe, or the spring;  
Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast  
In that ideal mould whence Raphael drew  
His Galatea.

MASON.

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EDINBURGH,

PUBLISHED BY

OLIVER & BOYD, TWEEDDALE-COURT ;

AND G. & W. B. WHITTAKER, LONDON.

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1823.



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## DEDICATION.

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WHEN the eyes of youth and beauty explore with delight the memorials of Roman splendour, and maternal love dwells with rapture on the dawning graces of those far dearer objects, a blooming offspring, it can hardly be expected that a lady, thus agreeably occupied, should waste an hour in perusing the journal of a rambling soldier: but as it was composed principally for the purpose of suggesting some improvement in the system of female education, in which that affectionate mother feels so deep an interest, to whom can it be so properly inscribed as to her, who has reared those tender blossoms from the bud—whose heart, superior to the temptations of fashionable indolence, was too pure to trust the precious flowers to the nurture of a foreign bosom; and who has traversed the Alps and Appenines, undaunted



by fatigue and danger, to invigorate their delicate frames with health from the breezy mountain, and enrich their minds with taste and science on the classic shores of Italy?

Impressed with these sentiments, the Author takes the liberty of dedicating this last effort of his muse

TO

MRS WRAY PALLISER.

## ERRATA.

<i>For</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Line</i>	<i>Read</i>
Millenium,.....	5,.....	10,.....	millennium.
Confituses,.....	18,.....	23,.....	confitures.
Picture,.....	27,.....	28,.....	pictured.
Lustre, .....	44, .....	271,.....	lustres.
Proud, .....	87, .....	1494,.....	pruned.
Trafficers,.....	109,.....	405, .....	traffickers.
Tollage,.....	118,.....	671,.....	tallage.
Hilloa, .....	140,.....	1309,.....	holla.
Bloted,.....	149,.....	1572,.....	bloated.
Commence,.....	167,.....	227, .....	commenced.
Rhind, .....	192,.....	964,.....	rind.
Millenium,.....	242, .....	2368,.....	millennium.



## PREFACE.

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“VIVE LA JOIE ! Vive la bagatelle !” I like a merry preface ; it sounds like a joyous proclamation, announcing peace and plenty (sometimes the forerunners of poverty and starvation), or a chime of wedding bells, ringing in the neighbours’ ears the blissful anticipations of the marriage morn, which but too often end in disappointment and sorrow. A lively preface puts the reader in good humour with the writer, and tickles his palate like a *gouté* of oysters before a French dinner. I love the bright side of the world, and feel contented with the splendour of the glorious sun, without peering at his spots through a smoked glass. Every situation in life can afford enjoyment to those who take the trouble of seeking for it. So little does human happiness depend on external appearances, that I never felt, before or since, such an exhilaration of spirits, as

when wading breast-high through a South American swamp, with aquatic birds whirring from the rushes ; or reposing at night on the cold clover, with a knapsack for my pillow ; depending on the Lasso men for daily food, the flesh and soup of an ox, which was killed, cooked and eaten in twenty minutes ; and in continual danger of being noosed by the Ladrones, who watched with an angler's patience for an opportunity to fling their eel-skin snares round the neck of a straggling soldier. In those wild regions we fancied the Trojan age revived, when kings and heroes officiated as their own cooks. It was a scene of military romance, brilliant at the moment, but now more pleasing when viewed through the softening mist of time. Old times have ever been the subject of agreeable contemplation, and afford enjoyments more tranquil than the brightest pleasures of hope ; but, alas ! these old times were the days of youth and health, when all the world was “ *couleur de rose* ;” it is the sweet power of memory, which, like the departed sun, throws splendour over the evening landscape ; and I feel now a charm in the recollection of past fatigues and dangers, and of those indescribable emotions which I felt, when first standing on the shore of the Western world. In the year 1807 it was my fortune to be employed in the disastrous expedition to Buenos Ayres ; and though at



that period I had little idea of appearing before the public in the character of an author, I took notes of the first impressions made on my imagination by the new and wonderful objects of the land and waves; and it has since often struck me with surprise that not one of our thousand living poets has chosen them as the subject of his illustrations. It is a field worthy of a Byron: how his noble genius would expand on those illimitable Pampas, a sea of verdure without a shore! How his splendid language would paint, with the reality of a picture, the majestic repose of the tropical landscape, disturbed only by the rolling of subterraneous thunder! I see him, in imagination, standing on the shore of the Caraccas, during one of those dreadful visitations, when, according to his own sublime description,

“ The mountains tremble, and the birds  
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw  
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds  
Stumble o’er heaving plains.”

I see his eagle eye pursuing the flight of the condor, till he becomes invisible above the flames of blazing Cotopaxi; or tracing the fire of the forest, that rolls like a sea of blood over the crackling pine trees. In those neglected regions every object is original, and every appearance of nature sublime. The Peon, with a silver spur on his naked heel, urges his flying steed

across the boundless meadow ; or breaks through a wall composed of the horns of cattle, whose flesh is considered worthless from its abundance. Mares are used as fuel, and lime is burned with the bones, and even flesh of sheep and oxen. Packs of wild dogs fill the vault of night with their howling, and millions of cattle and horses range the savannah, obstructed only by the richness of the clover. The voyage and operations of the troops, as far as the calamitous assault of Buenos Ayres, I have composed from notes written on the spot. It was not my good fortune to advance farther into that interesting country, as we were allowed but two months to evacuate Monte Video. I have therefore introduced a few passages, illustrative of South American scenery, from the works of that enterprising traveller, De Humboldt, whose stupendous intellect embraced the whole circle of arts and sciences, and who united in his person all the various talents and acquirements, which have raised individuals to the summit of literary fame. Linking myself with De Humboldt, I feel like a barnacle, that arrives safe in harbour, by cleaving to the side of a majestic argosy.

To connect these scenes with the web of an agreeable story is the object of the present effort. A poem purely descriptive seldom fails to excite a sensation of ennui, however meritorious the execution. To do justice to

the twofold object would require the charming facility of narration, exemplified in the beautiful story of "Gertrude of Wyoming," the accomplished author of which is by far too sparing of the treasures from his rich and inexhaustible mines of genius. My kind readers, however, will take the will for the deed ; and I particularly solicit the indulgence of that gentle sex, to whose fame and praise these humble pages are devoted. All charming as they are, I anticipate a more glorious era, and look forward to a female millenium, when women and angels will become synonymous terms. It has long been a favourite maxim with me, that domestic duties, fashionable accomplishments and heroic fortitude, are all strictly compatible, and may without inconsistency adorn the same character ; that a woman may combine the useful with the agreeable, and possess all the mild graces of her sex, with the spirit of an Amazon. The history of nations, proverbial for levity, has shewn invincible courage united to the purest conjugal affection, and exhibited to an admiring world the fair martyr, who, finding all her exertions unavailing to save a beloved husband, has followed him to the scaffold, and volunteered to share his death with all the spirit and devotion of an Indian sacrifice. But there are minor touches which still seem wanting to complete the lovely picture. Those were golden

days when the daughter of a king thought it no disgrace to draw water at a well ; and in later times our prudent ancestors pronounced a young girl unfit to enter the married state till she was able to spin her household linen. No event has caused such a revolution in society as the improvement in female education. A century since, the fingers of our fair countrywomen were employed in pickling and embroidery, while their heads were little more than “ a bulbous excrescence between the shoulders.” The consequence was, that the rougher sex, finding their company mere mental starvation, paid their court to the bottle, and a party in the country resembled more one of the Bacchanalian orgies than a feast of rational beings. We are now in danger of running into the opposite extreme ; for though it is impossible to cultivate the female understanding too highly, some attention should be paid to those minor duties, without which woman is as useless as a piece of ornamental china on her chimney-piece. There are some, who devote their days and nights to music, though nature has blest them with no better voice than an owl ; they substitute mechanical skill for natural taste, like Malliardet’s Automaton, and where we look for expression, they give us quavers. One of these fair quaverers treated me to such a succession of trillos one winter’s evening, that she threw me into a

fit of the shaking ague. There are others afflicted with the dancing mania, who, without paying attention to either time or figure, literally swim along, being drest in damp gowns, that cling tight to their bodies, and shew the form to greater advantage; and there are pretenders to learning, who may be called walking-indexes, and seldom dive deeper than the title-page. One of these blue-stockings monsters, who despise all domestic knowledge, after partaking plentifully of vermicelli soup, inquired if it was made of fiddle-strings. To cure this real or affected ignorance should be the object of female instruction. For my part, I believe women to be capable of any thing; what productions of wit, learning, and spirit, are lost to the world from their defective education. We may judge of their capacity from the brilliant effusions, that reflect such honour on the sex, from the sweet harmony of a Tighe to the eagle grasp of De Staël. All married men will bear witness to their powers of oratory, and, though a bachelor, I cheerfully subscribe to their verdict. Pope Joan governed Imperial Rome as well as any male successor of St Peter; Semiramis, Boadicea, and Elizabeth, have proved how kingdoms may be ruled by a petticoat. What lawyer can state a case, right or wrong, with the persevering eloquence of woman? Who so fit for a senior wrangler? And what



a saving in time there would be in Chancery, if the bench were occupied by a female, who would decide a suit without hearing it ! The distinction of sex is unknown among angels ; but there is one question that sets the matter at rest : Notwithstanding all the miseries which we suffer from these dear tormenting creatures, how should we come into the world without them ?

There is one class of females for whom I feel a peculiar interest, namely, the respectable society of Old Maids, that Hortus Siccus of departed flowers, many of whom preserve their virtues and agreeable fragrance when the roses of youth are withered. But dreary, indeed, is an old maiden's winter, when her spring has past without cultivation, her summer without blossoms, her autumn without fruit ; and she stands solitary on the blasted plain with a crown of snow and a heart of thorns ! These anomalous beings form a distinct class in the animal kingdom, and are perhaps the only creatures in it that enjoy real independence ; they have neither hopes nor fears ; a surly husband and a squalling child are to them matters of merriment ; they are the civilest of beings, and feel grateful for attentions, which are doubly welcome from their scarcity. When oppressed by the contemptuous frowns of scornful beauty, I always take shelter by the side of an old maid, as I would by a laurel-tree in a thunder

storm, and am sure to meet with kindness and protection; and I would recommend it strongly to my young female acquaintances to consider seriously, before they cast a smile of contempt on my worthy and antiquated friends, that it is very possible in the revolution of time they may become members of that highly respectable sisterhood. I mention this (*en passant*) as a good-natured hint; because I have known many, who anticipated the possession of some goose with a golden egg, which proved as fabulous as that of Esop.

As some of my readers may like variety, I shall treat them to a dramatic scene. My aunt Deborah is a very good woman, but sometimes unreasonable. Jack Hornet is a worthy fellow, but a cynical old bachelor, fond of stinging the ladies, in revenge perhaps for disappointed love. They both peeped into my study the other morning, Jack's dry face peering over my aunt's shoulder; when perceiving a pen extended between my finger and thumb, and my eyes fixed on the ceiling, the worthy lady addressed me as follows:—

*Aunt.*—Ah! nephew—at the old work, still scribbling, while your tea is getting cold; will experience never teach you wisdom? The critics say that your “Rome” is a dull enumeration of stones and brickbats, and that your “Vale of Chamouni” set all their

tongues dangling like icicles. I hope your next will be something better.

*Author.*—Their tongues were truly frozen, for some of them paid me but cold compliments; but I hope to be on more friendly terms with them when we become better acquainted. While the critics reposed on feathers, I lay on a cold swamp, drenched with rain, having passed the day without food, and with little prospect of a breakfast on the morrow. I was sorry to find that some, for whose opinion I entertain a high respect, misunderstood my expressions. I never said a word against candid criticism, but, on the contrary, asserted that I honoured it; and surely a philippic against illiberal criticism cannot be considered a censure on fair discussion; as well might the “*Tartuffe*” be called a satire on religion, whereas it is merely an exposure of hypocrisy.

*Jack.*—I have heard that those cynics are particularly severe on gentlemen of your profession.

*Author.*—From the learned and the wise we are sure of meeting with liberality and indulgence; but there are small dabblers in criticism, who pounce on a poor officer, landing on his native shore, with his manuscript under his arm, and mangle him as ravens tear the body of a drowned mariner. Every little slip of the pen or grammatical error they lay hold of, and bottle up for

exhibition like an abortion in vinegar. One of those creatures, having imputed to me sentiments which I never uttered, and bad grammar, the offspring of his own, or his printer's ignorance, crowned all by asserting that I appeared before the public "in formâ pauperis." I was as much amused at this as Lord Byron, when accused of taking a fee for writing puffs for Warren's blacking. The editor of the ephemeral work, to which I allude, should take a lesson of liberality from the New Monthly Magazine, that most respectable of periodical publications, in which an author is certain of finding his compositions criticised in the spirit of candour and the language of a gentleman.

*Aunt.*—You get warm, nephew.

*Author.*—True, madam, but not on my own account. I write for my amusement; not unambitious of a little fame, and without the silly vanity of rejecting a sheaf of the golden harvest, should I stumble on it at the foot of Parnassus. That pitiful scribbler can do *me* no injury; and it is probable his small journal has already passed away with the flies of summer, as I never heard of its existence before or since. My indignation was roused by the unmanly attacks on female authors, of whom I knew nothing but from their works; and I consider myself professionally

bound to draw either pen or sword in defence of lovely unprotected woman.

*Aunt.*—Bravo ! my bold champion. I never saw a critic, but always had an idea that he was a tall, bony, bilious man of fifty-five, with a black wig, bent brows, sharp nose and double spectacles. You are a desperate man to speak your mind so freely to those dark inquisitors. But, as I said before, I hope your new poem will be something better than your last.

*Author.*—I see, my dear aunt, that you echo the sentiments of an unreasonable public. Do they suppose that an author's brain is like a pedlar's pack, from the stores of which he can produce Spital-fields lace to-day and Brussels to-morrow? Must every writer possess the rich fluency of Moore, who scatters his treasures with careless prodigality, like the mantle of Prince Esterhazy, from which every elbow shakes a shower of brilliants? No, my dear madam ; we, poets, are “ the creatures of the elements,” and must depend on the weather for inspiration. On a fine May morning (before the ladies come down stairs) I pledge myself to write verses that will force you to smile either at my wit or folly ; but in dark December, when the cranium is damped by a cloudy atmosphere, my poetical nerves are like wet fiddle-strings, from which the bow of a Yaniewicz could extract no harmony.



*Jack*.—And so, by way of invoking the muse; your eyes were fixed on the ceiling: trust me, you may cast your eyes for many a day on an Irish ceiling, and find nothing there but cobwebs, which, after all, are spun with more ingenuity than the plots of some of your modern dramatists; a spider's tail is more prolific than a poet's head.

*Author*.—My dear Jack, nothing short of a gunpowder plot can afford sufficient excitement to gratify the taste of the present age. The public are become bilious from luxuriating in the high seasoning of Byronian cookery, and have lost all relish for simple diet; and the inexhaustible talent of the Scottish novelist has brought the Caledonian slang so much into fashion, that our ears are no longer sensible to the beauties of plain English. But when the literary world is deluged by a flood of immorality, why should I not cast my pebble into the stream? And if numbers would unite in the sacred cause, though the stone of the stripling be too weak to hurl the Goliath to the ground, he may feel encouragement from the ancient proverb, “*Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.*”

We now adjourned to breakfast, and the good lady attacked me on another subject. “Nephew,” said she, “let me ask you for the hundredth time, why don't you marry?”

*Author.*—Because, my dear aunt, I never met with my beau idéal.

*Aunt.*—Your beau whom? I really thought that a beau was a man.

*Author.*—True, madam; a simple beau is, or ought to be, a man; but a beau idéal is of the feminine gender, a sort of imaginary piece of perfection, that exists only in the poet's fancy. We have no word in our simple language to express this visionary being, and are forced to borrow a phrase from our old enemies, the French, though you know we can beat them at every thing but expression. To realize this vision of the brain, I have in contemplation a character, which I shall introduce by the name of CLARA CHESTER, combining the opposite qualities of useful and agreeable, and resembling one of those beautiful flowers, which the botanists call "Monsters."

*Jack.*—Your plan is impracticable; there are but two descriptions of women in the world, the one useful, the other ornamental; like the real and artificial pipes of an organ, the latter of which are finely gilded, highly polished and good for nothing; while the former, which produce all the harmony, lie unseen, or are visible only to the fool that blows the bellows.

*Author.*—I maintain that my plot is a good plot, and take this opportunity of acquainting my female

friends, that when I meet with a correct copy of this fair original, I will marry her; that is, provided she will have me. Such a character is not altogether a poet's dream. This very morning the living portrait stood before me. A Rousseau's pen—a Titian's pencil would fail in attempting to delineate the features of her mind or person; in every situation new, in every one enchanting; on a vernal morn attired in her blue habit, seated gracefully on her light Arabian, with her black veil floating on the breeze, the roses of youth, health, and pleasure, blooming on her cheeks, vivacity and sweetness in her eyes—in the evening drest in vestal white, moving with the step of Venus in the dance, drawing magical sounds from the piano, or breathing music from her coral lips—and still more charming on the Sabbath morn, surrounded by the children of the neighbouring peasantry, and instructing their infant minds in the precepts of our holy religion. And thus she moves through life like a noble river, that flows along in pride and beauty, refreshing fruits and flowers with its salutary waters, bearing wealth and civilization to distant shores, and reflecting from its pure bosom the glories of heaven.

*Jack.*—You are mounted on your Pegasus, and cut so high a caper, that you have lost sight of the real character of woman; that strange animal is like a reel

in a bottle, which is sufficiently transparent to prove the contents a mysterious puzzle. I have studied the creature long and deeply without success, and if ever I discover the enigma, I pledge myself to rush into the street like Archimedes, drest or undrest, and proclaim to the whole world “I have found it, I have found it.” The truth is, we must take these agreeable mixtures of sweets and bitters as we find them; those who seek for perfection are like the adventurers, that went in search of “El Dorado,” and, instead of a gilded king, discovered a troop of naked savages, perfumed with aromatic oils, and spangled with micæ. Both men and women are better in a state of celibacy; when joined in matrimony, they are like the unnatural combination of venison and currant jelly, where two good things spoil each other. A woman is like a polypus; you may clip her, and nip her, and turn her inside out like a glove, and she will start up in some new attitude; and I verily believe that if you lopped off her tongue, a new member, equally sharp and polished, would spring instantanously from the root.

*Author.*—And yet these slender creatures contrive to incarcerate us with links, either imperceptible, or too precious to be broken; and man, the Brobdingnagian of the world, finds himself chained to the earth by the

threads of Lilliputians. Woman is Nature's last and fairest work—the paragon of her labour; she created man like a lonely pillar in the desert, solitary and helpless with all his majesty and strength, till lovely woman came like the graceful capital, and crowned the column with beauty.

*Jack.*—I hope this fair lady will not be a blue-stock-ing—a female Mendoza, who stops her antagonist's mouth with a quarto, or brains him with a folio; for we are of late so bitten with the literary mania, that I expect shortly to hear of my groom writing sonnets to his currycomb.

*Author.*—Learned she shall certainly be; for true learning is always accompanied by modesty; but there are pretenders to it, who, swelled up by self-conceit, like the young flying-fish, soar out of their native element, and continue fluttering till they are swallowed by an albatross.

*Aunt.*—I hope your heroine will not be too proud to act occasionally as her own milliner.

*Author.*—The ornamental parts of dress she shall make assuredly with her own fair hands; and such is the rapidity of fashion's revolutions, that she may change her frills and trimmings agreeably to the existing mode. Nay, I will go farther—but how shall I express myself? I will even allow her to cicatrize those

interesting wounds, which time, or the relentless thorn, may have inflicted on the silken veils of beauty's tender pedestals.

*Jack.*—Ha! ha! ha! I actually believe that Monsieur le Poète means to say she must mend a hole in her stocking.

*Author.*—Shocking! shocking!

*Aunt.*—Well—as for externals, they are matters of secondary consideration; the passion for dress is inherent in our nature; and the heart of woman still pants for beads and trinkets, from the tattooed savage of Otaheite to the Dutchess at Almack's; but there is another point of more consequence; she must positively possess some skill in cookery.

*Author.*—She shall be both a cook and a doctor; with respect to cookery, I mean of course the ornamental part of the science. Though I am no epicure, I really think that a table, arranged with neatness and taste, reflects much credit on the understanding of the fair hostess; and that some previous acquaintance with the art is necessary to enable her to give orders to her confectioner. I shall therefore dabble her pretty fingers in some little tiny kickshaws, such as “confituses au citron,” conserve de fleurs d'orange, “petits biscuits,” “glaces aux framboises,” or spun sugar.

I have an old nurse, called Norry Notable, one of

those affectionate creatures who take liberties unknown to our more polished neighbours of the east; and, above all characters, prize a man who has written a *printed* book. The poor Irish possess intellect, though some wise legislators would class them with wild beasts; and as the worthy dame attended us at breakfast, she seemed deeply interested in the subject of our conversation, giving occasionally an assenting nod; but when I came to the raspberry ice and spun sugar, she lost all patience.

*Nurse*.—Fiddle-de-dee! froth and sillabub! your wife must study the solids; she must pot herrings—pickle mushrooms—fry pancakes, and prepare minced-meat for Christmas pies. The lossit must be her throne, and the rolling-pin her sceptre. There is no situation, in which the mistress of a family appears so respectable, as when, dressed in a dowlas apron, she moulds a substantial pudding, up to her elbows in paste and puffing dust like a miller.

*Jack*.—Break her in at once; on the very day of my marriage, my bride shall scald a pig, and broil the tail of it for her wedding-dinner. Domestic discipline is as necessary in a house as subordination in an army. I have a stick, that supported me on the ashes of Mount Vesuvius, and I promise my pretty wife that she shall often feel the warmth of it on her tender shoulders,



particularly if I see her blade bones exposed to the waist ; and if she dare to daub her fair cheeks with rouge, I will scrape it off with a carder.

*Author.*—We know, my dear Jack, that this is all love in disguise, and that, like a good-natured spaniel, the worse you are treated by those fair tyrants, the more you fawn upon them. You would form a better opinion of the lovely sex, had you participated in the charming society at Villa Nuova, where the stranger is sure of enjoying the pure pleasures of refined conversation, polished wit, and elegant hospitality.

*Jack.*—Well—well—there is no rule without an exception ; but your female readers will expect a little touch of sentiment—something to excite their tender sympathies, and give them an appearance of amiable sensibility in the eyes of their lovers.

*Author.*—I would do any thing to please the ladies, but fear that heroic sentiment is beyond my sphere. I knew not, till lately, that a goose was subject to the gout, or a chicken to the quinsy. I never saw a thrush fall from a window-stool, nor shed tears over an expiring tomtit : but I have encountered perils by land and sea, and now make an humble attempt to describe what has fallen under my personal observation. I fear, however, that my poem will never become fashionable ; for I write a plain, straight-forward narrative, without



either dwarf, dumby, witch, or fool, to season my simple story. I shall introduce but two female characters—a white woman and a black one, both of whom are copied from nature, though the portraits are a mere shadow of the lovely originals. In prose there might be some chance of succeeding; but how am I to put all this into rhyme? Like Bonaparte's *destin*, some strange fatality whirls me along in the train of the Muses; for I was born with such a passion for metrical composition, that, were I condemned to undergo the solemn ceremony of marriage, I verily believe I could scarcely refrain from scribbling verses on that awful occasion. But rhyme is the chevaux-de-frise that impedes my heroic march; if my line end with “wife,” the wicked Muse offers me “strife”—for “young,” tongue;” for “old,” “scold;” and for “marriage,” “miscarriage.” The critics find fault with my rhymes, and seem to think that a poor poet should strike a tuning key on his elbow, and cock it to his ear, before he ventures on a couplet. Must I sacrifice my best passages for a jingle, like the crow in the fable, that dropped his food in attempting to sing?

Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensée  
 Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma la pensée,  
 Et donnant à ses mots une étroite prison  
 Voulut avec la rime enchaîner la raison.—BOILEAU.

These nervous lines of the French satirist awoke the

dormant Muse, and to the surprise of my Aunt Deborah, and my testy friend Jack Hornet, I spouted, extemporaneously, the following stanzas.

### THE BARD IN DISTRESS.

WHAT tyrant first in servile chains  
The bard's aspiring pinions bound,  
And screw'd his wild, impassion'd strains  
With rivets to the sordid ground?

Perhaps some stripling crost in love,  
Who, roving round the convent's cell,  
Invented jingling rhymes to move  
The bosom of the captive belle,

Who, leaning from the lattice bar,  
Drank deep the moonlight serenade,  
As Florio tuned his sweet guitar  
To charm the Lusitanian maid.

Perhaps some wand'ring Muleteer  
By Tejo's pure, romantic stream,  
Who sought with tinkling chimes to cheer  
The spirit of his drowsy team.

Tight strapt and buckled up in rhymes,  
With pain my laboured verses flow,  
Like languid flowers of foreign climes,  
When frost forbids the gem to blow.

Rhyme's like a Calvinistic boot,  
Whose squeezing measure sorely pinches,

Which causes bitter pain to shoot,  
And cramps the tortur'd feet to inches.

'Tis like the jailor's iron hand,  
That shuts the light of cheerful day,  
Or block of ice, or bank of sand,  
That checks the towering vessel's way.

'Tis like the stocks that bind the feet,  
The pillory that pains the head,  
The "cul de sac" that ends the street,  
Or torment of Procrustes' bed.

'Tis like a dam, whose folding gate  
Obstructs the flow of mountain streams ;  
A night-mare crushing with its weight  
The splendour of poetic dreams.

This rhyming spell the muse o'erwhelms ;  
Her ear is stunn'd, her eye is blind ;  
Suppose I seek through British realms  
The spirit of a master mind,

To guide the helm of nations fit,  
Nor let the state's protectors rob it ;  
Plain sense would point to Fox or Pitt,  
But rhyme perversely answers C——t.\*

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\* The French scholar need scarcely be informed, that this is a feeble imitation of the witty lines of Boileau on the same subject :

Si je veux d'un galant dépeindre la figure,  
Ma plume pour rimer trouve l'abbé de Pure ;  
Si je pense exprimer un Auteur sans défaut,  
La Raison dit Virgile, et la Rime Quinaut.

Or one to guard a kingdom's weal,  
Palladium of our sacred Isle,  
Reason says Liverpool or Peel,  
But rhyme, the jester, cries C——e.

The mighty bards of ancient times  
Unfetter'd pour'd the copious song,  
And scorn'd the aid of feeble rhymes  
To tow their foaming barks along.

Those masters, rich in fancy's fires,  
Drew tones from music's sweetest cells,  
Nor need their deep, harmonious lyres  
The jingle of poetic bells.

But we, poor poetasters, puzzled  
To realize some gorgeous dream,  
Feel like the brute with nose-bag muzzled,  
That sighs to taste the dulcet stream.

How sweet the unbound minstrel sings,  
How free the wings of fancy play,  
Light as the captive's hand that flings  
On dungeon stones his chains away !

I, like distracted Romeo, tear  
My locks, and like a maniac rave,  
Yet find, when lost my wits and hair,  
“ The measure of an early grave.”

Then why thus creep like wretched mite,  
Whose spacious world's a cheese of Stilton ?  
Burst forth, and try a daring flight  
On plumes of Thomson, Young, or Milton.

Blank verse ! I hate the chilling sound ;  
Long years I toil'd in martial ranks  
To seize a golden prize, but found  
My hopes and tickets turn up blanks.

While some are deck'd in stars and crosses,  
Who neither spun, nor toil'd, nor bled,  
I reap'd, for all my pains and losses,  
The honour of ——— a broken head.

What little wits I had slipp'd out ;  
My pate's confused—these verses shew it,  
And prove beyond dispute or doubt  
The man of war a crack-brained poet.

I once had thoughts of writing prose  
In flowing language, rich and mellow ;  
But critics vow'd I'd make them dose,  
And call'd me but a prosing fellow.

I'd rove o'er mountains, rocks, or valleys,  
To find some new-born rhyme or measure,  
Or toil like convicts at the galleys  
To give my gentle readers pleasure.

The days are gone, when poets drank  
Nectar from great Apollo's daughters ;  
One cup of sherry's worth a tank  
Of sweet Castalia's crystal waters.

The bards of old, to swell the strain,  
The Muses' wat'ry fountain quaff'd ;  
Give me a bowl of bright Champagne ;  
Rich wine's the true *composing* draught.

I tried the springs of Buxton, Bath,  
Of Malvern, Harrowgate, and Mallow ;  
They drained my body to a lath,  
And left my purse and cranium shallow.

But, rich or poor, still youth or age  
Shall ne'er condemn one vicious line,  
Nor curse the poet's wanton page,  
That cast one cloud on virtue's shrine.

Should painful tears from beauty's eyes  
Warm down the cheek of crimson roll,  
Or shame's indignant blushes rise,  
Fling to the flames the worthless scroll.

I envy not those lips, that breathe  
O'er vice the sweets of orient bowers,  
And mask the dark design beneath,  
Like chimney-sweepers drest in flowers.

I curb my champing barb too tight ;  
Fly, my bold steed, and scour the plain ;  
Dash with the foaming torrent's might,  
With hoofs of fire and flowing rein.

When disposed for a gallop, how gaily the bard  
Slakes his thirst at Castalia's inspiring fountains,  
And springs with the life of the light-footed pard,  
When pursuing his prey on the Ethiop mountains !

High bounding and prancing he clatters along,  
Gives a spur to the dunces, a smile to the lasses ;  
Cheers the dull with his humour, the sad with a song,  
And cuts at the critics, that grin as he passes.

At this pace how delightful and easy to slide,  
To chatter and gossip like glib Caleb Quotem,  
And to flirt with the Muse, as I'd play with a bride,  
With a whirligig, shuttle-cock, top, or teetotum !

This measure is sweet, when the heart-stirring plume  
Of a Moore, stored with passionate eloquence, showers  
The sparkles of genius, and fresh-breathing bloom,  
On his goblets of nectar and roseate bowers.

But the bard, who presumes on his pitiful reed  
To ape the proud tones of Anacreon's lyre,  
May count on a fling from his turbulent steed,  
With a roll from Olympus to sink in the mire.

" Low ! low "—cry the dons of the critical press—  
The Cynics ! I knew the last line would enrage 'em ;  
They smile with contempt at the poet's distress,  
Nor consider " *Necessitas non habet legem.*"

For a rhyme to sweet Italy's language I fly,  
When the lingo of Britain bewilders me " *molto* ;"  
Suppose, for experiment's sake, I should try  
My hand at the liberal " *Verso Sciolto.*"

" Romantic chivalry ! thy age is past ;  
Time was, when thousands of avenging swords  
Would from their sheaths have leapt, to save from harm  
One hair of royal beauty."—Thus I cried  
Indignant, in the warm, emphatic words  
Of Ireland's Cicero, when, tired with all  
The pomp of proud Versailles, one summer's eve  
I wandered from the picture gallery,  
The splendid terrace, and the jet that spouts

Cold from the marble dolphin, to those scenes  
Of rural beauty, where the martyr'd queen,  
Fair Antoinette, to peaceful shades retired  
From all the brilliance of imperial courts ;  
And in the bowers of lovely Trianon  
Tasted that pure enjoyment of the heart  
So foreign to a throne. The little bark,  
Which once her delicate hands in sport directed,  
Still floated on the bosom of the lake ;  
The rustic cottage too in evening's beam  
Still bloom'd with all its tender plants and flowers,  
The fair creation of her gentle hand.  
Oh, land of courtesy ! the princely seat  
Of cultured elegance, and all those arts,  
That o'er the toilsome path of rugged life  
Strew fragrance, like the primrose on the rock !  
What cloud obscured thy sun ? What demon's hand  
Has torn the tender veil, the mystic zone,  
And those pure feelings of celestial stamp,  
That link us to immortals, rudely rent,  
Shatter'd the holy pedestal of peace,  
And placed a sanguinary Moloch there ?  
Thus I exclaimed, as, wrapt in solemn thought,  
And roving through that wilderness of flowers,  
I traced in shady walk, or green alcove,  
Each sad memorial of a murdered queen.

Amidst the various monuments, that taste  
And playful fancy with luxuriant hand  
Had scatter'd through the groves, was one in style  
And form pre-eminent—The Tomb of Love !  
Ingenious satire of a witty race.  
Oh ! say, when blue-eyed Mercy rose to Heaven,  
Did that sweet boy on downy pinions fly,



Scared by the horrors of a bleeding land ?  
Has anarchy mown down with sweeping scythe  
The blooming ornaments of polish'd life,  
And left a sad and lonely desert there ?  
'Tis true, in fickle France, where words and thoughts  
Float on the surface of a careless heart,  
We seldom find the precious pearl beneath :  
La politesse and courtly gallantry,  
La Bienseance—douceur—folie—usurp  
The holy name of Love : the rooted passion,  
Built on the rock of friendship and esteem,  
Ne'er flourish'd yet in fluctuating Gaul.  
In British Isles that lovely plant is found  
Firm as the steadfast oak, and breathing fresh  
As vernal sweets ; nor blooms that flower alone  
In jasmine arbours, or in myrtle groves.  
The camp, all bright with sunny arms, the sea  
Lash'd by the wintry storm, the rustic shed  
Of hardy forester—have felt the power  
Of all-subduing love. No swain I sing  
Stretch'd in the towering elm's reviving shade :  
No Strephon blubbers o'er a babbling stream,  
Nor flings a wither'd rose-leaf to the wind.  
No Lindamira, with a heaving heart  
Full of sweet sentiment and wild romance,  
Pours her imagined sorrows to the moon.  
I sing a British seaman's manly love,  
Pure as the bosom of unruffled waves,  
And vivid as the rolling cannon's fire—  
Of one, who ne'er to mortal bent the knee,  
Till conquer'd by the gentle Clara's charms.  
She, nurtured in the martial tent, imbibed  
The hero's spirit ; yet in scenes of peace  
No fawn, that sports along the dewy glade,

E'er moved with sweeter grace : when trials came,  
Her fortitude, like valiant hearts in battle,  
Rose with the storm ; but when the peril pass'd,  
Subsided like the waves, the tempest o'er,  
When evening gleams on ocean's glassy breast,  
And Heav'n's pure image trembles on the deep.

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In vain, alas ! on tottering stilts I stand  
To raise my stature to that glorious band,  
Whose laurels wave eternal and sublime,  
Triumphant o'er the wreck of space and time.  
That style, whose charm to lasting fame aspires,  
Whose flow no music's melting close requires,  
Demands a theme by Milton's pencil traced,  
Sustain'd by genius, and chastised by taste.  
No native powers my labouring bosom fill  
To scale with inborn strength the mighty hill.  
In youth's gay morn I trod the martial plain,  
And march'd erect to music's lofty strain ;  
The roll of thundering drum and cannon's fire  
Drown'd lovely Poesy's impassion'd lyre.  
To catch one smile from that bewitching maid  
I fly to Rhyme's invigorating aid,  
Tread with bewilder'd step enchanted ground,  
And fill the vacant halls of sense with sound.

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**CLARA CHESTER.**

**BOOK I.**

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————— Oh ! I have stood  
Beside thee through the beating storms of life  
With the true heart of unrepining love,  
As the poor peasant's mate doth cheerily,  
In the parch'd vineyard, or the harvest-field,  
Bearing her part, sustain with him the heat  
And burden of the day.—*Siege of Valencia.*

## CLARA CHESTER.

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### BOOK I.

WOMAN ! thou sweetest source of mortal bliss,  
From the pure pressure of the mother's kiss,  
That welcomes to the light her darling boy,  
Through life's vicissitudes, through pain and joy,  
Man's only treasure, solace and delight,  
The beauteous star that gilds his wintry night,  
Till o'er the tomb the shades of cypress wave,  
And thy soft tears bedew his lonely grave—  
What words shall paint thee, or what pencil's power  
Can sketch one feature of that lovely hour,                   10  
When, blooming like the morn, the virgin stands,  
Sweet, trembling victim, while the sacred bands  
Of Hymen faithful hearts and hands enclose  
In fragrant twine, as woodbine clasps the rose?  
Oh charm of wedded love ! the mystic wreath,  
That shades the thorns of life with flowers, beneath  
Whose beauteous garlands flow the gentle tides  
Of tranquil and domestic joy, as glides

Some noble stream, in pride of summer drest,  
The water-lily floating on its breast. 20  
Bereft of thee, no charm can wealth afford  
To misers gloating o'er the glittering hoard ;  
Nor can the king his lonely sorrow drown  
In cups of gold beneath the blazing crown.  
Thy presence adds fresh plumes to pleasure's wing,  
And from pale woe extracts the venom'd sting—  
The brightest gem where courtly splendour shines,  
A cherub at the couch where sickness pines :  
When rack'd with pain the babe implores for rest  
What opiate soothes him like the mother's breast ? 30  
When health returns, that sweet maternal eye  
Reflects the glance of mutual ecstacy.  
Nor, Adam, thee could Eden's joys inspire,  
(Of all this breathing world primeval sire.)  
Sad was thy lot, though flowers perennial crown'd  
Thy peaceful arbours, and the lulling sound  
Of warbling nightingales from bush and tree  
Charm'd thee with nature's purest melody.  
Thy days in cheerless solitude were past,  
Each pensive hour an echo of the last, 40  
Hopeless and desolate thy morning rose,  
And tears of anguish fell at evening's close ;  
The brightest rose of Paradise was pale  
Till woman bless'd thee ; and the balmy gale,  
That bore luxurious fragrance on its wings,  
The liquid murmurs of pellucid springs,  
And sweet nocturnal music from the grove,  
Were tasteless all, till crown'd by woman's love.



Nor yet in brightest bloom and lustre shines  
The world's fair paragon, when marriage twines 50  
The holy wreath—a charm more soft and dear  
Attends on filial piety : the tear  
That flows from beauty at a father's pain,  
The mantling cheek when Fortune smiles again,  
More graceful seem than jewels that adorn  
The queen of empires on her bridal morn.  
List to a tale, in humble verse array'd,  
The simple story of an artless maid,  
Whose feelings, thoughts, and deeds and passions, prove  
The bright pre-eminence of filial love. 60

In that green valley, where the lucid stream  
Of Avon glitters to the morning beam,  
The Vale of Evesham, rich in all the stores  
That Nature's hand in sweet profusion pours,  
An aged warrior dwelt—his noble form,  
Like the proud oak that struggles with the storm,  
Shatter'd, but not subdued, still tower'd serene,  
The glorious monarch of the sylvan scene.  
But hostile swords, on many a hard-fought day,  
Had scarr'd his manly breast ; his youthful May 70  
Had pass'd with all its flowers ; and winter now,  
Cold winter, lower'd upon his sadden'd brow  
In all the mournful shapes of sickness, age,  
And unrewarded merit : honour's stage  
To him was closed ; he sigh'd a last farewell,  
As o'er the scene of hope the sable curtain fell.

And few more painful objects claim our tears  
Than this, the gallant officer, whose years  
Were spent in martial toil ; whose youthful eyes  
Beheld the glittering star of glory rise 80  
Bright, cheering promise of a splendid eve ;  
But saw the faithless hand of Fortune weave  
Her golden garlands for some favour'd brow,  
Meed of the parasite's obsequious bow  
And ceaseless importunity ; while pride,  
That noble scorn, to modest worth allied,  
Indignant shrank, return'd the idle blade,  
And sigh'd unseen beneath the laurel's shade.

Still to the world by one dear object bound,  
By Avon's stream the slighted soldier found 90  
That solitude can yield unruffled charms,  
Unfelt amidst the thundering clash of arms.  
A richer boon than Fortune's golden showers,  
One lovely daughter cheer'd his lonely hours,  
Like some sweet star amidst nocturnal gloom,  
An Iris in the storm, a rose-bud on the tomb.

Pale was young Clara's mild, bewitching face,  
A field where Titian's glowing hand might trace  
The lovely passions : when the painted wing  
Of Hope on dove-like pinions told a spring 100  
Of blooming joys when wintry winds were past ;  
When from the princely porch the menial cast  
The famish'd orphan ; or a tale of woe  
Bade the pure fountains of the feelings flow,

And stirr'd with touch, beyond the leeches' art,  
Those deep, mysterious blood-springs of the heart—  
Oh ! then—not Vesper's rosy beams, that light  
The tropic waves, e'er shone so sweet and bright  
As Clara's tender cheeks ; the holy calm  
Return'd when Pity pour'd her soothing balm, 110  
Like Ocean's smile when thund'ring tempest cease,  
The shining surface of a soul of peace.  
Brown was her glossy hair, of that soft hue  
That Autumn's rich and golden fingers strew  
Amidst the falling beech-leaves ; gently rose  
Her forehead, like the swell of Alpine snows,  
When the white mountain glistens to the day,  
And Zephyr sweeps the curtain'd clouds away.  
Her clear blue eyes, the mirrors of her heart,  
Seem'd from each crystal surface to impart 120  
Her inmost soul, and each sweet image gave  
Distinct and pure as Leman's azure wave.  
In Hagley's shady groves the dappled fawn  
Ne'er trod with lighter step the dewy lawn.  
Her airy form, resplendent and serene,  
Moved with the lightness of the Paphian Queen,  
When from her pious son the goddess flew,  
Nor from the glittering herbage swept the dew ;  
Those charms divine, that mortal robes conceal'd,  
The step of graceful dignity reveal'd. 130  
When her white teeth through lips of crimson gleam'd,  
Parted by chaste, enchanting smiles, they seem'd  
The kernels of the cherry ; but the flow  
Of her melodious voice, so soft and low, -

Sank to the bosom like the distant fall  
Of Terni's waters, when the golden ball  
Of day sinks gently on blue Ocean's breast,  
And sooths the stormy passions all to rest.  
Not all the fire of fascinating eyes,  
Nor teeth of lucid pearl, nor magic dyes, 140  
That paint with tints of Heaven the lips and cheek,  
To me with such warm eloquence can speak,  
As that sweet tone, whose melting notes impart  
Music of other worlds, the echo of the heart.  
Within so pure a temple lay enshrined  
A brighter gem, the jewel of her mind.  
She was not cast in beauty's lifeless mould,  
A statue fair, inanimate and cold,  
Sprung from a Parian quarry, for the knees  
Of connoisseurs to bend to—such may please 150  
The purblind critic ; Clara's glowing form  
Bespoke the soul within—a bosom warm  
With holy charity—a tongue to pour  
Peace on the breast that want or sorrow tore—  
A gentle hand to raise the bruised reed,  
And with the cup of joy the pining widow feed.

Such is the slight contour, the picture faint,  
The bard's presumptuous pencil seeks to paint  
Of Clara Chester, that endearing maid,  
Who now retiring to Misfortune's shade, 160  
To filial love her thoughts and feelings gave,  
And smooth'd a parent's passage to the grave.

First on the Belgian plains she saw the light :  
Amidst the tumult of disastrous flight  
That tender flower a fainting mother bore,  
And perish'd on the field ; the awful roar  
Of dread artillery and hostile cheers  
First thunder'd in the helpless infant's ears.  
No sweet maternal voice, nor downy breast,  
Lull'd at life's stormy dawn the babe to rest. 170  
Her father seized her with his trembling arm,  
And bore the smiling Cherub, like a charm,  
Safe through the bleeding ranks : in vain the sound  
Of rushing squadrons shakes the echoing ground ;  
The voice of Nature still is felt to tower,  
And pierce the bosom with triumphant power,  
With pity's pulse the coldest heart to move,  
And clear a passage for paternal love.

E'er since that awful morn, the father's care  
Was centred in his child ; with her to share 180  
Those treasures won by years of pain and toil,  
Became his sole delight : the genial soil,  
Enrich'd by nature, and improved by art,  
With flowers and fragrance cheer'd the parent's heart.  
Preceptors, skill'd in philosophic lore,  
In depths of science and in classic ore,  
He sought, and bade the polish'd image shine,  
As springs the statue from the Parian mine.  
The sightless bards of Greece and Albion poured  
Their spirit in her soul : her fancy soared 190

To regions where immortal Genius reigns,  
Wrapt in the tempest of their lofty strains.  
The language of Hesperia's golden clime,  
The "Faithful Swain" and Tasso's song sublime,  
Flowed from her tongue familiar as the sound  
First utter'd by her infant lips : the ground,  
That mighty Shakspeare trod, to her was dear  
As Mecca to the pilgrim : to her ear  
The glorious melody, that rolls along  
His page, was sweeter than the night-bird's song. 200  
With those endowments of the cultured mind  
Were art's enchanting ornaments combined,  
That shine like plumes above the warrior's helm,  
Or woodbine blossoms round the giant elm.  
She from the solemn harp or thrilling wire  
Drew magic tones, that like electric fire  
Pierced through the heart : her feeling fingers drew  
Each flower that sparkles in the morning dew  
With touch so delicate, such graceful ease,  
It seem'd to flutter in the passing breeze. 210  
With airy feet she wove the light quadrille ;  
The fairy forms, that on the moon-light hill  
Mingle in frolic dance, ne'er press'd the blade  
With more elastic step ; and when arrayed  
In robes of brightest azure for the chase,  
She sat so sweetly, with such modest grace,  
As o'er the fields her light Arabian flew,  
She seem'd some flower that wanton zephyr blew  
Swift o'er the sunny meadows : nor to these  
Accomplishments and courtly forms that please 220

The modish world were Clara's thoughts confined ;  
Domestic arts employed her active mind,  
That sterling ore with outward polish blent,  
And scorn'd the gloss of useless ornament.  
And smile not, Fashion's slaves, whose worthless hours  
Are past on downy Ottomans, in bowers  
Of sloth luxurious, or the midnight ball,  
O'er which Ennui expands her drowsy pall,  
To hear that Clara's slender fingers bore  
The stain of fruit, and from the garden's store 230  
Cull'd the ripe peach, the cherry, and the pear,  
While she, delighted, saw a father share  
The food ambrosial. From the dulcet stream  
Rose the light foam of pure, delicious cream.  
She made refreshing salads, cool and sweet,  
From tender lettuce and the scarlet beet.  
Her taper hands prepared the snowy grain  
Of rice, or threads from India's juicy cane,  
Mellow and clear, as autumn's evening sun,  
In corbels, spires or fairy castles spun. 240  
Light as the leaves that vernal zephyrs blow,  
She wove patisserie from virgin snow.  
From the green berry purest wine she press'd,  
And brimm'd the cup to cheer the evening guest ;  
Nor could Tocay's imperial grape surpass  
The luscious mead that sparkled in the glass.  
Inventive elegance these stores displayed,  
And temper'd flowery light with pleasing shade ;  
Bright glow'd the fruits, with pink and rose perfumed,  
Till on the board a mimic garden bloomed. 250



Though skilful thus in each domestic art,  
A nobler impulse moved the virgin's heart.  
As the rich capital with beauty crowns  
The Parian column—as the rock, that frowns  
In stern magnificence o'er Ocean's breast,  
Bears sweetest flowers upon its lofty crest;  
So Clara's bright accomplishments and grace  
Rested on piety's immortal base,  
That pedestal, that 'midst the blazing pyre  
Shall stand serene when worlds are wrapt in fire. 260

Her life was practical—not idly spent  
In speculation, nor with self-content  
In fancied excellence, the lowly born  
Humbling to dust with supercilious scorn.  
She loved to share the treasures of her mind,  
To pour the soul's effulgence on the blind,  
To clear the mist of ignorance away,  
And lead the faithless Pagan to the day.  
Not in the courtly hall, with jewels bright,  
Whose calm and native splendour dims the light 270  
Of sparkling lustre—nor with plumes and flowers  
Adorn'd, like gardens bathed in vernal showers—  
Nor wafted by the courser's flying feet,  
Shines youthful beauty with a charm so sweet,  
As in pure charity's celestial cause  
Employed—explaining those eternal laws,  
Framed in the spirit of Almighty love  
To guide frail mortals to the realms above.



Lovely shone Clara on the Sabbath morn,  
Above the scoffer's smile, or fashion's scorn, 280  
Surrounded by her young and rustic train,  
The little cottagers that till'd the plain  
Round her paternal mansion; while the maid,  
Patient, and with angelic smiles displayed  
Those stores of wisdom, which the sacred page  
Unfolds—the star of youth—the staff of age.  
She seem'd like Ceres on the barren field,  
When first she taught the savage hand to wield  
Those implements that tame the stubborn soil;  
With persevering industry and toil 290  
To fell the giant forest—to invest  
With waving gold the mountain's stony breast,  
Transform the dens of horrid brutes to bowers,  
And spread a briery wilderness with flowers.

She was not one of that presuming sect,  
Pamper'd with ghostly pride—the self-elect,  
That trade in Heav'n's monopoly—reject  
As outcasts—renegades from mercy's throne  
All castes, whose tenets differ from their own,  
To Paradise exclusively aspire, 300  
And brand their brethren with eternal fire.  
She was a CHRISTIAN—such as ancient days  
Beheld, when shining with immortal rays  
Derived from Heav'n, the blest apostles came,  
The messengers of peace. With holy flame  
Her breast was warm'd: like woodbine round the oak,  
Tender and graceful, every act bespoke

Heroic spirit, joined to manners mild,  
A martyr's zeal, the meekness of a child.  
Her works were built on faith, as fruit succeeds 310  
The lovely blossom—as the dewy meads,  
Where mingled grass and flowers luxuriant shine,  
Yield health and nurture to the roving kine.  
Prepared for heav'n by deeds of virtue here,  
She wove round all within her humble sphere  
Those sacred links, that prince and beggar bind,  
Peace, love, and charity to all mankind.

Seasons roll'd on—each fleeting hour that pass'd  
Disclosed some beauty brighter than the last,  
Like dawning day : the father's bosom heaved 320  
With silent joy ; nor yet his love believed  
That dream of transient bliss could pass away.  
But soon his wasted revenue's decay  
Proclaim'd the sweet and splendid vision o'er :  
Remorseless creditors besieged his door ;  
With iron hand they stripp'd the pictured wall ;  
The breathing sculpture from the courtly hall,  
The harp, that echoed to her thrilling lay,  
Her books and lyre became the vulture's prey.  
The gorgeous equipage, the noble steed, 330  
The doves her gentle hand was wont to feed,  
The flowers she nourish'd with refreshing dew—  
All—all were seized—her loved Arabian too,  
Far from his well-known fields in triumph led,  
Enrich'd the tyrant's spoils ; yet Clara shed

No unavailing tears ; her soul was calm ;  
Trust in all-gracious Heav'n a soothing balm  
Pour'd in her heart ; but when with felon grasp  
They seized her noble sire, as serpents clasp  
The lion in their folds, the tears repress'd 340  
In torrents bathed her palpitating breast.  
Then from her tender hands the rings she tore,  
The bracelets that her sainted mother wore,  
When the meek pastor bless'd the blooming bride—  
Those little ornaments that harmless pride  
For Clara, yet unborn, a parent wove,  
The dear memorials of maternal love—  
She gave them all—the reptiles grasp'd the prize,  
Yet mock'd her beating breast and streaming eyes ;  
Cold-bosom'd Avarice can smile at pain, 350  
While age implores, and beauty kneels in vain.  
And thus the goods of fickle Fortune fly  
Like April clouds across the changeful sky,  
Nor can the jewell'd crown, nor rosy bloom  
Of youth escape the universal doom.

Oh ! transitory world—Oh ! fleeting hour  
Of beauty's prime, that like the virgin flower  
Peeps from the wintry bosom of the vale,  
Born but to smile, and perish in the gale !  
Oft in the glittering ball, where nimble feet 360  
Flew like a feathery shower of mountain sleet,  
And circling groups appear'd, in fancy's dream,  
A wreath of roses floating on the stream ;

In pensive mood I mark'd the current fly,  
Health on the cheek, and rapture in the eye,  
And shed amidst that festive scene a tear,  
To think perhaps within one little year  
O'er some sweet form the dismal grass shall wave,  
And careless childhood dance upon her grave.  
The charms of youth and sparkling beauty pass 370  
Like leaves that glitter on the frosted glass.  
How sweetly pure on cool December's morn  
Those tender webs the flowery pane adorn !  
The swallow's bosom, glancing to the light,  
Ne'er shew'd a plume more delicate and bright ;  
Such careless elegance ! Such matchless grace !  
Not Flora's light and rosy hand can trace  
More lovely forms—but mark the glowing sun  
Beam on the film by fairy fingers spun ;  
The spell dissolves, the charming dream is o'er, 380  
And winter's pictured garden blooms no more.  
Snatch'd prematurely from this mortal scene,  
As the scythe lays the blossom on the green,  
One victim of remorseless death impress'd  
The solemn truth more deeply in my breast.  
Each Sabbath morn, when bells with mellow sound  
Invite the Christian to that holy ground,  
Where the broad branches of the lime-tree bend  
O'er the lost parent, sister, child or friend,  
I pause in sorrow at one silent tomb, 390  
That shrouds the wreck of beauty's faded bloom.  
She, who beneath that mound of chilly clay  
Now sleeps, was once the gayest of the gay :

Her sylph-like form, as light as zephyr's wing  
Bounded to joy with life's elastic spring.  
Whene'er she came, the tear of sadness flew  
Chased by her smile, like sunshine on the dew :  
She loved the merry dance, and sparkled there  
Unrival'd 'midst the graceful and the fair :  
She wedded—but the peal had scarcely rung 400  
Joy to the old, and promise to the young,  
When pale disease insidious stole unseen  
Like the cold mildew on the waving green,  
And the sweet splendour of the nuptial rose  
Was shortly doom'd in wintry death to close.  
Now moans the wind amidst the rustling weeds,  
And at each gust the wand'ring fancy leads  
From pleasure's halls, where once she shone so bright,  
To that low cell beneath, where, quench'd in night,  
And free from mortal hopes and earthly pain, 410  
Repose the last remains of sprightly *Jane*.

And, next to death, the spirit bends to thee,  
'The warrior's victor, dread captivity !  
The pond'rous key, the fetter's chilling sound,  
Level the bravest bosom to the ground.  
Hard is the trial, when the prison door  
Grates on its horrid hinges to the core  
Of youth's high-throbbing heart ; when bolts and chains  
Ring through the cold, damp gallery, and strains  
Of mirth fictitious from a breast of care 420  
Mingle with moans, and shrieks of mad despair.

Poor, weeping maid ! what agony was thine,  
When from the rich saloon, where lustres shine  
With rays that emulate the morning's beam,  
From meads of fragrance and the warbling stream,  
The dungeon's floor received thee, and the damp  
Of naked walls, that to the flickering lamp  
Gleam'd like the tears upon thy pallid cheek,  
Chill'd thy young bosom, and thy father, weak  
And bent with mis'ry that subdues the brave, 430  
No utterance to tortured feelings gave !  
His calm and silent sorrow pierced thy heart  
With deeper anguish than the Indian's dart.

All night upon the chilling stones she lay,  
And watch'd his slumbers till the dawning day  
Smiled through the prison bars : with spirits light  
She rose ; for hope with visions pure and bright  
Her solitary meditations fill'd ; she saw  
The noble Chester on his couch of straw  
Lull'd in the arms of kind oblivious sleep : 440  
No time, thought Clara, now to watch and weep,  
When duty calls, and vigour may restore  
My sire to freedom : soon the grated door  
She pass'd, and with the speed of eagles flew  
To find some alley where the rav'nous Jew  
Plied his dark trade ; a rich and brilliant wreath  
Of purest gems, that lay conceal'd beneath  
The modest lawn upon her gentle breast,  
Escaped the spoiler's hands ; and now she bless'd

Her faithless memory that saved the prize. 450  
She told her plaintive story, while the eyes  
Of avarice alternately were cast  
On costly stones and beauty that surpass'd  
The priceless treasure : such the magic power  
Of lovely innocence, that like the flower  
That blooms on Alpine rocks, and sheds around  
Delicious fragrance on the barren ground ;  
Or like the splendour of the vernal beam  
Piercing the surface of the frozen stream,  
The coldest bosom feels the transient charm ; 460  
Its cherub smile arrests the miser's arm,  
And opes the griping hand of Mammon's slave.  
His iron heart was melted, and he gave  
With prodigality, and scarcely told  
The ringing music of his cherish'd gold.

Light was her bosom, as with flying feet  
Young Clara moved her mourning sire to greet  
With joyful tidings : morn had just unseal'd  
His lids, and with ungrateful beams reveal'd  
The naked horrors of his lonely cell. 470  
“ Visions of glory, wealth, and peace, farewell ! ”  
The vet'ran cried,—“ Adieu the solemn roar  
Of battle's thundering voice—these ears no more  
Shall list with rapture to the clashing spear,  
The rush of squadrons and triumphant cheer.  
Spirit of Mars ! be still within my breast,  
Nor break the solitary captive's rest.—

Clara ! thy hand, thy gentle hand to raise  
These feeble limbs ; we still must kneel and praise  
That gracious Power, whose will unerring moves, 480  
That Power, that chastens most whom most he loves.”  
He rose, and cast his anxious eyes around  
The cold and dripping walls ; but when he found  
Himself sole tenant of the mournful cave,  
The hardy soldier, who on land and wave  
Stood like a rock in peril’s awful hour,  
And bared his bosom to the leaden shower,  
Burst into tears—“ and must I weep alone ?  
Has Clara too, the faithless Clara, flown ?”  
“ Oh ! no, my father,” joyous Clara cried, 490  
As with light step she hasten’d to his side ;  
“ I come to bear thee from the dungeon’s gloom  
To blessed freedom ; from the dreary tomb,  
Where cold and dark the lonely captive sighs,  
To fields of fragrance and to cheerful skies :  
For lo ! this dread and potent charm I bring,  
This magic talisman, that opes the spring  
Of nature in the miser’s flinty breast.—  
Immortal Gold ! the power that hurls to rest  
The brain of vengeance—nerves the trembling hand  
For deeds of blood, when o’er the felon band 501  
The stars of Heav’n with lurid splendour glare,  
And conscience cries in vain ‘ Forbear, forbear !’  
The spell, that breathes o’er age’s wintry snows  
The bloom and charm of beauty’s living rose,  
Unbolts the bar, and breaks the captive’s chain,  
When justice pleads, and sorrow weeps in vain.



Come then, thou author of my life, oh ! haste  
Beneath the bright and azure heaven to taste  
That glorious freedom, which the bitter tear 510  
Of sad captivity makes doubly dear.”  
She led him forth ; the breeze was fresh and sweet ;  
The splendid sun’s invigorating heat  
Revived his bosom : now on every spray  
The tuneful songsters pour’d their matin lay :  
The cold, mute tenants of the sparkling stream  
Sprang up, and glitter’d in the morning beam ;  
All nature bloom’d as lovely and as bright  
As Eden’s groves in first-created light.  
“ Whither, my father,” asked his gentle guide, 520  
“ Wilt thou retire ? To some sequester’d side  
Of lucid river, hill or shady wood,  
To taste the charms of rural solitude ;  
Or shall we in the city’s dusty cloud  
Conceal our sorrows `midst the bustling crowd ?  
To me alike were court or cottage dear,  
Could Clara’s love suppress a father’s tear.”  
“ Angel of peace ! the heartless town was made  
For smiling courtiers : thee the silent glade  
Best suits, which Nature’s hand has softly drest 530  
In flowers, pure emblems of thy guiltless breast.  
Oh ! lead me to some sweet and tranquil scene,  
Distant from faithless man, where pastures green  
Yield to the browsing herd ambrosial food,  
Where no proud creditor with clamours rude  
Shall break our slumbers, nor the silent tear  
Shall flow at cold compassion’s venom’d sneer.”

Long time they roved through field and flowery dell,  
Till from the woods the lengthen'd shadows fell,  
And beaming bright in evening's crimson close 540  
High o'er the vale enchanting Malvern rose.  
They scaled the hill with weak and weary feet,  
And quaff'd the stream whose waters bubbling sweet,  
Pure as the fount on rich Sicilia's shore,  
To health and joy the fainting frame restore.  
Far as the eye could span the scene around,  
They saw the Severn's lovely borders crown'd  
With opulence and beauty ; golden grain  
Waved on fair Worcestershire's delicious plain ;  
Beneath, green Hereford her orchards spread 550  
Of yellow pears, and lusty apples, red  
As rustic virgin's cheek : the verdure told  
Where the clear stream of classic Avon roll'd,  
And to the drooping flower and herbage gave  
Refreshment from his salutary wave.  
On its green banks a charming cottage peep'd  
Through wreaths of scarlet woodbine ; mowers reap'd  
Ripe grass and clover on the sunny lawn ;  
Aloft the swift-plumed pigeon sail'd ; the fawn,  
Light as the breeze that o'er the meadow blew, 560  
Scatter'd from blade and blossom glittering dew.  
All seem'd the fair creation of a mind  
Attuned to rural elegance, refined  
By cultured taste, and to the core imbued  
With deepest love for sylvan solitude.  
The daughter's eye discern'd, though unexpress'd,  
The wish that labour'd in a father's breast,

Though Caution whisper'd in her ear "forbear,  
Nor reap for present joy long years of care ;"  
In vain cold, calculating Prudence strove 570  
To check the fervid zeal of filial love ;  
To see that being blest who gave her life—  
To see him rescued from the jarring strife,  
That like a tempest on the rocky shore  
Rages, and steeps a battling world in gore,  
Was all the maiden's wish ; " that eot shall be  
Our haven from the wild tempestuous sea ;  
In that sweet bower thy future home behold,  
If pride or avarice will bend to gold."

Ere the last beam of rosy Vesper fled, 580  
Beneath the flowery vestibule was spread  
A rural banquet, such as Eve prepared  
To feast her heavenly guest ; and Chester shared  
That inward joy, that makes the simplest home  
Richer than palaces or Parian dome.  
Clara's quick intellect and spirit bright  
Ne'er slumber'd, but like Heaven's all-piercing light  
Explored the deep recess with cheering ray,  
And turn'd the mourner's wintry night to day.  
The patron of those lands on foreign shores 590  
Had breathed his last ; his young successor's stores  
Wasted by negligence demanded aid  
From present gold ; the proffer quickly made  
With joy the heir accepted ; and that hour  
Saw Clara mistress of the sylvan bower.

In Chester's heart tranquillity now reign'd ;  
Protracted wishes leave, when once attain'd,  
A charm more lasting than the sudden fall  
Of Fortune's favours. Now his copious stall,  
Well primed with mellow corn, refreshing food 600  
To steed and oxen gave : the fallow, rude  
With rambling thorns, he plough'd, and spread the plain  
With wurzel, vetch, and waves of rustling grain.  
Nibbling the blade along the sloping field  
Wander'd in careless groups those flocks that yield  
The soft Iberian fleece : the thirst of gold  
Allured his heart ; and Chester now behold  
A Farming Soldier, full of airy schemes,  
Of projects wild and visionary dreams.  
What pleased the father charm'd the duteous maid ; 610  
To all his plans she lent her cheerful aid ;  
And now the lovely *Pastorella*, drest  
In rustic bonnet and in simple vest,  
When the lark warbled in the morning air,  
To sweetest pastures led her fleecy care.  
When genial summer pierced the thirsty soil,  
And the ripe meadow claim'd the reaper's toil,  
With graceful arm th' indented rake she drew,  
And spread the grass, all bright with balmy dew,  
To drink the sunbeams—but the painful bee, 620  
That buzz'd around in boding agony,  
She spared, nor would for Cræsus' wealth molest  
The golden stores of her ambrosial nest.

Alas ! how soon the fairest prospects fade  
In the proud city, or the lowly glade !  
Sorrows and joys in swift succession pass  
Like rain and sunshine o'er the April grass ;  
And see brave Chester's airy fabric stand  
On the vain speculator's base of sand !  
The robber ranged his fenceless fields by night ; 630  
His harvest perish'd in the mildew's blight ;  
His barns to rat and weasel were a prey ;  
Showers, thick descending, drench'd his new-mown hay ;  
His reeking stacks were burnt ; the rapid tide  
Swept his young crops ; his famished cattle died—  
Sad warning to the brave, when trumpets cease,  
And laurels droop beneath the sun of peace,  
Who load their bosoms with the farmer's care,  
And turn the sword of honour to a share !  
The dark-brow'd creditor, whose heart ne'er felt 640  
One touch of mercy, though a daughter knelt  
In tears the monster's kindness to implore,  
Grasp'd the small remnant of their little store ;  
And those, who feasted in their plenteous hall,  
Now foremost came, and gloried in their fall :  
They came like stormy petrels on the flood,  
Or ravens brooding o'er the field of blood,  
Death's heralds ! croaking in a direful strain  
The last sad summons from the bed of pain.  
Once more of all bereft, in deep despair, 650  
The soldier stood : he tore his silver hair,  
And now too late deplored his visions wild,  
That steeped in poverty his hapless child.

But not so Clara—her prophetic eye  
Could still some gleam amidst the storm descry ;  
Calm Christian fortitude sustain'd her soul,  
While one faint drop still linger'd in the bowl.  
“ Grieve not, my father ! brighter days will dawn ;  
Though round our fate misfortune's hand has drawn  
The sable curtain, still to Heaven's high throne      660  
We look for aid when mortal friends have flown,  
And trust that Power, that from the winter's tomb  
Bids the sweet violet and the primrose bloom.  
Though stripp'd of all those shadowy joys, that please  
The slaves and victims of luxurious ease,  
The mind's tranquillity and blooming health  
Flow best and purest from unpurchased wealth,  
And all that simple nature needs, the field,  
The woolly flock, and cultured garden yield.  
Our plunder'd cottage stands, a naked shed—      670  
But Clara's hands shall glean the forest's bed,  
And from the spoils of wintry storms prepare  
The rustic table, and the willow chair.  
Some tender lambs, that, shelter'd in my bower,  
Escaped the sweeping grasp of ruthless power,  
I hear with bleating voice and mournful cry  
Their mothers call, like helpless infancy :  
When, nursed with care, their slender forms increase,  
I'll weave soft raiment from their snowy fleece ;  
Nor shall these mild and harmless creatures bleed      680  
To yield a sanguinary feast : the seed  
Of sweetest pulse, in nature's bosom cast,  
Shall spring in pearly dew, a pure repast

Afford, and labour's hardy sinews cheer  
With food still varying through the circling year."

Now Clara smiled to see on Chester's face  
Soft tears of love the streams of sorrow chase ;  
Her soothing words, like music's melting lay,  
Sunk in his soul, and charm'd his grief away.  
She tried each little, dear, ingenious art, 690  
Best known, and only known, to woman's heart,  
To cheer his lonely days ; the scanty food,  
Which oft her solitary tears bedewed,  
She varied so, and dress'd the little hoard,  
It seem'd that wealth and plenty crown'd the board.  
Her taste transform'd their cottage to a bower,  
Worthy of Paradise ; each modest flower,  
That paints sweet Worcestershire's enamell'd fields,  
Each herb that Malvern's lovely mountain yields,  
She train'd to decorate the lowly hall, 700  
Or spread their garlands on the trellis wall.  
The daffodil, that braves the winter's cold,  
Rear'd on the lawn its cup of living gold :  
The silver snowdrop raised its cheerful head  
Like hope that dawns on pain's distracted bed :  
Around the porch the cherish'd woodbine hung  
Bells of Ambrosia : breathing roses flung  
Their fragrance to the winds : the violet lay  
Unseen, like modest worth that shuns the day,  
But sent delicious odour from the shade, 710  
A pleasing picture of the blue-eyed maid.

Amidst her green-house, where the graceful stands  
Bloom'd with the flowery spoils of foreign lands,  
With Flora's rare and costly treasures stored,  
The goldfinch and the sweet canary pour'd  
Their song mellifluous, and tasted there  
The freedom of the pure and balmy air,  
With ample space to spread the painted wing,  
To woo their loves, to flutter, and to sing.

Her shell-house glitter'd like some fairy scene      720  
Told in Arabian story ; marbles green  
Mingled with crystal from the rocky caves,  
Scollop and muscle polish'd by the waves,  
Arranged with matchless taste, in splendour bright  
As crowns imperial sparkled to the light ;  
And round the rustic door a knotted tree,  
Twined by fantastic nature, wild and free,  
Melodious when the wanton zephyrs blew,  
With sylvan grace the fluttering branches threw.

“ But whence such luxuries of fashion came ? ”      730  
I hear the murmuring critic's tongue exclaim,  
“ Presumptuous poverty's absurd pretence,  
To ape the modes of high-born opulence ! ”  
My answer's simple—little know the proud,  
Who never pined beneath misfortune's cloud,  
What stores inventive genius can command :  
More rich resources from one slender hand,  
Guided by taste and perseverance, flow,  
Than wealth can grasp, or monarchs can bestow.



Those bright acquirements, which in halcyon days 740  
Wrung from pale Envy's lips unwilling praise,  
Put all her vain competitors to flight,  
And fill'd the candid bosom with delight,  
Now in adversity's dark hour the maid  
Produced, more brilliant from surrounding shade.  
She scorn'd the pride, that will not bow the crest  
To lighten anguish in a father's breast.  
With cheerful labour for the public mart  
Osier and rushes with ingenious art  
She twined, and from the hop, and nettle's bed, 750  
Spun fibres finer than the flaxen thread.  
With playful smile she turned her humming wheel,  
And blithely caroll'd to the whirling reel.  
Jonquille and rose her graceful pencil drew ;  
Swift through the lawn her nimble needle flew,  
Creating blossoms on the field of snow  
As if by magic wand—with passion's glow,  
Warm as the bard inspired, she pour'd a strain  
Vivid and sparkling from the virgin brain,  
And set her lyric lays—the song—the glee— 760  
With inborn taste to purest melody.  
These various arts, with care and toil pursued,  
Enrich'd with gold their dreary solitude.  
How Clara's heart rejoiced when Chester smiled,  
Cheer'd by the labours of his darling child,  
With him the goods of bounteous Heaven to share,  
And pay with soft return a father's care ;  
To mark the soldier's pallid features shine  
Once more with cups of renovating wine !

And sweet to him to see his Clara bloom 770  
In robes light woven from her simple loom.  
In neat and artless elegance attired,  
Her cherub face and graceful limbs required  
No mincing milliner's fantastic aid ;  
By her own pure, ingenious hands array'd,  
Her fairy form in snow or azure moved,  
Those tender colours that her father loved,  
Border'd with mimic rose or primrose sweet,  
Till Flora blush'd to view the fair deceit.  
*Chapeaux de paille* she wove with airy grace, 780  
Light as Livorno's boasted web ; and lace,  
Transparent as the net of Indian fan,  
Floating like filmy folds of Abrovan,  
Whose slender links on blade or blossom lie  
Clear, yet invisible to mortal eye.

In a small casement, where the lulling wind  
Blew sweetly, where perennial roses twined  
Their scarlet branches through the lattice bars,  
Blushing amidst the fair, resplendent stars  
Of fragrant jessamine, had Clara placed 790  
That airy instrument, whose music chaste  
And free from earth-born mixture, seems the sound  
Of warbling angels : when the leaves around  
Heaved to the fluttering of the zephyr's wings,  
Enchanting 'twas to hear the breathing strings,  
The liquid murmurs, and the rising notes  
Like the lark's morning melody, that floats  
High in the clear blue heaven ; till now the breeze  
Rushes tumultuous, and the swell of seas

Appears far distant on the rocks to roar, 800  
Or die in music on the moonlight shore.  
What mortal voice can mingle with those strains?  
Cecilia's soul must revel in the veins  
Of her, whose tongue accords with that sweet lyre,  
Wanders with zephyr o'er the quivering wire,  
Nor mars the bright illusion : from the well  
Of music in the bosom—from the cell  
Where Echo's wild and awful accents breathe  
Like heavenly choirs, or mermaid's song beneath  
The rolling sea, that spirit must proceed : 810  
And such was Clara's soul—the tender seed,  
Cherish'd within her breast by pity's showers,  
Now rose and flourish'd in spontaneous flowers.  
One eve, when all the peaceful vale was still,  
And Luna's blush was dawning on the hill,  
To chase a father's silent grief away,  
She pour'd this wild and unassuming lay.—

### **The Colian Harp.**

SPIRIT of air ! oh ! gently breathe  
From chambers of the golden west,  
Soft as the slumb'ring child beneath 820  
The shelter of its mother's breast.

Float lightly as the willow leaves,  
That o'er the crystal Avon fly,  
Or web the flying spider weaves,  
Scarce visible to mortal eye.

But hark ! the fluttering breezes play  
Still sprightlier on each filmy thread,  
Clear as the lark's adoring lay,  
When springing from his dewy bed.

Still rolls the stream ; my bosom feels 830  
The strings a richer chorus yield,  
Bright as the trumpet's lofty peals,  
Harmonious on the martial field.

And louder yet the rushing lay  
My heart with awful tremor fills,  
Like thunder rolling far away  
O'er echoing woods and cloudy hills.

And oft a single, tender note  
Sounds harping in the stormy strife,  
Like love, whose downy pinions float 840  
Along the dusky waves of life.

It dies ! the zephyr's whirring wings  
Have flown in mournful music past,  
Leaving amidst the whispering strings  
One strain—the sweetest and the last.

'Tis silence all—that viewless form  
No longer weaves the magic spell—  
Adieu ! thou genius of the storm—  
Spirit of purest air, farewell !

The song had ceased ; the renovated sire, 850  
Charm'd by the soothing voice and breathing lyre,  
Clasp'd the sweet minstrel to his beating breast.  
“ Oh ! beyond all Imperial treasures blest,”  
He cried, “ is this bright hour, when thus I fold  
My Clara to this heart, which, faint and cold,  
Warms to the spirit, and the cheering ray,  
That pour a radiance on my setting day.”

There was no mortal witness to this scene  
Of filial and paternal love : the screen,  
That shades misfortune from the public view, 860  
Shuts out the train of hollow friendship too.  
Still there was one, though not of human form,  
That ne'er forsook in shipwreck or in storm  
His master's fortunes—Neptune still was kind ;  
For gratitude in golden links can bind  
The brute, when fawning friends perfidious fly,  
And leave the exiled wanderer to die.  
He was a noble spaniel of that breed,  
Whose spirit bounds to dare the desp'rate deed, 870  
From murder's gory arm the weak to save,  
At home alike on earth or foaming wave.  
Young Clara nursed him ere the cheerful light  
Pierced the dark curtains of his early night.  
To Clara first he turn'd his grateful eyes  
Swimming with joy ; each morn beheld him rise  
To greet his mistress with that murmuring sound,  
The voice of pure affection ; and to bound

Before her path along the flowery glade,  
Till slanting sunbeams cast a lengthen'd shade ;  
And when her task of pleasing toil was o'er, 880  
That faithful sentry at her chamber-door  
Lay couch'd, the wakeful guardian of her sleep,  
Till bright-eyed morn rose blushing from the deep.

Oh ! think not that abstracted joy or pain  
In these our mortal breasts exclusive reign :  
Say not imperial man alone can feel ;  
For oft, when seated at their homely meal,  
If Neptune's longing glance young Clara spied,  
The creature turn'd his downcast head aside,  
Conscious how oft the feeling girl had spared 890  
The morsel, that her mute companion shared.  
Nor say that human forms alone can shew  
Bosoms alive to music's melting flow.  
He felt the magic of harmonious sounds ;  
And see ! while o'er the flowery green he bounds,  
He stops—and listens with attentive ear  
The thrilling of that airy harp to hear ;  
Then murmurs soft, as with presuming pride  
To mock the stream of that melodious tide.

Through Nature's realms mysterious music flows,  
In woods, in waves, in every gust that blows, 901  
From the sweet buzzing of the golden bee  
To solemn ocean's thund'ring harmony.  
No creature dwells on earth, in air or bower,  
But feels the pulse of music's magic power.

The sober herd, that crop the dewy plain,  
List to the minstrel's fascinating strain,  
Forsake their pastures, and collect around  
In silent groups, to drink the lulling sound.  
The serpent issues from his dusky cell, 910  
Enchanted by the charm of music's spell,  
In spiry dance his painted volume twines,  
While his sleek skin with sunny splendour shines.  
When the proud war-horse in the battle's storm  
Feels to the madd'ning charge his spirit warm,  
And the brave blast of martial trumpets hears,  
He bounds undaunted on the hostile spears,  
In dust and gore expends his latest breath,  
And springs with joy to victory or death.  
Oh ! Music—sweetest source of pleasing pain, 920  
In courtly hall, in camp, on sylvan plain,  
Whate'er thy shape—from groves or echoing caves,  
From midnight storms, or lapse of shining waves ;  
From larks, whose airy tongues salute the morn,  
Soft flutes, soul-thrilling harps, or hunter's horn ;  
From thundering peals, that o'er the welkin roll,  
And shake the solid earth from pole to pole—  
Still sweet, still pure, majestic and sublime,  
The charm of every age and every clime—  
The voice of angels ! concord of the spheres ! 930  
Sole language pleasing to immortal ears !  
Methinks I hear thee on that awful day,  
When stars and flaming suns have past away,  
Inviting those, beloved of Heaven, to share  
Eternal joys, when mortal pain and care

Fly like the wintry clouds on stormy wing,  
Chased by the rosy breath of genial spring.

While Clara now beheld her sire rejoice  
To hear that soothing lyre's impassion'd voice,  
A letter came—" Oh ! may its lines impart 940  
Some blissful news !"—with high and beating heart  
He broke the seal : it spoke of war's alarms,  
Of distant shores subdued by hostile arms,  
Of fleets prepared to cross the western seas,  
When fortune gave the first propitious breeze,  
With brilliant hopes of glory and of gold  
To all within the martial line enroll'd.

And now a charming contest rose—the sire  
Felt in his bosom all the glowing fire  
Of youthful days revive—his trusty blade 950  
He drew, and thus address'd the trembling maid :  
" Thou solitary star ! whose cheering light  
Pours comfort on the soldier's wintry night ;  
Dear relie of a sainted mother's love !  
Welcome as music of the murmuring dove,  
When with the branch of peace he flew to bless  
The tenants of the wat'ry wilderness,  
When o'er the deep the flag of death was furl'd,  
And rose the floating remnant of a world !  
Behold this blade, that on the tented plain 960  
Ne'er knew the mark of foul dishonour's stain,  
But now in dark, inglorious rust appears,  
Tarnish'd by sighs, and dimm'd by hopeless tears :



For thee it glitter'd on the sultry shores  
Of Indus ; and in western realms, where roars  
The thunder of Niagara ; for thee  
Through frost and blazing towns and foaming sea  
It led my path ; and though the flying wheel  
Of fortune mock'd my grasp, this trusty steel  
Once more shall pierce the flaming line, and place 970  
Thee, lovely scion of a luckless race,  
Above a world's indignant scorn to bloom,  
When waves the cypress on thy parent's tomb.  
I feel the soldier's spirit droop with shame  
To mark the labours of thy gentle frame,  
When Chester's idle arm the sword can wield,  
And reap one harvest more on glory's field."

" Oh ! not for Clara," cried the weeping maid,  
" Shalt thou, my father, from the peaceful shade  
To scenes of carnage fly ; these hands shall toil, 980  
And from the fertile bosom of the soil  
Draw nature's sweetest fruits ; when vernal showers  
Brighten the blushes of the dawning flowers,  
I'll range the dewy hills at morn to weave  
A wreath for thee ; when summer sunbeams cleave  
The scorched earth, my jasmine bower shall spread  
Clusters of blossoms o'er the mossy bed  
To guard thy noontide slumbers ; when the beam  
Of richest autumn throws a golden gleam  
Soft o'er the mellow woods, the orchard's store 990  
Shall all its vegetable treasures pour

To cheer thy spirits ; and when winter cold  
Sweeps from the shivering tree the branch of gold,  
The social fire shall spread its influence warm,  
And calm thy bosom in the midnight storm.  
Or if these scenes can yield no charm to thee—  
If to the lands beyond the Western sea  
Thy fate once more propitious stars shall guide,  
War's rugged brow, with Clara by thy side,  
Will lose its terrors ; in the dusky night 1000  
My sweetest songs shall sooth thee ; in the fight  
My fervent prayer to gracious Heav'n shall rise  
To shield thee when the blazing volley flies.  
And if a wound upon the dreadful plain  
Should lay thy honour'd form 'mid heaps of slain,  
With eye more piercing than the bird of Jove  
Shall Clara find thee, and a daughter's love  
The glorious scars with fond affection heal,  
And from thy breast the thorn of anguish steal."

“ Come to my heart, thou cherub, sweet and fair,  
Whose blessed aid the powers indulgent spare 1011  
To throw, like evening's soft and golden ray,  
One beam of gladness on my closing day ;  
Dear as the music of the gushing spring  
On Lybian sands, or earliest swallow's wing,  
That lightly glancing o'er the shivering mast,  
Proclaims the storms of dreary winter past !  
Together shall we range the land and wave,  
When zephyrs breathe, or thund'ring tempests rave ;

Nor dread the lightning's flash, nor roaring tide, 1020  
Hope our bright star, and Providence our guide."

There was an aged man, whose feeble arm  
Their garden till'd, and who their little farm  
With nightly watch protected ; morning's dawn  
Beheld Cornelius on the dewy lawn,  
Leading their lambs to taste the tender blade ;  
And, when the towering elm's extended shade  
Proclaim'd the day's decline, he paced around  
With careful step his benefactor's ground,  
To chase each vagrant from the wicker door, 1030  
And guard from felon hands their little store.  
To his direction and protecting care  
They left their small possessions—" Oh ! beware,"  
Said Clara, " when the winds of winter blow,  
When beats the rain, and falls the chilling snow,  
Let not the tempests tear my blooming bowers,  
Nor frost nor hail deform my tender flowers ;  
Nor let my bleating lambs implore in vain,  
When fades the herbage on the wither'd plain ;  
Hope whispers to my heart, once more we meet 1040  
To taste the joys of this beloved retreat,  
To rest serene, when storms of battle cease,  
In the calm haven of domestic peace."

And now on Clara's tender arm reclined,  
Chester moved cheerful on ; yet oft behind  
They cast a painful glance where waved the trees  
Round Woodbine cottage, as the morning breeze,

Sporting with bright Aurora's earliest beam,  
Freshen'd the surface of the classic stream.  
The faithful Neptune, bounding by their side, 1050  
Bark'd with tumultuous joy ; now scamper'd wide  
O'er heath and dewy fields ; now panting stood  
With eyes that spoke his lively gratitude.  
When some few days of painful march were past,  
Above th' horizon rose the stately mast  
And fluttering pennant, where the shores of Ride  
Repell'd the foaming billows of the tide.  
In silent pomp the gallant vessels rode,  
A forest on the waves—with splendour glow'd  
Their polish'd keels, like Cynthia's golden light 1060  
Floating in azure through the fields of night.  
The hollow gun with momentary gleam  
Flash'd through the smoke like lightning's vivid beam  
In stormy clouds ; brave Chester smiled to hear  
Once more the well-known sound ; a joyful tear  
Stole down his cheek, as o'er the liquid plain  
He mark'd the towering monarchs of the main,  
Those dread Leviathans, that range the deep,  
And from the wat'ry world the foes of Albion sweep.

And now the flag of azure, pierced with white, 1070  
Summons all hands on board ; clear ocean, bright  
With sunny sails ; the helm and waving plume  
Of gallant soldiers, and the rosy bloom  
Of cheerful maids enliven ev'ry breast.  
High foam the billows with triumphant crest ;

The yards are mann'd ; the jovial crew appear  
Thick as departing swallows, ere the year  
Fades into winter : now the windlass plies ;  
From beds of sand the grappling anchors rise.  
The stately barks with white and flowing sail      1080  
Expand their swan-like bosoms to the gale.  
Swift the light seaman scales the netted shroud ;  
Loose flow the sheets ; the boatswain pipes aloud.  
Now foams each prow along the stormy way,  
Like the proud lion roaring for his prey ;  
As the sharp keels the glassy plain divide,  
Hoarse fly the foaming murmurs of the tide ;  
The sailor climbing on the mighty mast  
Swings like a fluttering sea-bird in the blast.  
Cheering and glorious was the splendid scene ;      1090  
The floating castles moved in pomp serene,  
With martial music mingling with the sound  
Of ocean's thunder, while the shores around  
On every gale that o'er the billows blew  
Pour'd forth the parting blessing and adieu.

The pulse of life beat quick, and bosoms heave  
As the brave barks the briny surges cleave,  
With flags and pennants streaming in the skies,  
Proud pageant for the free-born Briton's eyes—  
Those walls of oak, the bulwarks of his shore,      1100  
Impregnable amidst the deaf'ning roar  
Of winds, and waves, of hostile cannon's fire,  
And vengeful Gaul's hereditary ire—

The guardians of that sole, and sacred land,  
Where freedom, laws, religion, virtue stand  
Firm as the Lybian pyramids—the home  
Of exiled kings—the universal dome,  
Where the pale emigrant to shelter flies,  
Nor mourns the splendour of his native skies ;  
Beneath whose canopy in holy peace 1110  
All sects unite, and cries of discord cease ;  
No shivering victim feeds the bigot's fires,  
And Persecution's gory torch expires.

Proud at the helm the pilot stands sublime,  
The monarch of the waves ! the stormy clime,  
The shatter'd ice-berg ; and the boiling seas,  
Beneath the dread Sirocco's burning breeze,  
To him are pastime : in the starless night  
He guides his floating world's tempestuous flight :  
While the mysterious magnet points the way, 1120  
He steers unerring through the pathless spray :  
Let thunder roll or arrowy lightnings glare,  
He ploughs the billows with his giant share  
Till looms the destined shore, his sails are furl'd,  
And rests his anchor in the Western world.

Green Wight's luxuriant fields are swiftly past ;  
The Needles fly, and from the reeling mast  
Seem sentries station'd in the breakers' roar  
To guard from wave and storm that lovely shore.  
Launch'd in the vast Atlantic, now the gale 1130  
Fills the broad bosom of each lofty sail ;

O'er the dark ocean glittering crests appear  
Like the white plumes upon a virgin's bier ;  
As in the distance spire and forest fade,  
The soul too feels a momentary shade.  
When the last mountain of our native land  
Sinks on the wave ; when rolling seas expand  
One shoreless circle to the meeting skies,  
Chill'd is the hardest breast ; the straining eyes  
Swim with unbidden tears ; the dropping heart 1140  
Feels struck by sorrow's hebetating dart.  
But soon aloft the buoyant spirit springs,  
And to the winds the pensive murmur flings ;  
The quick'ning gales, that on the billows play,  
Sweep from the soul the gloomy clouds away,  
And beauty's cheek, revived by sunny beams,  
Once more with health and rosy pleasure gleams,  
As the red petals of an April flower  
Glow brighter from the transitory shower.

There was a youthful, jovial crew on board, 1150  
A gallant band, whose gen'rous spirits soar'd  
Above those jealousies and petty strife,  
That pour their poison on the landsman's life.  
To them the wrangling of the peevish bar,  
The bitter contest and conflicting jar  
Of rival candidates for power and gold,  
Seem'd fables : cast in Nature's manly mould,  
Their hearts to honour's lofty shrine they gave,  
And sought for glory on the swelling wave.

The wealth their valour tore from peril's arms      1160  
Allured them not with meretricious charms ;  
Free as the wind, that sweeps the glittering spray,  
Heedless they flung the worthless dross away,  
Or saved the treasure for their native land  
To pour in sorrow's supplicating hand.

Their Chief seem'd born for high command ; to bind  
In chains of concord with the master mind  
Those fiery spirits and the daring soul,  
Whose wild vivacity demands control.  
Bright was his piercing eye, and sprightly too,      1170  
With glance to subjugate a lawless crew,  
Or win a fair one's heart : serene and clear,  
Like the calm front of matchless Belvidere ;  
Valour, that ne'er to mortal foe could bow,  
Shone like a sunbeam on his candid brow ;  
Yet mildness temper'd the commanding ray,  
As dawns the day-star on a morn of May.  
His limbs like proud Apollo seem'd to stand,  
Chasten'd by symmetry's harmonious hand.  
When raved the tempest through the whistling shrouds,  
And the wild billows mingled with the clouds,      1181  
His voice, like thunder in the echoing skies,  
Was heard above the warring winds to rise ;  
Yet could he pour in beauty's ravish'd ear  
Those magic tones, that force the silent tear  
To flow from love or pity's precious mine,  
And fall an offering at Music's shrine.



Stamp'd on his form and in his manners, shone  
The BRITISH GENTLEMAN, whose breast alone  
Contains the true politeness of the heart, 1190  
And scorns the trickery of Gallic art.  
Not from the bow, the smirk, or doff'd *chapeau*,  
The sterling feelings of the bosom flow ;  
These may be prized amongst that fickle race,  
Whose life's a farce and manners are grimace ;  
Where chatt'ring fops the scales of fashion hold,  
And pass their tinsel for substantial gold.  
Politeness, consort of good taste and sense,  
Springs from the source of pure benevolence.  
To sacrifice the selfish thought ; to scorn 1200  
The brightest flash of wit that plants a thorn  
In sorrow's breast ; to raise the downcast eye  
Of unobtrusive, bashful poverty ;  
With kind, attentive courtesy to cheer  
The modest stranger, whom the haughty sneer  
Of purse-proud insolence to earth had bow'd,  
And wrapt his struggling spirit in a cloud ;  
From *mauvaise honte* relieve the silent guest,  
That like a nightmare on his bosom press'd ;  
To bid his streams of elocution glide 1210  
Serene, self-gratified with honest pride ;  
To free the wings of genius ; to unroll  
The mines of thought, the treasures of the soul,  
Till o'er the pompous dunce's sordid stores  
The mind's supremacy sublimely soars ;  
Birth, rank and titled splendour to conceal,  
Whose contrast makes the poor dependant feel

The mortifying distance ; firm and true  
 The lofty path of honour to pursue,  
 Yet mild, and ever to indulgence prone, 1220  
 To those whose maxims differ from our own ;  
 But chief the heart of charming woman spare,  
 Nor seek a rude, unmanly triumph there ;  
 The pain unseen is felt, though not exprest,  
 And tortures to the core the gentle breast ;  
 Oh ! spare the blushes of the tender maid ;  
 Cast not the sun of beauty in a shade,  
 Nor with loose wit the feeling cheek abash,  
 Though Rabelais might prize the brilliant flash.  
 This is true *politesse*—an empty name 1230  
 On foreign shores, where prince and beggar claim  
 With shrugs and capers and distorted face,  
 Exclusive title to that charming grace.  
 I've roam'd where France her purple nectar yields,  
 Through fair Italia's courts and classic fields,  
 O'er Spanish hills and Lusitania's plain,  
 Yet sought that bright accomplishment in vain ;  
 Till, after years of pain and fruitless toil,  
 I found it flourish on the British soil.

And none more deep that pleasing art possess d 1240  
 Than MARLOW SIDNEY : when his lovely guest  
 To guide her steps lean'd on his aiding arm  
 With trembling confidence, he felt the charm  
 That weakness on the tender sex bestows,  
 As the sweet blossom of the scarlet rose

Cherish'd still more in blushing beauty shines,  
When round the proud, protecting elm it twines.  
His manly tenderness assurance gave,  
And calm'd the terrors of the foaming wave.  
He taught her all the wand'ring seaman's lore ;   1250  
What daring mariner from Europe's shore  
To Western wilds the phantom, glory, chased,  
And sought new worlds beyond the wat'ry waste ;  
Who weather'd first the Lybian cape, and steer'd  
Through seas unknown, till o'er the prow appear'd  
The golden coast where rich Goleonda shines,  
And robb'd proud Venice of her orient mines.  
He shew'd each fix'd or planetary light,  
That guides the seaman through the stormy night ;  
Explain'd the needle's dip, and proved the power   1260  
Of art mysterious at the noontide hour—  
Those magic instruments, whose mighty span  
Measures the pathless heavens, enables man  
Through wildest waves his steady course to keep,  
And make each star a Pharos o'er the deep.  
When constant now the welcome trade-wind blew,  
And eased the labours of the gallant crew,  
They smoothly sail'd before the faithful breeze  
O'er the bright bosom of the tropic seas ;  
The glowing clime a richer lustre gave                   1270  
To Heaven's high glittering host, and azure wave.  
Exulting Nature smiled : her works fresh-born  
Seem'd sprung from Chaos on Creation's morn,  
And bore as clear as at their natal hour  
The stamp and splendour of Almighty power.

In the cold north the ling'ring orb of day  
Slowly retires, and still with fond delay  
Pours the vermilion beam on mountain rill,  
On blooming orchard, or on pine-clad hill.  
But here the globe with quick gyration turns ;      1280  
The golden sun with purer brilliance burns,  
And swift as bolts of thunder, that proclaim  
The wrath of Jove, and shake this earthly frame,  
Drops on the waves a ball of living flame.  
One burst of glory then illumines the skies,  
Splendid, but transient ; soon the vision flies,  
And all the streams of gold and purple light  
Sink, like the dreams of Hope, in dusky night.

One lovely eve, on Sidney's arm reclined,  
When the proud bark before the steady wind      1290  
Seem'd scarce blue ocean's fluid glass to break,  
As sails the cygnet on some azure lake,  
With rapture Clara mark'd the sun retire  
And light the deep with transitory fire :  
But when the burning beam like lightning flew,  
And darkness swift the sable curtain drew,  
Pensive as Niöbe's pale form appears,  
She sigh'd, and shed involuntary tears.  
“ Why weeps my Clara ? Say, can Sidney pour  
Balm on thy sorrows, and to peace restore      1300  
Thy gentle bosom ? Can my jovial band  
Lull the remembrance of thy cherish'd land,  
And clear the clouds that o'er thy fancy stray  
With sportive dance, or music's melting lay ?

Can pure affection, or inventive power  
Devise some charm to cheer the lonely hour ?”  
“ Oh ! no, my honour'd friend ; this bosom feels  
With gratitude the gen'rous hand that heals  
The exile's anguish ; oft to Heav'n I bend  
To bless my noble guardian, and defend 1310  
His bark, though warring elements conspire  
With the dread thunder of the battle's fire.  
And Heav'n will guide thee to the peaceful shore  
Through hostile fleets, dark waves, and tempest's roar,  
If the benignant Power in mercy hear  
A father's prayer, or view a daughter's tear.  
It was a passing thought of early days  
That touch'd my soul, as fled the golden rays,  
And o'er the deep an instantaneous gloom  
Lower'd like a mournful cypress on the tomb. 1320  
I love the sunset on the British main,  
When the red orb beneath the glassy plain  
Sinks like a bleeding martyr ; round are spread  
Circles of glory from his sacred head ;  
With pious trust in Providence he dies,  
With new-born beams in distant worlds to rise.  
Oh ! then what loved obscurity succeeds,  
Whose charm to holy contemplation leads !  
Sweet to the soul is twilight's soothing hour,  
That calms the bosom with its pleasing power ; 1330  
It seems like plaintive music, that recalls  
The days of youth and joy—the festive halls,  
Where careless childhood sipp'd the rosy stream,  
Whose nectar flow'd from Fancy's idle dream.”

Deep in the seaman's heart those accents fell :  
No bark can fly from Cupid's magic spell ;  
He climbs the mast, he roves o'er hills and plains,  
And binds a captive world in flowery chains.  
" Clara ! thou angel ever fair and sweet,  
Thou guardian spirit of my roving fleet, 1340  
Sent as a blessing by Almighty power,  
As on the waste the manna's welcome shower !  
Forgive a sailor's speech ; untaught and rude  
My youth was past on ocean's solitude ;  
Far from perfidious courts, no polish'd art  
E'er tuned my tongue to mask a faithless heart ;  
Wild as the breeze, but as the needle true,  
Sons of the wave, our wand'ring steps pursue  
Those gems that shine on fleeting glory's car ;  
The point of honour is our leading star ; 1350  
Yet would I fame's alluring path resign  
For rural joys, were gentlest Clara mine.  
Faint is ambition's sun, or glory's prize,  
To one consenting glance from Clara's eyes.  
Say, wilt thou trust the treasure of thy charms  
To Sidney's love, to Sidney's faithful arms ?  
To meaner souls the suitor might unfold  
Ingots and clasps of fascinating gold,  
Diamonds, and wreaths of pearl, and ruby chain,  
The scorn of wisdom—idols of the vain ! 1360  
For such has smiling Fortune shower'd on me,  
The warrior's harvest on the stormy sea ;  
But worthless all Peruvian mines can yield  
To her who triumphs in a nobler field ;

Nor gem, nor pearl, nor Mammon's tempting lure  
Can charm that heart, so innocent and pure.  
I promise all devoted love can give,  
With thee in wealth or penury to live,  
To read thy wishes in those crystal eyes,  
Ere to the lips the bosom's thought shall rise ; 1370  
To guard thy health, as misers watch their gold,  
Nor let the scorching heat, nor Winter's cold  
Impair the roses on thy tender cheek ;  
Or should pale sickness come, for thee I'll seek  
The genial clime, the salutary springs,  
Whose power restores the spirit's drooping wings.  
Say, can my Clara's gentle breast approve  
These rude expressions of a seaman's love ?"  
The proud coquette's or prude's fallacious art  
Ne'er wove a veil round Clara's open heart ; 1380  
Pure as the pearly globes that rise, and spread  
Their crystal from the virgin fountain's bed,  
The mantling blush her innocence bespoke,  
And from her lips the voice of Nature broke.  
" Noblest of men ! forgive these falling tears ;  
They spring not from a timid virgin's fears ;  
From gratitude's deep source the current flows ;  
On Sidney's breast my future hopes repose  
In firmest confidence ; my heart relies  
On thee for all those fond endearing ties, 1390  
That link the husband to the happy wife ;  
Lord of my bosom ! partner of my life !"  
He could not clasp her in his arms, nor steal  
One kiss of rapture, love's delicious seal ;

For eyes observed them ; but the charming thrill  
Of hands spoke volumes, though the lips were still.  
“ Yet,” said the pensive virgin, “ one alloy  
Chastens the spirit of thy Clara’s joy :  
Should my dear father cheer us with his smile,  
And bless our nuptials, shall his native isle           1400  
Once more receive him, and affection’s ray  
Gild the calm evening of his stormy day ?”  
“ Thy father shall be mine,” the youth replied ;  
“ This faithful dog that gambols at my side,  
And all my gentle Clara loves shall share  
Her Sidney’s tenderness, her Sidney’s care.”

Oh ! joy, more brilliant than those orbs that burn  
With Heav’n’s own flame—the love that meets return !  
Oh ! bliss beyond the proudest monarch’s boast !  
Dear at the present hour, yet prized the most           1410  
When o’er the past remembrance softly throws  
Her charmed mantle ; and the vernal rose,  
That bloom’d so sweetly on the genial morn,  
Droops pale and wither’d on the wintry thorn.  
Now arm in arm along the deck they roved,  
And talk’d of all they hoped, and all they loved.  
The palace of immortals seem’d with light  
More pure to consecrate that blissful night,  
Six halos, splendid as an Iris, shed  
Rich streams of orange, azure, green and red,           1420  
Ring within ring, around the silver moon,  
In regal pride ascending to her noon.



Fair Cynthia sail'd amidst that lofty sea,  
Where scatter'd shone in careless majesty  
The rubies of the heav'ns ; the deep too glow'd  
With rival splendour ; far astern there flowed  
A stream of gems along the liquid glass,  
Clear as the globules on the dewy grass ;  
And where the prow advanced through murmuring spray,  
Flinging the foam and breasting surge away, 1430  
It seem'd as if the bark's majestic head  
Plough'd up the pearls from ocean's briny bed.  
The light-finn'd albacore with fiery sweep  
Sprang like a blazing rocket from the deep ;  
And sparkles, sprinkled by nocturnal gales,  
Stream'd from the painted dolphin's glittering scales.  
Ye sages, versed in Nature's secret lore,  
Reveal from whence, from what volcanic store  
Ascends the flash electric, swift and bright,  
The scintillation of phosphoric light ? 1440  
Whence spring these spangled micæ of the waves ?  
Dwells there a mine within th' unfathom'd caves  
Of dreadful ocean, from whose fertile source  
Storms submarine, or deep convulsions force  
These treasures to the surface, where they shine  
Rich as the galaxy ? or doth the brine,  
Impregnate by prolific suns, produce  
Myriads of sea-born insects for the use  
Of all those rolling monsters of the deep ?  
Whate'er the cause, when o'er the surges sweep 1450  
The sparkling oars, sublime the midnight scene,  
To mark like meteors through the blue serene

The burning blades, or swimmer's sinewy frame  
Dash the cold billows with his arms of flame.  
Clara and Sidney watch'd with pure delight  
These miracles of nature ; splendid night  
With all her glittering orbs majestic roll'd,  
Till from the kindling East a streak of gold  
Bespoke the coming of the god of day ;  
Quick faded star, and moon, and fiery spray,      1460  
As the bright morn, in crimson robes array'd,  
Cast all nocturnal glory into shade.  
The seaman now the hand of Clara press'd,  
And thus the partner of his soul address'd—  
“ Retire, my love ! this sharp and chilling air  
Ill suits that form so delicate and fair ;  
May cherubs guard thy slumbers, and impart  
Dreams pure and peaceful as thy gentle heart !”

Moons swiftly pass'd ; the gallant Sidney tried  
Each pleasing art his floating world supplied      1470  
To charm with grateful change ; the page sublime  
Of Shakspeare, “ glass of every age and clime,”  
Unroll'd its treasures ; Otway's tender muse,  
Whose plaintive lay the coldest breast bedews,  
And polish'd Sheridan their stores display'd ;  
With easy art accomplish'd Monkland bade  
The passions rise, or tears of sorrow fall ;  
Terror and pity answer'd to his call,  
As with poetic fire he pour'd along  
The lightning of the bard's majestic song.      1480

Lo ! poor Monimia mourns, and all around  
 Hearts throb responsive to the thrilling sound ;  
 Macbeth in horror, with a maniac's glare,  
 Starts at the viewless dagger in the air ;  
 Othello casts the precious pearl away,  
 Or wild Ophelia sings her soul-enchanting lay.  
 Nor less with comic humour blest, he drew  
 Each freak of folly's ever-shifting hue  
 In faithful semblance—Hal, that prince of mirth,  
 Banter'd the moving mass of moisten'd earth,      1490  
 The sack-primed Falstaff ; Lingo charm'd the ear  
 Of simple Cowslip ; or the new-made Peer,  
 The slave of custom, mourn'd his counter's loss,  
 Though proud and polish'd by the sage Pangloss.

These various scenes, with matchless skill portray'd,  
 Still doubly charm'd, combined with music's aid.  
 Evans, whose soul was tuned to sweetest measure,  
 With touch that woke the secret chords of pleasure,  
 Or thrill'd the bosom with delicious pain,  
 Pour'd through his plaintive flute the melting strain.  
 No lovelier note at evening's pensive close      1501  
 From hawthorn branch or blooming orchard flows  
 When the clear blackbird sings, and all around  
 The blossoms quiver to the dulcet sound.  
 Poor, careless Evans ! deep on ocean's bed  
 Thy corse lies bleaching ; and the lips that shed  
 Those lays harmonious are for ever mute :  
 Who now shall warble on that magic flute,

Revive the spirit of the minstrel flow,  
Or breathe one echo of its dying tone ? 1510

Colton to all the charms of land and wave  
New elegance and cheering splendour gave.  
He with his pleasing pencil, chaste and pure,  
In landscape—portrait—lovely miniature,  
Sketch'd to the life proud castles, rocks and towers,  
Mountains and valleys, streams and vernal bowers ;  
And, still to taste and simple nature true,  
In tints of brighter, sweeter fancy drew  
The rosy virgin's bloom, her smiling face,  
Her flexile form, and fascinating grace. 1520  
And far more precious than the painter's art  
The virtues of that sound and manly heart—  
Calm prudence—deep and uncorrupted source,  
Whence fame and honour take their splendid course—  
Sterling integrity—a noble mind,  
Where solid sense with genius was combined,  
As the rich branches of the orange shoot,  
Yielding at once both flowers and luscious fruit—  
And Friendship, still at morn, in dreary night,  
Glowing and steady as the vestal light. 1530

I ask forgiveness—but the pleasing dream  
Unbidden mingles with the poet's theme.  
These were companions of my youthful hours,  
When life's sweet garden with unfading flowers  
Seem'd ever-blooming—Battle's gory arm  
Circled the patriot's soul with nameless charm,

And firmer still, as peril stalk'd around,  
The holy bonds of sacred friendship bound.

One jovial messmate must adorn my lay,  
Young Harry Hart, the witty and the gay ; 1540  
A true-born optimist, whate'er befel  
On land or wave with joyous Hart was well ;  
“ Hope at the prow ” he left dull care behind,  
And cast all sorrow to the passing wind.  
With cheerful anecdote and social glee  
He chas'd the pallid form of cold *Ennui* ;  
When fair winds shifted to the low'ring west,  
He calm'd the grumbling pilot with a jest ;  
And oft with songs the gloomy night beguiled,  
Till on the bowl the beams of morning smiled. 1550  
Those scenes, though mournful years have roll'd away,  
Still cheer my heart on many a lonely day,  
And murmurs still, harmonious in mine ear,  
One jovial strain his messmates loved to hear.

### Sea Song.

Let the sons of soft indolence loll on their pillows,  
To the sweet serenade of the nightingale sleep ;  
Give me the loud tempest, the dash of the billows,  
And the chorus that breathes from the fathomless deep.

What flowers of the valley, besprinkled with dew,  
All drest in their beauty and vernal attire, 1560

Can compare with yon concave of heavenly blue,  
With the stars and the planets of glittering fire?

What jewels, that gleam on the breast of the bride,  
E'er issued so bright from their orient cave,  
As the sparkles that float on the foam of the tide,  
The braids of the mermaids, the gems of the wave?

While the graceful young Clara benignantlly smiles,  
Old Neptune may roar, and old Boreas whistle, 1568  
Here's a health to the fair of Britannia's green isles,  
To the lads of the Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle.

END OF BOOK 1.

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**CLARA CHESTER.**

**BOOK II.**

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DUSKY like night, but night with all her stars,  
Or cavern sparkling with its native spars—  
The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw  
O'er her clear ebon skin a lucid hue,  
Like coral redd'ning through the darken'd wave,  
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.—*The Island.*

## CLARA CHESTER.

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### BOOK II.

THUS pass'd the midnight hours ; the merry crew  
Partook sometimes of courtly pleasures too :  
For not alone in Almack's blazing hall  
Shines the seducing splendour of the ball ;  
The sons of Neptune love the charming glance  
Of youth and beauty in the graceful dance.  
One eve, when Cynthia pour'd her pleasing light,  
And all the lustres of the gorgeous night  
Shone brilliant in the heav'ns, the seaman gave  
The signal to the minstrels of the wave  
To touch the viol's sprightly strings, and sound  
The soul-subduing horn : with lively bound  
Sprang the young Caledonians to the ring  
To sport their light limbs in the Highland fling,  
Or Scotia's wild, intoxicating reel :  
Not Mercury with swift and feather'd heel  
E'er flew more buoyant from the realms above  
To bear to distant worlds the will of Jove.

That jocund whirl's exhilarating maze  
The sinewy limb and agile form displays, 20  
And warms, as twirling quick the dancer flies,  
The high-toned pulse of health and exercise :  
But seldom graceful elegance is found  
In that gymnastic figure's ceaseless round.  
Some mental charm should decorate the dance ;  
How cold the tricks of pantomimic France—  
The petticoat like broad umbrella spread—  
The pironette, that turns the dizzy head—  
To twist the taper leg, and Flora's charms  
Exhibit clasped in fluttering zephyr's arms ! 30  
In the wild waltz, by fervid youth embraced,  
Each hand a girdle round the virgin's waist ;  
Roused by the stimulus the heated blood  
Swells the full veins with one lascivious flood ;  
Warm passions flush the cheek, and graces die,  
Lost in the vortex raised by ecstacy.  
Long may the waltz and all its wanton train  
Flourish in foreign courts, but seek in vain  
A patron here, or taint Britannia's air.  
The chaste quadrille best suits the British fair ; 40  
And none more light than Clara knew to tread  
The fascinating measure : Sidney led  
The blooming girl to join the cheerful ring,  
Fresh as the first-born gem, when breathing Spring  
Comes smiling on the world, and pours around  
Fragrance and beauty o'er the frosty ground.  
It was her father's natal day ; and dear  
'To Clara's heart, when each revolving year

The joyful season brought, was that bright hour,  
That found him braving, like the wintry flower, 50  
The tempest fury, strong in hardy health :  
She prized beyond the pride of rank or wealth  
Those sweet and holy festivals, that move  
The sacred fountains of domestic love.  
Alas ! how fashion's cold and heartless forms  
Have marr'd the joys of nature ! waves and storms,  
Rushing from sea and sky with hollow roar,  
Ne'er spread such ruin o'er the peaceful shore  
As artificial life ; those ancient rites,  
In which untutor'd innocence delights, 60  
Now to the scornful court plebeian seem,  
And loved romance has vanish'd like a dream.  
The harmless pastimes of exulting youth  
Have flown for ever ; calm, relentless truth,  
Link'd with cold science, has exchanged the rose  
Of life's sweet poetry for sordid prose,  
And from the charm of bright Arabia's tale  
Rent the rich folds of fiction's golden veil.  
Can all the pomp of thrones one pleasure yield  
So pure as virgins on the flowery field 70  
Taste while they dance around the streaming pole ?  
That rite, that still as circling seasons roll  
Through the long lapse of centuries proclaims  
The last, fair relic of the Floral games—  
Or those wild charms the hands of fancy weave  
So dear to youth on cherish'd Hallow eve—  
The twirling apple, which the rosy boy  
Snaps with his ivory teeth, and bounds for joy—

The true nut blazing on the burning bar,  
Of constant love the bright, propitious star— 80  
The egg in strange and fairy forms congeal'd,  
Till Fortune's frowns or favours stand reveal'd ;  
Or lead dissolved, and hissing in the pail,  
Changed to a mitre-crown, or martial mail,  
As fate ordains that Bishop—Hero—King—  
Shall bind the virgin with the holy ring.—  
The mystic holly-bush on Stephen's day,  
With lovers' knots and snowy ribbons gay,  
Where sleeps the little wren, that piped that morn  
Merry, though cold, beneath the frosted thorn.— 90  
And that red flame, when sultry June returns,  
That still in city, camp or village, burns,  
Shade of a sacrifice in days long past,  
When with fanatic zeal the Druids cast  
Devoted victims on the gory pyre,  
And Stonehenge shudder'd, as the sacred fire  
Rose from the giant altar ; these remain  
The harmless sports of childhood on the plain,  
And now with awe some nameless pleasure blend.  
Thus from antiquity's dark mists descend 100  
Fragments that float along the stream of time,  
Relics of joy or sanguinary crime ;  
As, when the thund'ring storms have ceased to roar,  
Some sad memorials wafted to the shore,  
Rudder and boom, that restless billows bear,  
Prove what majestic barks have perish'd there.

But chief the birth-day charms ; by nature placed  
A beacon-light, a landmark on the waste.  
How bounds the mother's heart on that sweet morn  
To mark some new and manly grace adorn 110  
The hero of the feast ! in stature grown,  
With sparkling eyes, and voice of firmer tone,  
Like the clear dawn, that gives with crimson ray  
The pleasing promise of a glorious day.  
And Chester now, as in his native isle,  
Beheld his Clara with exulting smile  
Blooming in beauty and in tasteful dress,  
A blossom in the wat'ry wilderness.  
No flowers or pearls adorn'd her dark-brown hair ;  
Rich in its sunny gloss, the Graces there 120  
Loved those sweet undulating folds to twine,  
Smooth as the polish'd ringlets of the vine.  
A robe of shining pink her lovely limbs  
Infolded, as the parting sunbeam swims  
On waves of foam, or morning's rosy light  
Pours warmth and splendour on some statue bright  
Of Parian marble ; round her neck a chain  
Of rich Mosaic, like some snowy plain  
Sprinkled with Alpine flowers, and finely wrought  
With all the artist's skill, or poet's thought, 130  
Shew'd in sweet miniature each lofty dome,  
Each tower and temple of imperial Rome.  
No step was visible ; she glided o'er  
The polish'd deck, as on the Lybian shore  
The Queen of Love : yet music's lively strain  
Beat quick and true through every feeling vein.

There is between the soul and sounding lyre  
A deep, mysterious sympathy : the fire,  
That trumpets, horns, and thund'ring drums impart,  
Warms to the core the warrior's bounding heart : 140  
The solemn organ calms the stormy breast,  
And earthly pride and passions sink to rest :  
Sweet flutes with magic influence can move  
The selfish, clay-cold apathist to love ;  
His iron bosom melts to music's stream  
As ice dissolves beneath the morning beam.  
But chief the clear-toned viol's lively measure  
Pours through each quivering nerve, attuned to pleasure,  
Responsive spirit ; beauty's breast returns  
The sweet vibration ; chaste and lovely burns 150  
Her crimson cheek, as through the ring she flies,  
Flush'd by the glow of healthful exercise.  
Thus Clara moved and charm'd ; the spell-bound crew  
Gazed at the fluttering vision as she flew ;  
Tears from their swimming eyes were seen to course  
From nature's deep inexplicable source ;  
The hardy tars were mute ; her airy form  
They deem'd some spirit sent to chase the storm,  
Some sky-born sylph, ordain'd by Heav'n to bless  
Their labours on the pathless wilderness. 160

Yet not alone amidst the starry night  
Can skies or heaving ocean yield delight.  
Through long and cheerless days the cultured mind  
Can still new stores of harmless pleasure find.



All nature is a blank to vacant souls ;  
In vain the surges swell, or thunder rolls  
For him, whose breast she ne'er has tuned to feel  
One deep emotion at that awful peal.  
On hearts of taste the beam of morning sheds  
A sun-bright influence, and ocean spreads, 170  
As bounds the bark beneath the torrid clime,  
One floating picture, endless and sublime.  
Light skims the petrel o'er the glassy wave,  
And scarcely seems his milky breast to lave :  
He lives for ever 'midst the billows' roar,  
Nor rests his plume on mast or rocky shore :  
The watchful pilot marks with troubled eye  
That phantom's flight, that tells the storm is nigh.

Now spring bright myriads of that scaly breed  
That vie with air's inhabitants ; decreed 180  
By fate remorseless o'er the sounding main  
To lead a ceaseless life of fear and pain,  
Raised by the buoyant vesicle within,  
Whose light balloon sustains the fluttering fin,  
When through the yielding waves the dolphins chase,  
Shoal after shoal that persecuted race,  
Streaming with pearls on quivering webs they rise ;  
Swift as the lightning's flash the dolphin flies,  
And in the breeze devours the trembling prey ;  
Or if perchance above the briny spray 190  
Their flight eludes the bounding fishes' spring,  
Lo ! the dark albatros with rushing wing

Comes like a storm, and breaks the glittering line ;  
Wide o'er the deep their dewy membranes shine,  
Till the hot sun each ling'ring drop exhales ;  
Then droop the flaccid fins ; the silver scales  
Their humid splendour lose ; on ocean's breast  
They languid sink ; but there no welcome rest  
Awaits them ; with the piercing eagle's sight  
The quick bonito marks the stragglers' flight,      200  
And in the bosom of the yawning wave  
The poor exhausted wand'ers find a grave.

Light floats the nautilus in gentle gales ;  
O'er the smooth sea the tiny vessel sails  
With airy tackling rigg'd from prow to poop,  
By turns a ship—a gallant brig—a sloop :  
Its feet are oars, its arms a living mast—  
Its tail a rudder : when the raging blast  
Breaks the bright mirror, deep in ocean's caves  
It sinks, nor rises till the settled waves      210  
Once more reflect the sky's unruffled blue.  
From this small prototype the seaman drew  
The model of his bark ; first learn'd to sweep  
With blade or canvass o'er the boundless deep :  
Thus from an acorn oaks gigantic tower ;  
Thus from a shell-fish springs Britannia's power.

But see the shark with rapid fin divide  
The briny flood ! while faithful at his side  
The pilots to the sun their spots display,  
And steer the sea-born monster to his prey.      220

Swift on his back he turns, with rav'nous eyes  
Gloats on the floating bait, and grasps the prize ;  
His bleeding jaws, deep perforated, feel  
The griding torture of the barbed steel ;  
Then flash his fins ; along the frothy main  
He rolls, and tugs for liberty in vain.  
Beneath his streaming gills the seamen slide  
The fatal noose, and from the gory tide  
Drag up the tyrant ; then his sinewy tail  
He slashes furious, as with sturdy flail 230  
The thresher smites the corn : then distant keep  
From that fell member, whose tremendous sweep  
Would crash a giant's bone : in safety stand  
Till the strong carpenter's unerring hand  
Severs with cleaving axe the dreadful limb ;  
Then weak his heaving muscles seem, and dim  
The vengeful flashes of his blood-shot eyes ;  
He gives one shudder, and convulsive dies.  
Nor yet their lost and murder'd king forsake  
Those jackals of the waves ; the vessel's wake 240  
The pilots follow still, and hope once more  
To steer their monarch through the billows' roar.

Not on wild hills alone, nor balmy shores  
Fair Nature spreads her vegetable stores :  
Aquatic plants along the restless seas  
Stream like the waving willow to the breeze.  
Rooted in ocean's deep and viewless bed  
The giant fucus rears its leafy head

In verdure softly floating ; far below  
Those shelving banks, where coral gardens grow, 250  
Its fibres grasp the ground ; a thousand feet  
Through foaming waves the stems arise, to meet  
The grateful light of Heaven, and there display  
The polish'd petals to the sunny day.  
O miracles of Nature ! dimly seen  
By purblind man through forest, hill or green,  
Though every blade that springs, or flower that blows,  
Omnipotence in every tendril shows ;  
And all the wonders of the starry sky  
Roll in celestial pomp unheeded by. 260  
Wave follows wave, the tides ascend and fall ;  
Round its firm axis whirls this earthly ball,  
Unfelt by mortals, though with cannon's speed  
The planet flies ; from custom thus proceed  
Coldness and apathy for works design'd  
By Jove—the labours of th' immortal mind.  
But when the wand'ring comet comes, and steers  
His fiery train 'midst heav'n's unmoving spheres,  
Behold the sage intent with optic glass  
To mark the strange and splendid meteor pass. 270  
Thus on the shadowy deep, when Flora weaves  
A floating wreath of buds and humid leaves,  
All eyes are charm'd to view the magic flower,  
And man submissive owns Almighty power.

In Clara's heart these wonders of the waves  
Were treasures for a future day ; when raves

The wintry storm, how sweet to draw around  
The sacred hearth, to hear the rushing sound  
Of howling winds, and showers of pattering rain  
In volleys dash against the crystal pane, 280  
While all within is peace ! to travel o'er  
Those scenes of peril past, whose frown no more  
Appals, but like Arabia's pleasing tale  
Shines soft and calm through mem'ry's misty veil.

One morn, when musing o'er the sounding seas,  
She mark'd her faithful Neptune snuff the breeze,  
Gaze in her face, and all his art employ  
To see the maid participate his joy.  
Far to the south she turn'd her anxious eyes,  
Yet nought appear'd but waves and azure skies. 290  
“ What means my Neptune ? ” quick the answer given  
Proved the mysterious instinct drawn from Heaven.  
“ Land ! ” cried the seaman from the rocking mast ;  
Swift through all ears the cheering sound was past,  
And all the toils and perils of the deep  
Were soon committed to oblivion's sleep.  
Dear as the spring amidst the shifting sands  
Of sultry Mecca, when the fainting bands  
Of thirsty pilgrims look aloft in vain  
For one sweet shower of cool, refreshing rain, 300  
Is land to him, who mournful moons has spent  
In struggles through the stormy element.

A mass of bare and rugged rocks it seem'd,  
Bereft of vegetable life ; there gleam'd

No casement in the sunbeam, nor appear'd  
Garden or bower by social man endear'd.  
Such in the distance—but on closer view  
Barancas bright with shrubs of various hue,  
Delicious fruits, rich maize and dewy blade,  
And roofs of palm-leaves glitter'd in the shade. 310  
And thus in life—the brow of distant care  
Seems like the precipice abrupt and bare ;  
But near approach the mourning stranger brings  
To fertile valleys and refreshing springs,  
That still lie scatter'd through the rugged soil,  
To quicken hope, and cheer the pilgrim's toil.  
The neutral flag of Lusitania tow'r'd  
Above the little fort, whose cannon pour'd  
A welcome peal, and soon the rocky shore  
Echoed from cave to cave the hollow roar ; 320  
And now the fleet, with streaming banners gay,  
Anchor'd in Porto Praya's crystal bay.  
No classic monument, nor ivied tower,  
Stood the proud remnants of departed power ;  
But nature's simplest forms will ever please  
The heart dispirited by tiresome seas.  
Straight from the sand the stately palm-tree rose,  
On whose green plumes the milky cocoa grows ;  
Bare as a mast the stems gigantic shoot,  
Then spread in feathery leaves and luscious fruit ; 330  
Nor to the thirsty palate yields delight  
Alone this vegetable treasure ; bright  
As olive's purest sap the dulcet oil  
Sparkles to cheer the peasant's midnight toil,

And as amidst the gloom clear flames arise,  
Each shell a lamp, each fibre wick supplies.  
Thus through all nature man's attentive eye  
Can Heav'n's protecting providence desery ;  
The rock, the desert, and the sandy plain,  
Prove to his heart that nought was made in vain. 340

Now through the yielding waves the gallant barge  
Flew swift, as Sidney with his lovely charge  
Hasten'd to touch the soul-reviving shore ;  
For Clara long'd to see her sire once more  
Taste those sweet fruits of garden, wood, or field,  
That tropic climes so rich and tender yield.  
With wild impatience, plunging in the spray,  
Her sprightly Neptune led the liquid way,  
Then on the sandy margin took his stand,  
And with loud barking welcomed her to land. 350

But Clara's eyes were wet with pity's dew,  
For lo ! a mournful object met her view—  
A female slave, with galling fetters bound,  
In sorrow bending o'er the burning ground.  
Chain'd to a palm's rude trunk, her tender feet  
Felt from the stones the sun's refracted heat,  
While all the fury of the tropic skies  
Flash'd on her beating temples ; deem'd a prize  
Too precious to repose in cooling shade,  
Here on the sultry beach the weeping maid 360  
Was shewn for sale ; in naked beauty glow'd  
Her polish'd limbs ; the Lybian clime bestow'd

That ebon tint that mocks the raven's plume ;  
For not to iv'ry skin, or roseate bloom  
Is beauty's charm confined ; her smile can please  
From features bronzed by Congo's fiery breeze.  
In realms of light the fairest cheek will fade,  
As in the solstice shrinks the tender blade ;  
While jetty bosoms stand the piercing stream  
From Afric's sands, or India's glowing beam. 370  
To her white teeth new gloss her colour gave,  
As the foam glitters on the dusky wave,  
And like nocturnal gleams from northern skies  
Flash'd the quick splendour of her sparkling eyes.  
Ne'er from Canova's living chisel sprang  
A lovelier form ; nor raptured minstrel sang  
Features of sweeter mould in maid or bride,  
Though deck'd in roses' and in lilies' pride.  
Her tale was one, so oft in anguish told,  
That hearts are lock'd, and Pity's pulse is cold. 380  
Torn from her native woods, their shrieking prey  
Rapacious pirates bore ; and far away  
From Lybia's crystal brooks and golden plains  
Dragg'd to the bark of misery and chains.  
She saw her parents, lover, friends expire,  
Her fields laid waste, her cottage wrapt in fire.  
Bereft of all, no tie remain'd to bind  
One passion, thought or feeling to mankind,  
And there she sat in noon's oppressive air,  
The lonely, silent picture of despair. 390  
One look from Clara spoke to Sidney's heart  
Clear as the brightest blaze of Tully's art :



What plume can cleave the breeze, what shaft can fly  
So swift as love's all-penetrating eye ?  
“ Thine be the act,” he cried, “ the heavenly deed  
To save one trembling wretch, when thousands bleed ;  
With sweeter grace fair Charity appears,  
When Beauty's bosom shares the captive's tears ;  
From thee, my Clara, let the blessing flow ;  
This worthless dross in freedom's cause bestow,      400  
And prove that, quicken'd by that holy flame,  
There lives one female Wilberforce to shame  
A mercenary world.” The maiden flew  
To seek the leader of that horrid crew—  
The traffickers in blood : with iron hold,  
Close as the vulture's grasp, he seized the gold.  
Light she return'd, the harbinger of peace,  
To strike the painful fetter off, release  
From years of woe that poor, distracted maid,  
And balk the planter's lash ; she gently laid      410  
Her hand upon the trembler's arm, unbound  
Her fervid limbs, and raised her from the ground ;  
Then led her to the shade ; the liquor clear  
That brims the cocoa's hairy cup to cheer  
The thirsty peasant of the tropic climes,  
The golden citron's juice and piercing lime's,  
Within the maiden's burning lips she pour'd,  
And with the plantain's mealy fruit restored  
Her drooping senses : she on bended knees  
(Such reverence are bondsmen taught to please      420  
The Christian savage) shew'd by gestures rude  
Her joy, respect, and boundless gratitude.

But Clara blush'd that mortal form should pay  
That holy rite to one of kindred clay ;  
“ Rise, my poor girl, or pray to Him above  
In grateful accents of adoring love ;  
O'er mountain, valley, wave or rocky isle,  
All share the universal Father's smile—  
God of the Lybian, Indian, Jew, and all  
The tribes that wander on this earthly ball, 430  
His mercy flows in pure impartial streams  
As yon bright sun, the shadow of his beams :  
A slave no more, thy future days shall pass  
Free as the zephyr on the wat'ry glass ;  
Nor gold, nor power, can force one serf to toil  
Or bend the knee on Britain's sacred soil.  
From this green tree, whose branches yield thee shade  
And pleasant fruit, I name my Lybian maid ;  
Be *Tamba* call'd ; and whether fate decree  
That thou shalt share a lowly lot with me, 440  
Or to thy natal shores thy steps shall bend,  
Still look to Clara as thy faithful friend.”  
She in her young protector's lips and eyes  
Read her sweet words ; for nature well supplies  
Amidst th' unletter'd race the powers of art  
By glance or smile, the index of the heart ;  
And more she utter'd by one grateful tear  
Than all the skill that charms the cultured ear.  
Her fair preserver charged the gallant crew  
To shield the helpless maid ; then softly drew 450  
Her arm within her Sidney's to explore  
The sights and wonders of the foreign shore

Ere yet they reach'd the little town, was seen  
The pensile goat amidst the herbage green  
That glitter'd on the rocks ; or through the plain  
The bearded monarch led his subject train.  
High o'er his brow fantastic horns arose,  
Like the bare branch above the wintry snows,  
Rich as the antler'd elk, whose bones are found  
Deep in the heart of Erin's swampy ground : 460  
His skin shone glossy, delicate and clear,  
Dappled in beauty like the graceful deer ;  
And not a fawn on Hagley's flowery mead  
E'er moved with lighter elegance or speed.

Strange was the scene, when first the rovers' feet  
Enter'd the mart in Praya's busy street.  
Naked as Eve, the sooty children play'd  
With apes, baboons and monkeys, in the shade,  
One kindred family in gesture, face,  
Expression, posture, chatter and grimace ; 470  
And Sidney smiled to mark that social crew,  
That seem'd to prove Monboddó's fable true.  
Fruits of sweet odour and delicious taste  
Perfumed the breeze, in osier baskets placed  
Round a rude obelisk ; the juicy lime,  
The keen Nepenthe of that sultry clime,  
The plantain's yellow capsules, that unfold  
A mealy substance, bright as burnish'd gold,  
And rich as melting pears—the cocoa's shell  
Brimming with milk—the gourd's luxurious swell— 480

The seedy guava—figs of luscious blue,  
And sliced pomegranates of the coral's hue.  
These treasures of the tropic world with care  
Clara selected, and the welcome fare  
Despatch'd on board, new vigour to impart  
To toil-worn tars, and cheer a father's heart.  
Round the fair stranger now the natives press'd,  
Gazed on her form, her noble dog caress'd.  
They were a simple race—the rich—the free  
Were deck'd in gorgeous, tasteless finery— 490  
The dark hair circled by a turban white,  
With tinsel, beads, and glittering spangles bright ;  
Necklace of scarlet berries, tawdry gear,  
And gold drops dangling from the dusky ear.  
Graceful they moved, unswathed by fashion's bands,  
Light as the wild goat on their native sands.  
The slaves and menials round the slender waist  
A cincture wore, that proved those feelings chaste  
That Heav'n implants within the breasts of all  
In savage hut, as in the courtly hall : 500  
But legs, and arms, and glowing bosoms shone  
Bare, bright and polish'd, in the flaming sun.

Now from the bustling town to balmy hills  
Roved the young lovers ; sweet and gushing rills  
Burst from each crevice in the rocks, and flew  
Light on the breeze in showers of pearly dew.  
High on the crags were playful monkeys seen,  
With features black, and coats of lively green :

Pebbles and fruits the sportive mimics flung,  
And drown'd wild Echo with the chattering tongue. 510  
Gallinas flutter'd in the grassy vales,  
Mingled with countless flocks of piping quails,  
And from the maize, in golden richness bright,  
The red-legg'd partridge took his tardy flight.  
How bounded Neptune with bewilder'd eyes  
To mark the feather'd multitude arise  
In rushing clouds, that shadowed all the land  
Thick as dark locusts on the Lybian sand !  
Along the cool Baranca now they stray'd,  
Cheer'd by the palm and plantain's pleasing shade. 520  
Sweet in the lofty cocoa's waving crown  
The zephyrs breathed : the cotton's milky down,  
Mingled with moss and leaves, a sylvan seat  
Inviting spread ; and, languid from the heat,  
Clara on that green bank her limbs reposed,  
Lull'd by the spring that warbled near—enclosed  
From all the world that cool, sequester'd shade  
Seem'd for love's mysteries by nature made.  
It was a scene of peace—from bush and spray,  
Opening their golden plumage to the day, 530  
Birds flutter'd through arcades of balmy flowers,  
Tame and familiar as in Eden's bowers.  
The green latanier spread its fans around,  
And Sidney's hand his Clara's veil unbound,  
And cheer'd her with its fluted leaves ; the rose  
Revisited her tender cheeks, as glows  
Pale heav'n, enlighten'd by the morning beam ;  
Her gentle eyes diffused a mingled stream

Of gratitude and fear ; her heaving breast  
Betray'd what virgin modesty suppress'd ; 540  
And now, ye prudes, of taste and heart bereft,  
Exclaim not at the daring seaman's theft,  
When from her sweet and crimson lips he stole  
One burning kiss, that thrill'd him to the soul !  
It was a kiss of virtuous love—a ray  
Of light preceeding Hymen's glorious day :  
But Clara softly from his arms withdrew,  
Blushing, though not in anger, for she knew  
His noble heart, and cried " Impatient youth !  
Oh ! trust to Clara's constancy and truth, 550  
Nor ask these trembling lips her faith to prove,  
Till holy hands have sanctified our love."  
" Whate'er proceeds from thee still more and more,"  
Said Sidney, " sinks within this bosom's core ;  
Deep in that fair and tender breast I see  
The sterling stamp of true nobility,  
Honour and sacred feelings richly blent  
With pure affection ; nor could warm consent  
More rapture to the daring victor yield  
'Than now I taste, though vanquish'd in the field. 560  
Retire, my love, preserve thy spotless name,  
'To me more precious than the star of fame,  
Nor let us give censorious venom room  
To stain the rose, that smiles in vernal bloom."  
He led her by the hand, in conscious pride  
Self-gratified ; and soon the swelling tide  
Rose to their view : the grateful Tamba stood  
Impatient on the margin of the flood,

And welcomed them with tears of joy, that flowed  
More sweet and bright than proudest tongue that glowed  
With Grecian eloquence ; they quick repair'd 571  
On board, and Clara's heart that pleasure shared  
That temporary absence yields : the shore  
Had now supplied them with refreshing store  
Of fruits, and water from the gushing stream ;  
The topsail, flapping in the golden gleam  
Of eve, proclaim'd the Cæsar's jovial crew  
Prepared the path of glory to pursue.  
And now once more to sea—the fresh'ning gale  
Sweeps the broad wave, and fills the shivering sail ;  
The anchor heaved, the vessel ploughs the main 581  
Free as the captive, who the galling chain  
Tears from the tortured limb, and gaily flies  
To sunny meads and renovating skies.  
The sprightly seaman, ever fond of change,  
Delights again the stormy surge to range ;  
No Siren warbling on the flowery shore  
So dear to him as ocean's hollow roar ;  
Up the light shrouds and mighty mast he springs,  
And o'er the yard-arm spreads the canvass wings ;  
One strain of harmony pervades the fleet, 591  
For life's vicissitudes are ever sweet,  
And man, like Rasselas, still loves to fly,  
Nor quits the “ Happy Valley” with a sigh.  
Can thus the transit from luxurious ease  
To toil and pain the restless mortal please ?  
'Tis even so ; the prince with jewell'd star—  
The victor riding in his laurell'd car—

The youth, of all his wildest hopes possest,  
The priceless treasure of one faithful breast, 600  
Still pant for something more than earth can yield,  
The sceptre, virgin, or the conquering field,  
And thirst, while perishable pleasures cloy,  
To taste the fountain of immortal joy.  
Deep in the ancient's heart this feeling dwelt,  
Pledge of eternity ! the Heathen felt  
Its awful power—the calm, prophetic eye  
Of heav'n-taught Socrates could still descry  
The banner of the future God unfurl'd  
Through the dim shadows of a cloudy world ; 610  
And retribution with tremendous knell  
Struck the proud atheist's breast ; his spirit fell,  
As trembling conscience through nocturnal gloom  
Pictured those awful realms beyond the tomb ;  
Till o'er the darken'd orb arose the light  
Of blessed revelation, pagan night  
To chase like mist before the sun, and prove  
This tangled web one scheme of endless love.

Now merrily the barks with shining keels  
Clove the blue billows : dolphins, sharks and seals,  
Sported around, or flew in terror past, 621  
Scared or attracted by the giant mast.  
The grampus, rolling on his azure bed,  
Spouted the glittering brine ; the porpoise led  
His tumbling flocks, that slowly rose and fell  
With sleepy motion, as the lofty swell



Of foaming waves alternate sank and raised  
Their sable backs, that seem'd with crystal glazed.  
All ocean was alive ; the mimic sail  
Of lucid polypus before the gale 630  
With oar and rudder glisten'd in the sun ;  
When caught—a mass of shapeless jelly shone !  
In those clear regions ev'ry object glow'd  
With startling brilliancy : the liquid road,  
Plough'd by the barks, appear'd, in distance lost,  
One fair and floating field of sparkling frost.  
The glassy convex of the heaving brine  
Shrank to a narrow lens ; th' horizon's line  
Contracted seem'd ; and heav'n, in jewels drest,  
Stoop'd from her throne to bathe on ocean's breast.  
Now in the zenith flamed the god of day, 641  
And pour'd with heat intense his piercing ray ;  
O'er the equator roll'd the boiling wave ;  
No latitude the silent quadrant gave ;  
High on the glowing deck an upright spear  
Produced no shade ; with warm and hearty cheer  
The sons of ocean hail'd the joyful sight ;  
For now arriv'd their season of delight,  
The sailor's carnival, by custom placed  
One sunny spot amidst the wat'ry waste. 650  
Who ne'er has crost the flaming Line must now  
The tributary rite perform, and bow  
To Neptune's high command ; when noontide came,  
Hear the shrill trumpet's Stentor voice proclaim  
The king's approach—" What ship, a hoy ?" he cried ;  
" Who dares disturb the monarch of the tide ?"

The boatswain answer'd, "Sire of winds and waves !  
Britannia's pride, the gallant Cæsar, craves  
Admittance to your realms."—"The captain who?"  
"Sidney, the father of his roving crew, 660  
And terror of the Gaul."—"I know him well,  
And could full many a deed of glory tell,  
Unheard by fame ; his flag was oft unfurl'd  
Within the borders of my wat'ry world,  
And oft his thunder in the noble chase  
Has rock'd my crystal palace to the base.  
I know his hardy tars, and greet them all ;  
Their features many a dreadful day recall  
Of fight and storm ; but some fresh faces here  
Amidst my brave and sun-burnt friends appear. 670  
No smuggler dares, from tax or tollage free,  
Presume to pass the barriers of the sea ;  
Each bold intruder, soldier, priest or tar,  
Must pay the toll to cross the mystic bar,"  
He said ; and swift emerging from the flood,  
Proud on the deck the son of Saturn stood.  
He held a flesh-fork in his horny hand,  
The royal staff, the trident of command :  
An old tin kettle, sharply notch'd around,  
Composed the cap, with which his head was crown'd ;  
Streaming beneath his chin a swab appear'd, 681  
Which form'd the mighty king's majestic beard ;  
His robes were sail-cloths, in long service worn,  
To graceful shreds by wind or battle torn ;  
And down the tatter'd folds a torrent flow'd  
Fresh from the fountains of his salt abode.

Tritons with forked tails, and skins of sheep,  
 Flock'd round the lofty ruler of the deep.  
 Glaucus and Ino on his right were placed ;  
 His left Palæmon, Thetis, Phorcys graced. 690  
 With pride the monarch view'd his splendid train—  
 Those ushers, grooms and courtiers of the main ;  
 And, while the deck with conch and trumpet rang,  
 He thus with lungs Stentorophonic sang.

### Neptune's Song.

I come from ocean's deepest cell,  
 Where the green-hair'd mermaids dwell ;  
 My throne is in the coral caves,  
 My canopy the crystal waves ;  
 When the rude wings of Boreas sweep  
 The surface of the rolling deep ; 700  
 When billows, swift as lightning's blaze,  
 Fly thund'ring o'er the earthly ball,  
 My trident on the surge I raise,  
 And lo ! the liquid mountains fall.  
 I hear unbidden strangers glide  
 Presumptuous o'er my wat'ry glass :  
 What vagrant dares in hardy pride  
 This sacred barrier to pass ?  
 Well may the gallant Sidney claim  
 From sea-born gods a welcome here ; 710  
 On earth or wave no brighter name  
 E'er crown'd the hero's proud career.

And yon sweet maid with azure eyes  
My court with lively pleasure hails ;  
Behind her path the tempest flies,  
And softly breathe propitious gales.  
For oft the blade her valiant sire  
Has flash'd where wildest ocean roars,  
And rear'd aloft, in smoke and fire,  
His standard on my stormy shores. 720  
But strangers all must now prepare  
A votive wreath for Neptune's shrine—  
Come hither, lads and lasses fair,  
Who ne'er have crost the magic line.  
My toilet's rude ; my razor's rough ;  
Of marlinspikes my pins are made ;  
Yet no friseur with comb and puff  
More science, taste or skill display'd.  
And when my painful duty's o'er,  
You'll all admit (I hate professing), 730  
That no young belle or fop on shore  
Has e'er received so good a dressing.

---

There was a wretch on board, by name Paul Pest,  
An Irish proctor—one whose flinty breast,  
Cold as the polar ice, and faithless too,  
Ne'er felt one drop of pity's healing dew.  
To him the mourning widow knelt in vain,  
And roofless hamlets pour'd the famish'd train  
Of helpless children ; bent with age and toil,  
The nation's pride, the tiller of the soil, 740

Implored the favour of one little day,  
One hour, the bailiff's iron hand to stay.  
Deaf as the storm, that with the murky skies  
Mingles the waves, he heard his victim's cries.  
The last remaining cow, whose milky store  
Was all their treasure, from the cottage door  
He drove relentless, while the dismal air  
Was fill'd with shrieks of hunger and despair,  
He stood between the pastor and his flock  
Like the dark summit of the hanging rock, 750  
That flings its lurid shade o'er vale and stream,  
And intercepts bright Heav'n's reviving beam.  
His board with pride and luxury was spread,  
His menials, parasites and cattle fed  
With all that sloth's distemper'd palate cheers,  
While the pale curate's crust was bathed in tears.  
A white-eyed hypocrite, with saintly face,  
He seem'd the meekest of the Christian race,  
Drew from the orphan's store one day in seven,  
And robb'd the poor, with looks upraised to Heaven.  
Detection drove the reptile to the sea 761  
To save his worthless life ; by fate's decree  
Was Pest enroll'd amongst the Cæsar's crew ;  
But well those honest tars the viper knew,  
And mark'd for Neptune's sport. " What saint is here  
With lisp'ing tongue, lank locks and holy leer ?"  
The monarch cried—" Such face I ne'er have seen,  
Nor think my waves can wash the leper clean ;  
Prepare the toilet for this ghostly man."  
With heart-felt glee the merry Tritons ran 770

For brush and bowl: his rolling eyes they bound  
So tight, the wat'ry world seem'd whirling round.  
Across a tub of brine was placed a plank,  
On this they seated Paul; his visage lank  
Was drawn to frightful longitude; pale fear  
Wrung from the wretch his first—his selfish tear.  
They bound with whip-cord knots and fetters sore  
Those hands behind, that ever robb'd *before*.  
Their razor was a rusty iron hoop,  
Hitch'd to a saw; they scraped the chickens' coop,  
The yard, the mast, the rope, the greasy tin, 781  
To form a lather for his bristly chin—  
The brush a broom—his sable locks to rack,  
A shark's sharp teeth, and dolphin's bony back;  
With soot for powder, slush to wash his face in,  
And crock of smoking pitch the barber's basin.  
“Proceed, my maids,” cried Neptune, “and if shame  
Forbid not, saintly sir, pray what's your name?”  
“P—— P——,” he stammer'd with a dismal note—  
Pop went the besom down his gurgling throat; 790  
And thus at each response they fill'd his jaw  
With tarry foam; they drew the jagged saw  
Sharp through his grisly beard, till rage and pain  
Sent his long howlings o'er the trembling main.  
“Holy St Patrick!” roar'd the shivering Paul—  
Said Neptune, “Aye, thy guardian spirit call;  
O'er winds and waves thy saint has no command,  
Nor shew'd much wisdom in thy native land;  
He banish'd snakes, and all the serpent kind,  
And left a reptile, such as thou, behind.” 800

“ Oh ! Judy, Judy ! couldst thou see me here  
In this sad pickle.”—“ Yes,” cried Nep, “ a tear  
Of joy would trickle from thy Judy’s eye,  
To see her love in this sad *pickle* lie.”

Then slipt the plank—and lo ! Paul Pest supine  
Lay drench’d and flound’ring in the tub of brine.  
They pour’d salt buckets on his hanging locks  
Swift as the wild waves lash the weedy rocks,  
Then, tired with sport, his saintly eyes unbound,  
And shew’d him all the merry faces round ;  
In silent sulks he slowly slank away,  
And stored his vengeance for a future day.

810

Next came the youthful tars, who ne’er before  
Had heard the equinoctial billows roar :  
All these the merry maids of Neptune dress’d,  
But more in mirth than mischief: surly Pest,  
Well duck’d and scarified, the joyous crew  
Contented, and the golden moments flew  
In dancing, feasting, songs and sea-born glee,  
Flashes of wit and thund’ring revelry.

820

Alas ! how swift the rich and transient gleams  
Of pleasure fly, like evanescent streams  
Of light, that o’er the Boreal landscape glow—  
Vanish, and leave one cheerless waste of snow !  
While thus the hours in mirth and music sped,  
The seaman on the giddy main-mast head  
Cried out, “ A sail !” The Cæsar far behind  
Had left the squadron struggling in the wind ;

Lightly she swam along the foaming seas,  
Like the white cygnet floating on the breeze, 830  
And gaily for the destined harbour stood,  
Sublime in ocean's awful solitude.

As the mild beams of Cynthia's orb emerge  
Peaceful and silent from the billows' verge ;  
Faint from the clouds her cold, reflected light  
Through mist and darkness gems the robe of night ;  
But rising clear in Heaven's empyreal way,  
Pure from the zenith flows the gladsome ray,  
And o'er the bosom of the swelling brine  
Translucent gleams of chasten'd glory shine. 840

So came the stranger on—at distant view  
A buoy—a fisher's boat on ocean blue ;  
But soon the spirit of the fresh'ning breeze  
Bore the proud frigate on the bounding seas,  
And o'er the straining yard and snowy sail  
Iberia's flag flew fluttering in the gale.  
Now " Clear for action !" gallant Sidney cried ;  
" This hour the Cæsar shall subdue the pride  
Of haughty Spain ; within that costly bark  
Glitter Peruvian dust and diamond spark ; 850  
Bright in her hold the golden ingot shines,  
Rent from the veins of rich Potosi's mines ;  
And each bold tar the fates benignant spare  
Partakes with Sidney an impartial share ;  
The victor shall his days serenely pass  
In wealth and ease, and wed his rosy lass.  
Chester ! my brave, my noble friend, retire,  
And screen my Clara from the hostile fire :



To guard that gem, more precious to these eyes  
Than all the treasures of our future prize, 860  
My crew shall bid Iberia's laurels fade,  
And cast all former glory into shade.  
The winds and billows form our proud domain ;  
We toil and combat on the wat'ry plain ;  
Wild ocean's murmurs and the cannon's roll  
Are martial music to the seaman's soul :  
But thee, my friend, has fair Britannia sent  
To battle on a calmer element ;  
La Plata's strand shall see thy flag unfurl'd,  
Waving victorious o'er the western world ; 870  
Oh ! then reserve, while naval thunders roar,  
Thy strength and daring spirit for the shore."  
" No, my brave youth," the soldier quick replied,  
" Chester shall fall or conquer by thy side ;  
Our swords are destined for the noble cause  
To guard our country's liberty and laws,  
And lead through Glory's path, on land or wave,  
To Fame's immortal temple or the grave :  
But this dear maiden would unman me now,  
And stamp the coward on her father's brow ; 880  
Clara ! my heart—descend till echoing cheers  
Of splendid victory salute thine ears ;  
Retire with Tamba from this stormy scene,  
Till o'er the waves the sun of peace serene  
Proclaim that Fortune has thy Sidney blest ;  
Then clasp the conquering hero to thy breast."  
Vain was the caution of her anxious sire ;  
In Clara's soul hereditary fire

Lit by the star of purest honour glowed ;  
Rich in her veins the martial spirit flowed, 890  
And thus broke forth in words—" To share with thee  
The landsman's fate, the perils of the sea,  
I came, my father, from the peaceful bower ;  
And all the terrors of this awful hour  
Will serve, I trust in Providence, to prove  
The truth and fervour of thy daughter's love."  
No time for conference—in towering pride  
The *Saragossa* roll'd along the tide,  
Gigantic more and more—and swiftly too,  
To meet her foe, the gallant Cæsar flew. 900  
As rush two lions on the Libyan strand  
In dread encounter, and the glittering sand  
Tear with their horrid talons, shedding round  
The foam of rage and madness on the ground,  
The hostile vessels plough'd the stormy way,  
Flinging from keel and prow the roaring spray.  
But all within was hush'd in deep repose ;  
No vaunting cry from British bosoms rose ;  
And like that awful calm, that oft precedes  
The flood when Etna's burning crater bleeds, 910  
And pours volcanic rocks and liquid fire,  
Till from the flames Sicilia's waves retire,  
The silent warriors stood—the voice of Spain  
First spoke in thunder o'er the echoing main.  
A storm of round and grape came rushing past,  
Thick as a sand-shower in Arabia's blast ;  
But still the British seamen, cool and slow,  
Rein'd their proud spirits till the daring foe

Came within bow-shot—then the fire supprest  
Burst like a blaze from Hecla's frozen breast. 920

The whirring shot in fatal volleys sped,  
Swift as on crackling panes, or peasant's shed,  
Clouds of bright hail pour down the pattering stones ;  
The pealing cannon, and the dying groans  
Of seamen struggling in the bloody seas,  
Mingled in horrid concert on the breeze.

Each flash came glimmering through the smoky pall  
Sudden as lightning strikes the temple's ball,  
Or meteor gleams with transitory light,  
Lost ere the pilot marks the phantom's flight. 930

Above the ceaseless roll, and sounding cheer,  
Rose Sidney's manly voice, distinct and clear—  
“ Bravo ! my lads ; the day will soon be won ;  
Reserve your fire, and load each empty gun—  
Now pour a broadside”—swift the volley flew—  
Dark silence follow'd—but when breezes blew

The veil aside, the Spanish ship was seen  
Deep on her beam-ends resting ; waves between  
Lifted the rolling corse, so thickly strewn,  
The bodies form'd a floating bridge ; but soon 940  
The vessel rose with renovated pride,

And pour'd her thunder in the Cæsar's side.  
Like the dark hurricane, that o'er the plains  
Of Western India sweeps the shatter'd canes,  
The planter's harvest ; lays the forest bare,  
And hurls the rocks like pebbles in the air,  
Swift through the shrouds the iron tempest pass'd,  
Rending the streaming sail and groaning mast.

When at his post the bleeding sailor fell,  
And cheer'd his messmate with a last farewell, 950  
Brave Chester fill'd his place—with steady hand,  
And clear, cool eye, accusom'd to command,  
He spurr'd the tardy, and repress'd the warm,  
A calm, presiding genius of the storm.  
Close by his side appear'd the gentle maid,  
Too weak, alas ! for what can woman's aid  
Avail in battle's wild, tempestuous hour,  
When time and tide demand a giant's power ?  
But still she stood, in robes of purest white,  
Like some sweet spirit in the dreamy night, 960  
That comes soft smiling to the couch of pain,  
And bids the mourner wake to joy again.  
In vain her sire implored ; she heard him not—  
“ Perhaps some falling mast, or fatal shot,  
Might scar his sacred form ; some ruthless spear  
Lay the brave soldier on the wat'ry bier ;  
Perhaps—Oh ! horror—ere the pulse of life  
Were yet extinct, amidst the madd'ning strife  
Some careless hand, when wild the battle raves,  
Might cast my bleeding father to the waves !” 970  
Thus argued filial love—collected, calm,  
She stood with bandage, and with healing balm,  
To clear the sight, with pain and anguish dim,  
To staunch the wound, or bind the fractured limb.  
And Tamba too, the faithful Tamba there  
Rejoiced her dear preserver's fate to share ;  
For gratitude, the purest and the best  
Of mortal feelings, in the sable breast

Impetuous runs, and kindles like a flood  
Of solar fire, unknown to northern blood. 980

Now Sidney mourn'd to see his heroes fall  
Like blades of grass beneath the coward ball ;  
He watch'd the moment in the bloody fray,  
When stern to stern the hostile vessels lay ;  
Then, springing lightly as the mountain roe,  
Flew through the cabin-window of the foe—  
Thence to the deck—the poop—the staff that bore  
Iberia's ensign seized, and bravely tore  
The flaunting streamer down—the Cæsar's cry  
Of cheers exulting thunder'd to the sky, 990  
As, rear'd victorious o'er the Spanish sail,  
The flag of England floated in the gale.  
Now glow'd the battle with redoubled ire :  
The vessels grappled, and through showers of fire  
Sidney amidst his brave companions sprang—  
“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! ” from deck to topmast rang—  
“ Board them, my lads ! ”—the crews were mingled now  
Close as an ivy's tendrils with a bough  
Of sturdy elm—with grasp and sinewy hand  
Pouring the lightning of the mortal brand. 1000  
Bright through the smoke with transitory gleam  
Flash'd the keen cutlass, like the glittering stream  
That fitful plays amidst the lurid night  
On Solfatara's breast—pursuit and flight  
Alternate, as the human torrent flowed  
From ship to ship, and Death insatiate mowed

His bloody harvest, long in doubtful scales  
The fate of battle held : the shatter'd sails  
Seem'd o'er the dreadful scene below to wave  
Like the torn banners o'er a warrior's grave. 1010  
Deep on that morn was Chester's sabre dyed  
With Spanish gore : he stemm'd the rushing tide  
Like Cocles, when Etruria's host dismay'd  
Flew from the hero's solitary blade.  
Now mark'd the leader of the yielding foe  
The gallant arm that laid his seamen low,  
And levell'd, with demoniac rage possess'd,  
The fiery tube to pierce his aged breast.  
But Clara rush'd between—and, spreading wide  
Her snow-white arms, in thrilling accents cried— 1020  
“ Oh ! spare my father”—at that holy name,  
And sight of that beseeching girl, that came  
Like some sweet vision of departed days,  
The Spaniard paused—and ere his arm could raise  
Once more the deadly gun, with speed of light  
Tamba sprang in, and grasping with her might  
The mortal weapon, flung it to the deep.  
The conquer'd host, despairing now to reap  
War's lofty laurels, or their gold retain,  
Struck to that towering flag that rules the main. 1030

Time now was precious ; for the shatter'd prize  
Seem'd sinking in the waves ; desponding cries  
Rose from the captured, as the Britons bold  
Drew the rich coffers from the brimming hold—

The topaz, shining like an evening beam—  
The ruby, like the lava's ruddy stream—  
The purple amethyst in tints array'd  
Pure as the sweet-lipp'd violet in the shade;  
And diamond brilliant as the living light  
Of fire-flies glittering in the dewy night, 1040  
Or that bright ray, in beauty's eye that burns,  
When from the wars her faithful lord returns.  
All these from ocean's grasp the captors bore,  
With dust and ingots of Peruvian ore  
Of priceless value : now, when all was clear'd,  
Swift to the south the bounding Cæsar steer'd  
With cheerful gales, and blue, propitious skies,  
And through the billows tow'd her crippled prize.  
Gaily they danced along, but ere the close  
Of crimson eve, reversed and sad arose 1050  
The signal of distress, and o'er the seas  
The cry of *fire* was mingled with the breeze.  
Quick from Iberia's bark in fury broke  
Torrents of flame, and clouds of sable smoke :  
A choice of death the dreadful moment gave—  
To burn, or perish on the whelming wave.  
Now from the deck the lusty swimmer sprang ;  
To mast or slippery spar the feebler clang  
With desperate tenacity ; the sound  
Of thund'ring guns their cries of anguish drown'd. 1060  
But Sidney's heart, to finest feelings warm,  
A lamb in peace, a lion in the storm,  
Felt more impress'd by Pity's pleading eye  
Than all Bellona's proudest pageantry ;



(Courage and mercy ever yet possess'd  
With equal power the British seaman's breast.)  
Prompt were his orders, prompt and cheerful too  
The toil and peril of his daring crew.  
The boats were mann'd, oars, planks, and cordage flung,  
To which the cold and panting swimmers clung. 1070  
What succour now can woman's beating heart,  
Her sighs, her unavailing tears, impart?  
The Beauty, cradled in luxurious ease,  
Scared by the cannon's roar and boiling seas,  
Might wring her useless hands, and softly weep,  
While shrieking thousands perish'd in the deep:  
But Clara's soul a new-born strength display'd,  
And cheer'd their breasts with unexpected aid—  
“ Off, Neptune, off!” the maiden quickly cried;  
Her faithful spaniel, springing from her side, 1080  
Plunged in the foaming waves; with lion's grasp  
He seized the swimmer, when the mortal gasp  
Proclaim'd that Nature's task was nearly o'er;  
Then to the boat the streaming body bore,  
And dash'd again, importunate to find  
What sinking wretch his feeble hold resign'd.  
And Tamba proved in that appalling hour  
That not on iv'ry breasts alone the shower  
Of pity falls—the sable bosom too  
Participates the sweet and sacred dew. 1090  
She, nursed where Lybia's hot and piercing beam,  
Invites the swimmer to the pearly stream,  
Amphibious, half her golden summers spent  
Sporting within the crystal element:



And now she rush'd with more than dolphin's speed,  
While Britons, wondering at the daring deed,  
Mark'd her surmount illuminated seas  
Light as the fluttering sand-lark on the breeze.  
Undaunted by the cannon's deadly fire,  
That flash'd like lightning from the floating pyre, 1100  
Swift to the flaming bark she swam; received  
Within her nervous arms the wretch that cleaved  
Hopeless and frantic to the burning mast;  
Then to the boats her helpless burden cast;  
Return'd—the waves—the hissing volley braved,  
And toil'd, untired, till ev'ry soul was saved.  
Yet this was one, from tribes of Afric born,  
That proud philosophers hold up to scorn,  
And fancy still the brand of Cain impress'd  
On the dark forehead, and the inky breast. 1110  
This matchless maid the bloody merchant tore  
In tears and anguish from her natal shore,  
And doom'd to lead on Cuba's thirsty plains  
A life of ceaseless misery and chains.  
Blush, Britons, blush! the sacred charm behold,  
That binds the breathing world in links of gold;  
See how the stream through all creation runs  
From globes of dust to stars and flaming suns;  
And learn those holy sympathies that move  
To deeds of social charity and love, 1120  
That Heav'n to brute—to man—to angel gave,  
From one poor spaniel and a Lybian slave!

Both these with cold, and glorious labour spent,  
Clara received with soothing blandishment ;  
And now her noble dog the maid caress'd,  
Now strain'd the shivering Tamba to her breast ;  
Within their lips reviving cordials pour'd,  
And soon their strength and bounding health restored.

The contest o'er, the work of mercy done,  
With rays of golden splendour sank the sun 1130  
On ocean's bosom ; quick the glittering sky  
Display'd her gemm'd and awful canopy.  
Bright shone the stars amidst nocturnal gloom,  
Like showers of fire from Adrian's ancient tomb ;  
When Sidney call'd his gallant tars to bend  
To Heav'n in prayer, and with their triumph blend  
Thanksgiving to that dread, mysterious Power,  
That saved their bark in battle's stormy hour.  
Not from beneath the proud and sculptured dome,  
Or marble temples of imperial Rome, 1140  
The voice of purest gratitude proceeds ;  
The spirit of the meek-soul'd Christian needs  
No Angelo's or Titian's magic art  
To kindle zeal, or elevate the heart.  
Religion, calm and unobtrusive flies  
To scenes of peace from pompous pageantries ;  
From halls, where mercenary vergers stand  
To grasp the shining silver from the hand  
Of opulence—then smiling march before,  
And on the bashful stranger slap the door ! 1150

Oft has the simple village church display'd  
Scenes of primeval piety : the maid,  
When warmly clasping to her faithful breast  
Her rustic swain, in all her wishes blest—  
The mother, smiling o'er her little wealth,  
Her only child, restored to joy and health—  
Breathe from the bosom to the throne above  
Spontaneous accents of adoring love.  
And see that aged cultivator lead  
His rosy group o'er stile and flowery mead, 1160  
While Sabbath bells along the cheerful breeze  
Are sweetly ringing ; round the porch he sees  
Memorials of some dear and honour'd name,  
Whose unassuming virtues live, though Fame  
Ne'er from her hollow trump their deeds has blown,  
Nor carved fictitious praise on Parian stone.  
Beneath that dark-leaf'd yew, where softly blows  
The lulling wind, his ancestors repose.  
For centuries the giant boughs have spread  
Their waving arms to shield the hallow'd dead ; 1170  
And every sigh, as low the branches bend,  
Seems the mild whisper of a long-lost friend.  
Tranquil and sweet, the place—the day conspire  
To raise devotion's pure and holy fire ;  
And not a silent prayer, or simple strain  
Of sacred song, ascends to Heav'n in vain.

Thus Sidney and his brave companions pour'd  
Their orisons ; and Clara's heart adored

That gracious Providence, whose mighty power  
Saved her dear father in the fiery shower. 1180

No fretted canopy of gorgeous mould  
Spread its rich concave, bright with burnish'd gold ;

But Nature well the void of art supplied,  
And rear'd her splendid temple o'er the tide.

Aloft in heav'n the starry dome display'd

Living mosaic—azure skies inlaid

With brilliants glittering like a dewy wreath,

Soft gleaming in the wat'ry glass beneath.

No music from the sweet harmonious plains

Of Italy ; nor Handel's lofty strains 1190

Inspired them ; but along the moonlight sea

The breezes swept unearthly melody ;

And from the deep the solemn ocean gave

The diapason of the thund'ring wave.

It was a glorious scene—the hands, that bled

That morn in Britain's cause, now calmly spread

In grateful homage, and the prostrate forms

Of heroes, whom the lightning's flash, and storms

Prophetic, like the raven's voice, of death,

Ne'er daunted, now like gentlest woman's breath 1200

Pouring thanksgiving, reverence, and praise.

Solemn and clear was Sidney heard to raise

His manly voice : as in the battle's tide,

They follow'd still their true and gallant guide,

Humble to God—amidst the cannon's roar

Invincible ; and when the sacred task was o'er,

Clara, as if inspired, with artless tongue

This unpremeditated anthem sung.

**Anthem.**

As to the golden orb of day  
The Persian's knee, untutor'd, bends ;      1210  
To thee, dread Power ! this simple lay  
In fervent gratitude ascends.

We learn from thee, with Faith's prophetic eyes,  
To seek the living God beyond the starry skies.

Father of all ! when rushing loud  
Sweep the dark pinions of the wind,  
And flashes from the fiery cloud  
The pilot's ball of vision blind,  
Thy hand can teach us still our course to keep,  
And steer our reeling bark along the dusky deep. 1220

When battle rears his gory crest ;  
When streams of pure and gen'rous blood  
Swift gushing from the seaman's breast  
With crimson dye the seething flood,  
Thy voice can bid o'er dark Iberia's slave  
Thy free and favour'd isle's immortal standard wave.

As now in this victorious hour  
All hearts and hands are turn'd to thee,  
Oh ! grant that neither pride nor power  
May quench the soul's humility ;      1230  
But pious deeds and grateful bosoms prove  
Our deep remembrance of atoning love.

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As springs the hart, that Asia's sultry beam  
Oppress'd, exulting from the limpid stream,  
The warriors rose refresh'd ; for prayers impart  
A cheering cordial to the pious heart ;  
And Clara's voice, impassion'd, sweet and pure,  
Could with resistless charm the mind allure  
From mundane joys to bliss beyond the grave.  
Now Sidney to the war-worn seamen gave 1240  
Salubrious viands, and the brimming bowl,  
To nerve the limb, invigorate the soul.  
The Cæsar's prowess on that glorious day  
Became the theme of many an artless lay ;  
Yet still a sigh was mingled with the strain  
For those who slept beneath the restless main.  
While now they pass'd the cup, an awful sound  
Shook their tall bark, and swell'd the billows round.  
Bursting from smoke, and blazing to the skies,  
Arose the fragments of their Spanish prize ; 1250  
The dread explosion scatter'd on the gale  
Tackle, and shiver'd mast and burning sail,  
That dropp'd like stars from heaven's ærial steep,  
Their transient sparks extinguish'd in the deep.  
Yet long the flaming keel with horrid light  
Lay hissing on the waves ; the orbs of night  
Seem'd pale, as floating o'er that fiery mass  
They faintly glimmer'd in the ocean's glass—  
Ere morning dawn'd, amidst the billows' roar  
The giant cauldron sank, to rise no more. 1260

Now all retired ; and when some tranquil hours  
Of soothing sleep recruited nature's powers,

The indefatigable Clara rose  
To aid her bleeding friends—her vanquish'd foes ;  
For she, like Cæsar, saw no purpose gain'd,  
While unperform'd one glorious act remain'd.  
She scorn'd the puling sentiment, that sheds  
Tears o'er fictitious sorrow, and on beds  
Of drooping lilies weeps, while, weak and old,  
The famish'd beggar shivers in the cold. 1270  
She knew each simple on the flowery field,  
Whose sweet and salutary juice can yield  
A balm to sooth the weary couch of pain ;  
And oft on Malvern's hill, or Evesham's plain,  
She glean'd the magic leaves with chemic art,  
Drew from the poison'd herb the purest part,  
In vials screen'd them from polluting air,  
And stored her treasures with a miser's care.  
And now she sped, with Tamba by her side,  
From birth to birth ; the healing salve applied 1280  
To fretful wounds ; the shatter'd member bound  
With bandage, and with lulling opiates drown'd  
The sense of present pain ; when, weak and slow,  
The vital current scarcely seem'd to flow,  
She gave, ere death had spread his awful shade,  
Religion's sweet, consolatory aid ;  
And pointed to the heavens, when thunders cease  
To roll—the harbour of eternal peace !  
The seamen bless'd her ; and the closing eye  
Still linger'd on her form—the parting sigh 1290  
Was breathed for her, who o'er the waste of death  
Strew'd manna ; and the last, expiring breath,

Proclaim'd, when scarce the clay-cold tongue could move,  
Unutterable gratitude and love.

Sidney, meantime, the remnant of his crew  
Summon'd on deck ; 'twas sad to count the few  
That weather'd out the storm, with toil oppress,  
Limping with fractured limb, or bleeding breast.  
Now silent in the melancholy roll,  
'The chasm of heroes lost depress'd the soul. 1300  
But one was missing—"Where's our messmate Paul ?  
Who saw that formidable champion fall ?"  
"Invisible to feeling as to sight"  
Was Paul, since first commenced the glorious fight ;  
They search'd in vain where ropes and sails were roll'd  
In heaps ; at length when groping in the hold,  
Coil'd in the bottom of a seaman's chest  
They found that man of war, the brave Paul Pest !  
"Proctor, a-hoy ! hilloa ! my lad, what cheer ?  
What, in the name of Neptune, do'st thou here ?"  
He answer'd not—as jugglers drag a snake, 1311  
Nestled in thorns beneath an Indian brake,  
They drew the reptile out—his standing hair  
Seem'd like a wild boar's bristly back to stare ;  
Pallid his visage as the chalky coast  
Of Britain's isle, or Evelina's ghost :  
He shook his ears, and wildly glanced around,  
Scared by the fancied cannon's awful sound,  
And startled when a Spaniard's sallow face  
Met his, proclaiming him of hostile race. 1320



“ Courage, my boy ! the battle’s lost and won ;  
The day is ours ; and ere the setting sun  
Shall stream in splendour from the western skies,  
All hands on board, but Paul, shall share the prize.”  
Of both his eyes the white appear’d alone,  
Fix’d as the rayless orbs of sculptured stone ;  
And shivering thus he spoke—“ The sinful trade  
Of war was not for holy churchmen made ;  
We wrestle with the flesh, but love to find  
Friendship in foes, and peace through all mankind ;  
My conscience smote me when the bullets flew ; 1331  
To scenes of massacre I bade adieu :  
I would not shed the blood of man for gold ;  
The Scripture saith, that “ whoso sheddeth”—“ Hold !  
Preach to the fool, thou hypocritic knave !  
On shore a tyrant, on the deep a slave  
To dastard fear—Ho ! boatswain, quickly bind  
His saintship to the shrouds, and lash his rind,  
Till tender as his conscience it appears.”  
“ Ay, ay, sir”—then, with universal cheers, 1340  
The boatswain laid, with many a hearty smack,  
A tough rope’s end across his coward back.  
He growl’d, and mutter’d, “ on an early day,  
Revenge in blood shall wipe this score away.”

Sweet as mild evening’s sunshine on the green  
The calm that follows battle’s stormy scene  
With gentle gales along the glittering main  
The vessel moved ; and many a joyous strain

From Harry Hart the weary hours beguiled,  
And Evans' flute, that, like the warbling wild      1350  
Of fabled Sirens on the moonlight sea,  
Pour'd on the breeze delicious melody.  
The wounded too could soon the pastime share,  
Revived by Clara's unremitting care ;  
She was their only hope—a fatal ball  
Had pierced the cockpit—surgeon—mate, and all  
Those servitors, that tend the sick man's bed,  
At one fell blow were number'd with the dead ;  
And lovely woman stood their guardian now,  
Felt the weak pulse, and wiped the streaming brow—  
Woman—our cheering star through every stage      1361  
From helpless infancy to trembling age !

Thus sail'd they merrily, till evening's smile  
Far to the south display'd a dreary pile  
Of barren scoria, that seem'd to rise  
In pride and menace to the lofty skies,  
Pointing its fractured pinnacles—its form,  
Stamp'd with the print of dread convulsion's storm,  
Cast from the waves by struggling nature's shock,  
Proclaim'd that shore the sad and lonely rock      1370  
Of SAINT HELENA, parted from the world,  
Amidst the main, as if at random hurl'd  
Midway between two hemispheres—a speck—  
A beacon on the desert sea—a wreck  
Of ocean's bed ejected from the deep ;  
Not, as in after times, the dungeon keep,

Where, reft of freedom, crowns, and boundless sway,  
Th' Imperial Exile closed his wintry day.  
Oh ! curst Ambition ! whither dost thou lead  
Thy spell-bound votaries ? By fate decreed 1380  
To raise a prostrate kingdom from the flood,  
Where anarchy had steep'd her shores in blood,  
To glory's zenith—blest with talents rare,  
With matchless energy, and soul to dare  
Those deeds, from which inferior spirits shrink ;  
To snatch the golden prize from peril's brink—  
On thee, stern Despot ! Fortune's favour'd child !  
In calm and storm the powers benignant smiled,  
And bade thy hand above the laurell'd grave  
The branch of love, the peaceful olive wave ; 1390  
But lost for ever was the glorious hour  
In cold revenge, and thirst of lawless power.  
Those slaves, that led thee to the lofty spire,  
Perish'd in pathless snows, or Moscow's fire,  
Unwept by thee—for when did pity's stream  
Soften ambition's sanguinary dream,  
That, like the gorgon, turns the heart to stone,  
And counts each corse a ladder to a throne ?  
Amidst these dreary sands the spirit pined,  
Whose dawn foretold a blessing to mankind ; 1400  
And o'er that autocrat's inglorious urn,  
Lo ! the dark branches of the cypress mourn.  
Now, as they near'd the land, in floods of flame  
The peal of martial salutation came  
From embrasures, that roar'd with hollow sound,  
Scoop'd from the bosom of the stony mound.

High o'er the rocks the telegraph display'd  
Its mystic fingers, oft, alas ! array'd  
In sorrow's emblems, that from hill to hill  
Gleam like death's awful harbingers, and fill 1410  
The virgin's eyes with tears, ere yet the gale  
Or flying courier waft the dismal tale.  
Ingenious art ! that o'er the foaming floods,  
The trackless desert, and the tangled woods,  
Annihilates the bounds of space and time,  
Swift as the meteor of the polar clime ;  
Through stormy elements a summons sends  
With light's rapidity—the bosom rends  
With more than mortal anguish, or imparts  
Tidings of peace and joy to bleeding hearts. 1420

‘ The Briton starts on that wild shore to hear  
His native language murmur in his ear,  
Reviving days of bliss, or nights of pain,  
By deep association's wondrous chain.  
Refreshing were the shrubs of lively green,  
Where from the bosom of the cool ravine  
Arose the village spire of glittering white,  
And James Town, gaily bursting on the sight,  
Smiled in the yawning breach : the rocks around,  
Bristled with batteries, terrific frown'd. 1430  
Fort Munden stood the guardian of the pass ;  
And Ladder-hill, that tower'd a pointed mass  
Of rugged lava, seem'd the wild retreat  
Of birds, impassable to human feet ;

Yet signals flutter'd in the middle air,  
And proved laborious man had triumph'd there.  
Impregnable was all that barren shore,  
Fearless of hostile cannon, or the roar  
Of restless ocean: and the tranquil scene  
Within that barricade with joy serene 1440  
Fill'd ev'ry bosom; where the rocky veins  
Had yielded to the rush of tropic rains,  
Green herbage glitter'd, fruits and flowery trees  
Cool'd with their tremulous leaves the sultry breeze.  
In James Town square a beauteous plant appear'd—  
The tulip-tree, by noble Anson rear'd.  
When round the circling orb, enrich'd in fame  
And Spanish gold, the brave Centurion came,  
He on these barren sands his anchor cast,  
And raised this sweet memorial of the past. 1450  
Proud as the laurel, o'er the gravell'd bed  
The flowing branch and glossy leaves were spread.  
The rind was polish'd as the shining bell  
Of lotus, or the chesnut's satin shell,  
And from the blossom's cup, that on the gale  
Pour'd dewy fragrance, fresh'ning all the vale,  
Stood spears, light trembling, lovely to behold,  
Of crimson tipt with vegetable gold.  
In pensive mood, beneath its pleasing shade,  
Sidney in silence with his gentle maid 1460  
Remark'd the solemn wreck of mountains piled  
Like fractured pyramids in Lybia's wild,  
From whose green fissures and romantic dells  
The pearly spring in streams salubrious wells,

That, like the camel in the desert, yields  
Refreshment on wide ocean's pathless fields.

Now all was mirth along the bustling street ;  
The flags aloft proclaim'd an Indian fleet  
Standing for shore ; with songs and hearty glee  
The natives hail'd the coming jubilee, 1470  
Their golden harvest, when the gorgeous East  
Pours her rich stores, and spreads a tempting feast  
Of shawls and glittering silks, that beauty's eyes,  
Whether in court, or rural hamlet, prize  
Beyond all earthly treasures ; boundless rage  
For dress, the madness of the passing age,  
Pervades all ranks, on ocean, rock or green,  
From the plain milkmaid to the sceptred queen.  
For this the fair mechanic oft resigns  
The plenteous meal, and with pale hunger pines ; 1480  
Menials the painful forms of fashion ape,  
And sacrifice all-precious health to shape,  
In that dread vortex fame and morals drown,  
And barter life and honour for a gown !

Another passion strides with rapid pace  
To hurry to the grave the lowly race—  
The love of tea—that fatal leaf, that pours  
A deleterious draught on Britain's shores,  
Worse than the fabled upas—taints the spring  
Of young existence like the scorpion's sting, 1490  
And through the mortal vessels works unseen,  
Till the nerves shiver like a mandarin.

That furor runs through ev'ry stage of life  
From the proud dutchess to the dustman's wife,  
Breathing from China's pestilential tree  
Hysterics, qualms, and mental atrophy.  
Mark Lady Languish flutt'ring like a leaf,  
All tremor, terror, ecstasy or grief!  
She shrieks at passing shadows on the wall,  
And faints to see the harmless spider crawl. 1500  
On sofas lolling all the listless day  
She dreams in spasms her worthless hours away,  
Like the cold corse, whose members wildly start,  
Roused to convulsion by Galvanic art.  
From rich to poor behold through ev'ry class  
The passion for that subtle poison pass.  
See that old sempstress creep with sloven's steele,  
With ragged petticoat and shoeless heel,  
Soil'd cap, rough-tangled locks, and loose attire,  
And long, lank spindles, mottled by the fire. 1510  
That wretch has left her helpless babes—her home,  
In search of beggar's charity to roam;  
Neglected honourable toil to crave  
The stranger's alms, nor has the heart to save  
One crumb to still her famish'd infant's cry;  
And now she waddles through the lane to buy  
Her ounce of congo—grasps with shrivell'd hand  
The paper pyramid, and, mix'd with sand,  
Her dust of sick'ning sugar—see her stuff  
The treasure in her poke with pipes and snuff; 1520  
Then totter back, her nose with Hollands blue,  
In haste her copper beverage to brew.

The tea-pot is her little world—the whine  
Of singing kettle harmony divine.  
Cozy and warm the selfish beldam sips  
The black infusion through her quivering lips,  
While the pale children, crawling from the bed,  
Extend their little hands, and ask for bread !

Nor could this solitary rock escape  
The dread contagion—exiles love to ape 1530  
Each new-blown fashion of the mother isle ;  
And here, rejoiced to see the sailors pile  
Chest upon chest of China's precious teas,  
That pour'd inviting fragrance on the breeze,  
They brought their little wealth from plain and tree,  
And barter'd sure for transient luxury.  
Now came the meagre kine, and feeble flocks,  
That nipp'd their scanty pasture on the rocks,  
With bones sharp prominent, and ragged fleece,  
Turkies, and gabbling ducks, and gouty geese, 1540  
Both starved and pluck'd, of flesh and feathers bare,  
The sorry merchandise of James Town fair.  
But all were welcome—novelties were these  
To tars accustom'd on the sultry seas  
To junk, stale biscuit, pork, and rattling peas.  
Oh ! that all pamper'd epicures were bound  
To sail, one year in ten, the world around ;  
To swing, as oft has been the poet's lot,  
In the tight hammock, or the restless cot,  
While some young wag, with health and spirits gay,  
Cut from the cleets the tackling cords away, 1551



And poet's knob, nigh severed from the neck,  
Popp'd like a pumpkin on the ringing deck !  
To count the stars, to trace the moon's pale light  
Through the cold mid-watch all the dreary night—  
To hold the nose, and drink with ghastly grin  
Thames water from a leaking tot of tin—  
To bite hard biscuit, that would need an axe  
To cleave it, till the tortured grinder cracks—  
To stand for hours, like marble statue fix'd, 1560  
To see stale rum, or odious toddy mix'd,  
Or cook with ladle serve the hungry crew  
From copper boiler, reeking with burgoo—  
To find no resting-place by night or day  
From flapping sails, dun smoke or briny spray—  
To feel, when nestled in some snug retreat,  
The bucket splash against the streaming feet,  
Or filthy swab—to fly in search of soap,  
And sit tight pasted on a tarry rope !  
Could but the landsman, lapt in downy ease, 1570  
Behold these teasing torments of the seas,  
The bloted alderman, inclined to roam,  
Would rest, and cherish his neglected home ;  
Learn at life's minor miseries to smile,  
And boast no more of fashionable bile.

As idly thus I wander from my theme,  
Time on swift pinions, like a summer's dream,  
Unheeded flies—deluded by the sound  
Of magic numbers, o'er enchanted ground

The poet strays, and still some measure sweet      1580  
Invites to distant shores his roving feet :  
Before his path the bright horizon flies,  
New landscapes dawn, and azure mountains rise ;  
Wild thoughts to unexpected beauty lead,  
As flowers spontaneous spring from scatter'd seed ;  
And one small note can swell his breathing lyre,  
As from a flint the casual sparks aspire,  
Till Etna bursts in thunder and in fire.  
Then haste we on, nor quit our humble road  
For flights of wit, or tempting episode ;      1590  
Who apes the course that lofty Byron steers,  
Begins in vanity and ends in tears :  
His soaring spirit wave and storm commands,  
That rend the lowly skiff and dash it on the sands.

The Cæsar now her fluttering wings display'd  
Fresh from the wounds that wind and battle made ;  
Revived by water from the virgin spring,  
And wine that prompts the dullest drone to sing,  
Hark to the merry seaman in the shrouds,  
With heart that care or sorrow never clouds,      1600  
Carol to constant love the melting lay,  
Which soon the passing breezes puff away !  
With joyous visions bounded ev'ry breast,  
Their land of promise in the golden West,  
Where fair Columbia spreads her brilliant stores,  
Her fields of plenty, and her balmy shores ;  
And soon, along the foaming surges tost,  
That dreary isle to keenest sight was lost.

Adieu ! thou dismal rock—unnoticed now ;  
But fame shall stamp upon thy barren brow 1610  
A seal, that rolling time can ne'er efface ;  
Historians, yet unborn, to thee shall trace,  
From Moscow's flames across the pathless deep,  
The grave where glory, pride, ambition, sleep.  
In future days all eyes shall turn to thee,  
Scene of a despot's last captivity—  
The boast—the shame—the wonder of an age !  
That like the shackled lion in his cage,  
Though bound his talons, and his tusks no more  
Can revel in a prostrate victim's gore, 1620  
Still shakes the distant forest with his roar.

As o'er the simmering waves the vessel flew,  
One lonely form amidst the bustling crew  
Lean'd in abstraction o'er the lofty side,  
Watching the sparkling bubbles of the tide,  
That like a diadem the billows crown'd ;  
Insensible to all the mirth around  
Pensive he mused through dark and chilly night,  
And scarcely mark'd the morning's rosy light  
Blush on the deep—'twas he, whose flag had bow'd  
To Britain's thunder ; who beneath the cloud 1631  
Of blasted hopes and lost ambition pined,  
Of wealth and glory scatter'd to the wind—  
By name Alphonso—gallant, bold, and free,  
Full of *hauteur* and high-born courtesy,  
'Those blended shades of arrogance and grace,  
'That mark the proud Castilian's noble race.

But not for gold or blighted fame he mourn'd ;  
Within his breast a sweeter passion burn'd ;  
The God of Love had aim'd his arrows there,      1640  
And pierced his heart with anguish and despair.  
That lovely vision, that in battle's fire  
Rose like a seraph, when her gallant sire  
Stood mark'd for death, still spread her tender arms  
To fancy's view, and with bewitching charms  
Haunted his frantic dreams ; and what dull ear  
Could that sweet girl's melodious accents hear ;  
What eye could witness all her graceful deeds—  
Her smile, like sunshine o'er the flowery meads,  
Diffusing life and joy—her spirit bright      1650  
With amazonian fire, nor feel delight  
Steal through the senses to the inmost heart ?  
The Spaniard, scorning all insidious art,  
Though conscious of a rival in her breast,  
In manly tone the pensive maid address'd.  
He spoke of boundless wealth, of feudal power,  
His Moorish palace, and his orange bower ;  
Of fleet Arabians flying o'er the lawn,  
Light as the breeze, and gentle as the fawn—  
The gay Bolero's fascinating dance ;      1660  
Green-waving woods, the region of romance ;  
Fruits dropping nectar from the golden grove,  
Unfading pleasures and eternal love.  
With candid modesty the virgin gave  
Her unaffected thanks ; his heart to save  
From Hope's delusive dream, she told the power  
Of Sidney in her breast—the bridal hour

Delay'd till war should hide his thirsty spear  
In wreaths of blossoms, like the vernal year,  
That strews ambrosial sweetness on the plain,      1670  
And heals the scars of winter's stormy reign.  
Silent and proud the brave Castilian heard  
Her frank and artless speech ; but not deterr'd  
By female blushes, or repulsive frown,  
That cast the stripling's bashful spirit down,  
He bow'd with courteous deference, and, fired  
With hopes of final victory, retired.

Swiftly the Cæsar spun before the gale,  
Now softly sinking in the glassy vale,  
And now triumphant on the billows' crest,      1680  
Like the young courser, that with panting breast,  
Spurning the rocks and mountain streams behind,  
Scatters his foam indignant on the wind.  
At length the waves their blue transparence lost ;  
Thick flow'd the flood, as, when with numbing frost  
Obstructed, rivers work with struggling pain  
Their slow and heavy passage to the main.  
Some current seem'd to stem the lab'ring tide—  
“ Quick ! heave the lead,” the wary pilot cried ;  
The sounding plumb on slime and shelly sand      1690  
Rested, but yet no loom of cheerful land  
Rose o'er the waters ; wide and lofty seas  
Still dash'd in hostile rage against the breeze.  
“ Let go the anchor,” with exulting voice  
Sidney exclaim'd ; “ my gallant friends rejoice !

This night repose in calm, unruffled sleep,  
And dread no more the perils of the deep ;  
La Plata, monarch of the streams that pour  
Their mighty tribute to the eastern shore  
Of these wide realms, expands his waves around ; 1700  
Fill the rich bowl, and let each glass be crown'd  
With rubies of th' immortal grape"—the cry  
Of exultation thunder'd to the sky.  
That cheerful eve the toil-worn seamen spent  
In tales, and songs, and roaring merriment :  
But Clara, stealing from the bustling scene,  
Look'd to the heavens, now brilliant and serene,  
And, cent'ring all her deep affections there,  
Pour'd her heart's gratitude in fervent prayer.

END OF BOOK II.

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**CLARA CHESTER.**

**BOOK III.**

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He spurn'd the poor adventurer from his throne,  
Who came to give half earth's encircling zone !  
Say, did not Europe hail and kings caress  
His dauntless mind, whose powers ensured success ?  
Ah ! no—sent home in galling shackles bound,  
Vespusius names a world—Columbus found !—COLTON.

## CLARA CHESTER.

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### BOOK III.

SPIRIT of him, who first with fearless heart,  
And giant soul (restrain'd by infant art)  
Plough'd the unknown Atlantic's awful plain,  
And sought an India on the western main !  
Breathe o'er my song, and lend some partial fire  
To warm my breast, and light the poet's lyre :  
For now no more, by Rhone or Tiber's stream,  
I sing an ancient world's exhausted theme ;  
I fly to scenes, where minstrel ne'er before  
Has strung his harp to wave or whirlwind's roar— 10  
That mighty hemisphere, where all is grand,  
Vast and sublime, as if by Titans plann'd,  
Bearing in torrent, hill, and giant tree,  
Primeval nature's stamp of majesty—  
Rivers like inland oceans—mountains white  
With everlasting snow, that seems the light  
Of fleecy clouds, and more in heav'n than earth—  
Oaks, that from silent ages date their birth,

Whose stems have braved the deluge and the blast,  
While crowns and laurels to oblivion pass'd— 20  
The thund'ring earthquake—hurricanes that sweep  
Temple and tower like foam along the deep—  
The solemn cataract, that rocks the ground,  
And soars aloft with more than earthly sound—  
Rapids, that swift as winged lightnings fly,  
And drown the solitary fisher's cry,  
As whirl'd along, and launch'd in middle air  
To death, he shrieks in horror and despair !  
'Thou wondrous world ! in native splendour drest,  
With young creation's virgin seal imprest ; 30  
No mortal hand with meretricious taste  
Has marr'd thy beauties ; solemn, grand, and chaste,  
The landscape spreads her bosom sweet with flowers  
Bright as if Heav'n, had scatter'd them in showers ;  
The palm's green branches murmur in the breeze,  
Melodious as the lapse of moonlight seas ;  
And brilliant as above the rosy wreath  
Shine the rich treasures of the world beneath.  
Those awful regions of eternal cold,  
The glorious Andes, o'er the mine of gold, 40  
Like guardians of some fair, enchanted land,  
Their proud and glittering canopy expand.  
And still more precious than the balmy bower,  
Or sparkling gem, the herb of healing power—  
'The bark, that when hot fever swells the vein,  
And rolls in fire and madness to the brain,  
Subdues the tyrant, nerve and sinew strings,  
And pours a flood of joy in life's exhausted springs.

Yet from the treasures of thy fertile shore  
Flows wealth to some, and misery to more. 50  
Evil and good like rain and sunbeams fly  
Alternate through the world's inconstant sky.  
As in those lovely lands by nature blest  
With smiling beauty, from the mountain's breast  
Thunders a mass of liquid flames that sweep  
Hamlet and palace to the boiling deep—  
As in the chequer'd scene of social life  
Pleasure and pain are mixed in warring strife—  
So midst the flowers, that on thy bosom blow,  
Are scatter'd seeds of misery and wo. 60  
That ore, that issued from thy golden veins,  
Flow'd like a torrent o'er Iberia's plains,  
Of pride and glory sapp'd the solid base,  
And steep'd in apathy a noble race.  
Wars, endless wars, have bathed the burning sands  
Of Africa in blood ; ferocious bands,  
Raging with vampire thirst for human gore,  
Have ravaged all that once pacific shore  
To till thy rich plantations—son and sire,  
Mother and infant, rushing from the fire, 70  
Escaped from instant death to waste long years  
Of weary life in servitude and tears.

Yet not the less to thee, proud chief ! we owe  
Unbounded gratitude ; our bosoms glow  
With admiration at thy lofty name,  
Pre-eminent amidst the ranks of fame.

Thee, great Columbus ! not the frown of kings,  
Sedition's wild, distracted murmurings,  
Nor stormy elements could daunt ; thy bark  
Still struggled through the billows, while a spark 80  
Of hope, invisible to vulgar sight,  
Gleam'd in the vista with consoling light.  
The floating vessel, carved by savage hands,  
Blown from the West, proclaim'd those flowery lands  
Thy soul prophetic sought ; thy cultured mind,  
Ere yet the dawn of science bless'd mankind,  
Foretold what hour the solar beam should fade,  
And noonday splendour vanish in the shade :  
The prostrate Indian then adored in thee  
Some unknown world's presiding deity ! 90

What fame, what honours have that hero crown'd,  
Who, spurning earth's imaginary bound,  
Explored those mighty regions ? Say, what showers  
Of wealth and glory on his evening hours  
Were scatter'd by the princely hand, to prove  
A grateful kingdom's reverence and love ?  
Alas ! to thee, Columbus, courtly smiles  
Were like the siren's song ; the crafty wiles  
Of *Bovadilla* blasted to the core  
The blooming promise of thy toil, and tore 100  
The laurels from thy splendid brow ; thy hands  
Were bound with ignominious chains ; the lands,  
That should have raised thee to immortal fame  
Through endless ages, bear another's name ;  
And those memorials of a kingdom's shame,

The fetters, that a thankless tyrant gave,  
Still rest thy cold companions in the grave !

Sweet is the sprightly morn on hill and dale,  
When rosy milkmaids with the brimming pail  
Trip o'er the primrose field on dewy feet 110  
With panting heart the faithful swain to meet.  
Bright is the splendour of the dawning day,  
That calls the sportsman to the downs away  
To chase the timid hare, that doubles round,  
Baffling the mettled steed and flying hound.  
But still more grateful is that glowing hour  
To him, who pants to scale the lofty tower  
Of glory, and of laurel boughs to weave  
A garland for the soldier's peaceful eve.

Now shone the bosom of La Plata's stream 120  
With liquid gold ; the soul-reviving beam  
Chased with the spirit of celestial light  
The dubious forms and phantoms of the night.  
All hands rose hearty from refreshing sleep.  
“ Quick ! heave the anchor ”—from the slimy deep  
The windlass swift the barbed iron drew,  
And o'er the yards the fluttering canvass flew.  
Breasting the current with propitious gales  
The Cæsar thunder'd on with sounding sails,  
Like lava rolling down Sicilia's shore, 130  
Whose torrent stills retiring ocean's roar.  
With graceful motion o'er the glistening flood  
The light pintada swept ; now buoyant stood

On simmering foam ; now, fleet as zephyrs blow,  
Humour'd the billows' undulating flow :  
Alternately its spotted plumage, bright  
With sea-dew, rose and vanish'd from the sight ;  
Large in the distance ; but to nearer ken  
Its tiny form diminish'd to a wren ;  
A muff of feathers clasp'd the body round ;                   140  
For, rarely resting on the solid ground,  
These wand'ring tenants of the shoreless seas  
For months lie floating on the waves or breeze.  
To all that dwell in ocean, land, or air,  
Such is impartial Heav'n's protecting care.

Th' unwieldy whale along this river too  
Spouted his sparkling jets of briny dew ;  
And rolling porpoises in firm array  
Marshall'd in black battalions, seem'd to play  
A mimic game—to march—unite and part,                   150  
A lively mockery of warlike art.

Now dark and muddy toil'd the heavy stream ;  
Dense fogs their course impeded ; and the gleam,  
That casual pierced the misty curtain, gave  
One transitory glimpse of sky and wave.  
They work'd in cheerless gloom that dreary night,  
Till rising clear in morning's crimson light  
High in the west a conic hill appear'd  
Crown'd by a Pharos ; now the land they near'd,  
And marked a tower the British flag display,                   160  
A grove of masts with streaming pennants gay ;



And Monte Video, rising o'er the tide,  
Shew'd her dark batteries in martial pride.  
Collected there, in gleaming armour bright,  
Britannia's warriors panted for the fight ;  
From land and ship, from morn to evening's close,  
The joyful note of preparation rose ;  
There Sidney and brave Chester grasp'd the hands  
Of long-tried friends, that now in warlike bands  
Assembled on Columbia's lonely shore 170  
To twine round England's brow one laurel more.

Swift o'er the waves the gliding pinnace flew,  
As with light oars the Cæsar's merry crew  
Row'd Clara to the beach ; a gloomy scene  
The coast presented ; no reviving green  
Of field or forest cheer'd the weary sight,  
Nor garden glittering with rosy light ;  
A sandy wilderness was spread around,  
And vegetation scorn'd the barren ground.  
Across the roads the slaughter'd cattle lay, 180  
Till famish'd blood-hounds bore the prize away ;  
Troops of those savage dogs their victims chased  
From eve till morn, and howl'd along the waste.  
No hedge-rows smiled, in balmy flowers array'd ;  
Of bones and horns the crumbling walls were made.  
Alone the sweet durasno cheer'd the gloom  
With beauty from its leaves of crimson bloom.  
They enter'd now the dismal town, with feet  
Wading through slime along each narrow street,

That seem'd a mass of prisons—iron grates 190  
Barr'd the dark windows ; and the pond'rous gates,  
Harsh creaking with a melancholy sound,  
Proclaim'd the fear of savage tribes around.  
The proud Cabildos march'd with solemn pace,  
Degen'rate offspring of Castilian race,  
With dangling small-swords, chains of shining gold,  
And velvet robes with many a sable fold.  
In richest silks, of pure and glossy jet,  
With stately step behold the bright brunette  
Moving unconscious of her lover's gaze, 200  
Though still an inborn pride her form displays,  
When her dark eyes, like arrowy lightning dart  
The sidelong glance, that pierces to the heart.  
With deepest pleasure Sidney's bosom glow'd ;  
The contrast, that his blooming Clara show'd  
To those brown nymphs, convinced him more and more  
That vestal purity on Britain's shore  
Triumphant reigns ; her sweet, expressive face,  
Her mild, blue eyes, and unpresuming grace,  
Glisten'd, as on a gorgeous bed, all bright 210  
With golden lilies, shines the virgin white.

But hark ! the signal gun, loud pealing, calls  
To deeds of glory ; from those dismal walls  
Well pleased the seaman and his future bride  
Return'd to scale the trusty Cæsar's side.  
Gay shone the warriors in their burnish'd arms—  
Trumpets, and doubling drums, and all that charms

The youthful hero's breast, united there  
In one full chorus, drown'd the voice of care.  
The sea's diminish'd influence now gave 220  
The river scope to pour his mighty wave.  
Long time they struggled with the tow'ring swell,  
That wind and ocean's tide could scarce repel.  
At length the jocund morn the bay disclosed  
Of Enseñada ; there the fleet reposed ;  
The soldiers' toil on Plata's southern shore  
Commence, and weary seamen's task was o'er.

Now Chester's beating bosom rose ; the day  
Was come his martial spirit to display,  
To soar to fortune from his lowly state, 230  
And burst the barriers of adverse fate.  
But sad the scene, when clasping to his breast  
The weeping Clara, thus the sire address'd  
That jewel of his heart—" Dear, gentle maid !  
More precious than the pearly stream, or shade  
Of balmy groves by whispering zephyrs fann'd,  
To pilgrims fainting on Arabia's sand—  
In thee my soul finds shelter ; far from thee  
I stand all lonely like the blasted tree,  
Bereft of fruit and flowers ; but fate ordains 240  
That purest pleasures flow from partial pains.  
In some few days, if Heav'n a father hear,  
The smile of joy shall chase this parting tear.  
Wild swamps, of unknown depth, are spread around  
These realms, and torrents intersect the ground ;

Cold damps at midnight, and the castle's storm,  
But ill accord with beauty's tender form.  
I leave thee to the noble Sidney's care—  
One kiss, and then farewell !”—Her flowing hair  
Stream'd on her dewy cheeks—she sobb'd aloud, 250  
O'erwhelm'd by sorrow's unexpected cloud ;  
For she had hoped to shield her valiant sire  
Through warring elements and battle's fire.  
She strain'd him to her bosom—“ Now, adieu !  
My father—glory's lofty path pursue ;  
But think, when rushing to the martial strife,  
Oh ! think on thine depends thy Clara's life.”  
Hark to the signal ! springing to the shore  
Appear'd the British heroes—Sidney tore  
The weeping virgin from her sire's embrace ; 260  
But long she sought, with tearful eyes, to trace  
His form across the boundless field, till night  
Mingled the dubious shade with starry light.

No towering pine-tree, nor majestic oak,  
The landscape's dull and weary sameness broke ;  
Far as the sight could o'er the waste extend,  
A clover'd plain, a meadow without end,  
Spread like an ocean ; wand'ring herds were seen  
Browsing at freedom on the herbage green,  
And, wild with nature's spirit, raced the steed, 270  
Snorting and prancing o'er the fenceless mead.  
A fort, dismantled by the flying foe,  
Gave shelter for the night—at morning's glow

From Barragen the merry troops again  
Resumed their march across the boundless plain.  
But now a dreary swamp, with rushes crown'd,  
Their course impeded ; gloomy miles around  
Was stretch'd that muddy marsh ; the slender sprays  
Of yielding sallow guided through the maze  
Their wavering steps ; but still with pain and toil 280  
Feeble and cold they trod the sinking soil.  
The soldiers, slipping on the slimy bed,  
Waded, with pouch and musket o'er the head,  
Breast-deep in splashing waters—Tyros strong  
In youth and vigour dragg'd the weak along.  
Aquatic birds of various form and hue,  
Scared at the sight of man, wild screaming flew,  
And vanish'd in the clouds : the solid ground  
Attain'd, they ranged savannahs without bound—  
Illimitable Pampas, where no trace 290  
Of mortal power deform'd the healthy face  
Of awful nature ; through the verdant blade  
Clover and flowers of sweetest balm display'd  
Their bright luxuriance ; listless and supine  
Lay 'midst the bloom the saturated kine.  
Oh ! my poor country—could thy exiled sons  
Behold these shores of luxury, where runs  
The stream of amber o'er enamell'd fields,  
Whose bosom rich, unfading pasture yields  
To grazing myriads, ever new and bright, 300  
Brimming with beauty, splendour, and delight ;  
Fresh as young Paradise at Eden's birth,  
The opulence of pure and virgin earth ;

As if the mines beneath, by Flora drain'd,  
Flow'd through the vegetable sap, and stain'd  
The leaves with emerald, the cups with gold—  
No more Canadian mountains, bleak and cold,  
Nor sands of Lybia, desolate and bare,  
Should see thy children perish in despair.

Knee-deep in herbage, that no sun embrowns, 310  
The warriors wander'd o'er the trackless downs ;  
And when their weary hearts demanded food,  
Appear'd the swarthy *Peon*, wild and rude.  
A *poncho* wrapp'd his limbs of giant mould ;  
His hardy form, his visage dark and bold,  
His lank, black hair, and harsh, unpolish'd tongue,  
Proclaim'd the source from whence the savage sprung.  
In native pride he scorn'd the worthless steel ;  
Spurs of pure silver from his naked heel  
Projected ; horse and ragged housings bore 320  
Rich, unwrought ornaments of precious ore.  
He sat with careless and untutor'd grace  
Firm as a centaur ; in the swiftest chase  
Lock'd to his steed, as if from mother earth  
Both horse and rider drew their common birth.  
He grasp'd a lasso in his tawny hand,  
A thong of eel-skins, twisted like a band  
Of braided hair ; the roving cattle knew  
The mortal weapon, and in terror flew  
Wide o'er the meadows ; quick as darting light 330  
The keen-eyed *Peon* reach'd them in their flight ;

And, singling one of noblest form, in air  
Waved his lithe lasso, and the fatal snare  
Flung round the branching horn ; with rein-deer's speed  
Courser and ox still bounded o'er the mead :  
But now his noose a second *Peon* cast  
With wondrous skill, and loop'd the victim fast  
Beneath the pastern—swift to left and right  
The horsemen gallopp'd, straining with their might  
The quivering cord ; while languid on the green 340  
Trembled the brute, his ruthless foes between.  
Then one dismounted, while his steed well-train'd  
Stood like a rock—the *Peon* quick attain'd  
His prize, arrested by the double line,  
And plunged his reeking dagger in the spine.  
The soldier's palate, piercing as his blade,  
Requires no spur from gastronomic aid ;  
Rich sauce and spices of the orient please  
The bloated victims of inglorious ease ;  
But warriors scorn that culinary art, 350  
That swells the veins, and hebetates the heart.  
Braced by pure exercise and cheerful air  
The troops now feasted on their homely fare,  
While scarce the space of thirty minutes flew,  
Caught—kill'd—skinn'd—cook'd and carved, and eaten  
too.

All night they lay on grass and dewy flowers  
Soft as the Paphian nymph in myrtle bowers ;  
While some young epicures, elate with pride,  
In clover slept between a doubled hide.



Morn dawn'd, as on the waves of glassy green 360  
Aurora's fingers ope the gorgeous scene ;  
No towering mountain cast an awful shade,  
Nor forest's gloom the welcome beams delay'd ;  
Clear from the Pampa rose the god of light,  
Fresh splendour pouring ; and the dews of night,  
That on the sweet and rosy blossom lay  
Like tears on beauty's cheek, he brush'd away.  
Now from their grassy couch the soldiers sprang,  
Shook from their arms the pearly drops, and sang  
Blithe as the soaring lark ; they march'd again 370  
Through richest pasturage ; at length a fen,  
Whose depth no spear could fathom, block'd the way :  
Their blankets form'd a bridge : with spirits gay  
They trod the slight ponton ; small, glittering streams  
Oozed through the meadow like embroider'd seams  
Of silver on a robe of brightest green ;  
Through these the wading multitude were seen  
Deep struggling ; while the lingering train behind  
Filed o'er the plain a firmer path to find.  
Cold—cold it was upon the marshy ground 380  
That dreary night ; with faint and simmering sound  
The fig's green branches, hissing at their feet,  
But tantalized with mockery of heat.  
Chilly they rose ; but glorious prospects cheer'd  
Their hearts, when o'er the dusky plain appear'd  
Convent and spire, soft gleaming in the rays  
Of early morn—that goal, to which their days  
Of pain and nightly visions tended all.  
“ Soon shall the crest of that proud city fall,”



They cried, as on the burnish'd arms they laid 390  
Their sinewy hands, and now prepared to wade  
The deep *Chuelo* ; strong the current flow'd ;  
But every breast with British ardour glow'd,  
And stemm'd with ease the torrent—soon the roar  
And flash of thund'ring cannon proved the shore  
Contested by the foe—with steady speed  
The light-arm'd troops, loud cheering took the lead,  
Rush'd on the battery, and scatter'd wide  
The hostile bands—their *corps elite*, the pride  
Of transatlantic Spain, in terror fled ; 400  
The brave M'Leod his gallant Rifles led,  
Pour'd on the trembling rear a shower of balls,  
Defied, and chased them to their coward walls.  
The night was mournful ; dark and chilling rain,  
Mix'd with sharp ice, descended on the plain.  
Thunder was mingled with the savage yell  
Of chain-bound dogs ; the distant convent bell  
Toll'd heavily, and lightning's quivering fire  
Shot on alternate pools of blood and mire,  
Where man and steed, that on that morning bled, 410  
Lay gasping midst the dying and the dead.

Oh War ! thou demon with alluring charms,  
Banners, and bounding drums, and flashing arms—  
In painted beauty, with insidious guile,  
Like that fell serpent, whose bewitching smile  
Tempted our mother to the fatal tree,  
What scenes of wo, what horrors flow from thee !

In that dread lottery, while valour dies,  
Behold the recreant snatch the glorious prize !  
Some sleep in dust, some mount the laurell'd car, 420  
And thousands bleed, that one may wear a star.  
When, rous'd by art to counterfeited rage,  
The mimic warrior treads the lofty stage ;  
When Kemble soars with more than Pindar's wing,  
The mirror of the hero and the king,  
Our hearts, wild throbbing when the tyrant falls,  
Swell to the storm where mighty genius calls.  
Fair Sculpture, and her lovely sister too,  
Lend their deceitful charm, but shade from view  
The medal's sad reverse—the merry bells, 430  
Whose every peal some deed of glory tells ;  
The cannons roaring from the ancient tower,  
Heralds of victory's ecstatic hour,  
Raise to the zenith with resistless force  
The British bosom ; honour's splendid course  
Dazzles the reason, and attracts all eyes,  
Like the proud eagle soaring to the skies ;  
While his bright orbs defy the god of day,  
Beholders mark his iron pinions play,  
Nor think with sorrow on the plunder'd nest, 440  
Nor see the ringdove's blood upon his breast.  
Blest sons of Albion's dear and sacred isle,  
That ne'er, subdued by valour, gold or guile,  
Has seen, though round the world the battle roars,  
One hostile foot pollute her lovely shores !  
Alas ! ye know not War's funereal train—  
The bleeding soldier, freezing on the plain ;

Stiff with his fester'd wounds, the moon's cold beam  
Shews him the surface of the gliding stream,  
That mocks him with its murmuring sound—he sips  
The dewy grass to bathe his burning lips ; 451  
When lo ! some wretch, that hover'd round the field,  
Now by the dusky robes of night conceal'd,  
Steals on the victim with his dagger keen,  
And stabs him to the heart ! the mournful scene  
That follows when the battle's bright array,  
Colours, and martial horns, have past away,  
Is still more awful—See the sparkling fire  
Rise from the village ! mother, child, and sire,  
Rush from the flames along the barren shore, 460  
While licensed robbers grasp their little store :  
Impell'd by famine, see the group return  
To scrape the ground where beams and rafters burn !  
Rooted by sympathy to that dear spot,  
In the black ashes of their former cot  
They kneel, and from the cold and clammy floor  
The passing stranger's charity implore.

Nor less in cultured life the cries of wo  
Resound, and streams of bitter anguish flow.  
The dread Gazette, that some with gladness cheers, 470  
Full many a beauteous bosom bathes in tears.  
Oh ! say what solace to the virgin's breast  
Can pealing bells afford, or windows drest  
With glittering laurels, when the ruthless dart  
Of death has pierced the partner of her heart ?

Or to the lonely widow, counting o'er  
The sad—sad hours, till on his natal shore  
Her son, her last, her only hope, shall land?  
And now behold the mourner's trembling hand  
The fatal sheet unfolding—quick as light 480  
The tale of horror meets the mother's sight;  
She shrieks—she falls—the mortal pang has riven  
Her swelling heart—she meets her son in heaven!

With pallid aspect rose the ling'ring day,  
Dash'd with dim clouds, and flung his slanting ray  
O'er many a valiant bosom doom'd to bleed,  
And many a cheerful eye, that morn decreed  
To view his beams no more—in silence deep,  
As lions stealing on a courser's sleep,  
They march'd, but started oft, with horror cold, 490  
To mark in heaps the bleeding bodies roll'd  
Of mutilated soldiers, gash'd and crush'd  
By coward vengeance! On the warriors rush'd  
With rage indignant; not the faintest sound  
Of war yet issued from the hostile ground:  
To catch in toils their unsuspecting prey  
The wary host in treach'rous ambush lay:  
All was enveloped in mysterious gloom;  
The long, straight streets were silent as the tomb;  
Each house, a castle, seem'd to brave the power 500  
Of mortal arm, or cannon's deadly shower.  
Small parapets conceal'd the lurking foe  
Stretch'd on the level roofs; strong gates below

Were ribb'd with iron bars ; that barricade  
To burst the troops gigantic efforts made.  
When hearts are raised aloft in battle's strife,  
Nerves dormant spring to momentary life,  
And daring deeds are done, that strike the bold  
With fear and wonder when the blood is cold.  
And now receding, with redoubled force 510  
To rush, like rival racers in the course,  
A phalanx sprang, with strength unfelt before,  
And crash'd the panels of the ringing door.  
Chester was first to mount the roof, and wave  
The British standard : as the echoing cave  
Returns the thunder of the stormy sea,  
Hark to the cheers, and shouts of victory !  
Alas ! too soon—for now the dreadful hour  
Was come, to fall or struggle with a power  
Invisible as fate—the shaft of death 520  
Sped viewless as the pestilential breath  
Of Java's blasting tree ; from roof and spire  
Volleys of stones, and shells replete with fire  
In showers descended ; down the crowded street,  
Where Britons rush'd the dastard foe to meet,  
Thunder'd a storm of grape and leaden hail,  
Sweeping whole ranks like chaff before the gale.  
Helpless they fell, as scatter'd leaves are found  
At autumn's close along the withering ground,  
When winds with wintry roar to splinters tear 530  
The stubborn oak, and leave a forest bare.  
And how can valour stand, when thus assail'd  
By powers impalpable ? the bosom mail'd

In chains of brass, or adamant, must yield,  
When lightning, launch'd from darkness, strikes the  
    . shield.

Yet deeds were done on that eventful morn,  
Whose long-forgotten splendour might adorn  
Our later annals—Wellesley's towering star  
Has, like the lustre of Apollo's car,  
Quench'd all inferior lights, and raised the name 540  
Of *soldier* to a rank with Nelson's fame.  
Yet brave Achmuty still shall share the crown,  
And waft the trodden wreath of laurel down  
To ages yet unborn ; through volleying balls—  
Porteullis—trench—and o'er the bristled walls,  
He storm'd the blazing battery, the post  
Of all their proud defences prized the most,  
The strong *Retiro*—thence his heroes led  
To that wide amphitheatre, where bled  
Beneath the keen knife of the Matador 550  
The mighty bull ; but now with human gore  
Discolour'd ; quick the Britons clear'd  
The broad arena, and that standard rear'd,  
That still has waved, on land or restless main,  
The hope or terror of distracted Spain.

Nor less shall gallant *Burne* exalted shine  
Amidst the brightest names on glory's shrine.  
Steady and calm in battle's wildest storm,  
The fire, that levell'd legions, seem'd to warm  
His breast to nobler deeds ; serene he stood 560  
Like the clear Pharos o'er the rolling flood,

That glows through cloud and tempest, and the shore  
Of safety points amidst the billows' roar.  
To win those smiles, that meaner souls delight,  
He scorn'd to act the creeping parasite ;  
His modest gallantry, to courts unknown,  
Ne'er stoop'd with bows to supplicate a throne,  
Ne'er sought for titles with obsequious art ;  
He wore the " star of honour " in the heart.  
On that disastrous morn he saw expire 570  
His noble troops beneath a galling fire  
From viewless cannon—calm through flame and smoke  
He rush'd—through trench and stony barrier broke,  
And spiked the blazing engines 'midst the sound  
Of shells and balls, that shatter'd all around.

And Chester too, though bent with honour'd years,  
Shook off that morn the load of age—with cheers  
The vanguard led, and to their castle hew'd  
A passage through the flying multitude.  
But what can spirit do, or valour's hand, 580  
When thousands press a solitary band ?  
As now he storm'd the gates, a fatal ball  
Pierced his brave breast—behold the hero fall !  
Yet still he waved his glittering sword, and cried  
With fainting voice, as flow'd the crimson tide,  
" Scale—scale the walls—and think of me no more !"  
Alas ! a volley, deep as Etna's roar,  
That instant levell'd all their plumed pride,  
And laid the bleeding ranks by Chester's side.

Meantime the Spaniards with o'erwhelming force  
Pour'd down ; arrested in their brilliant course 591  
The light-arm'd infantry, and circled all,  
Helpless, within Domingo's massive wall.  
The guns were primed to burst the convent's gate,  
When, vainly struggling with resistless fate,  
Oh ! faithless war's humiliating hour—  
The Britons, bending to superior power,  
Indignant flung their useless arms away,  
And march'd to chains, a haughty victor's prey.

Now all was lost ! the remnant of the brave, 600  
Marking Achmuty's lofty standard wave  
Above the *Place de Toros*, rush'd to find  
Support and shelter there ; but still behind  
Roll'd the loud cannon : at each awful sound  
Of shells and grape new victims press'd the ground ;  
And those, whose limbs propitious fortune bore  
From streets of carnage, left their tracks in gore.

While thus on land these scenes of horror pass'd,  
High o'er the wave appear'd the tow'ring mast  
Of Sidney's bark ; from Ensenada bay 610  
He work'd through wind and tide his tardy way,  
Impatient with a seaman's honest zeal  
To share the laurel : when the hollow peal  
Of thund'ring batteries first struck the ears  
Of tender Clara,—oh ! what hopes and fears  
Alternate fill'd her palpitating breast !  
“ Perhaps my father now surmounts the crest



Of yon proud citadel, and tears in scorn  
Iberia's standard down—perhaps the morn,  
That rose with dawning glory, now declines, 620  
O'ercast with clouds, and 'midst the blazing lines  
Circled by foes, beneath the fatal fire,  
With none to aid him, bleeds my valiant sire !”  
But Sidney calm'd her fluttering heart, and gave  
Assurance firm that Heaven would shield the brave.  
“ Rest thee, my love ! a little while in peace ;  
I fly to bid yon deep-mouth'd cannon cease ;  
For see ! the torrent sweeps whole lines away.”  
He mann'd his barge, and through the foaming spray  
Dash'd to the battery—the foe dismay'd 630  
Flew from the terror of the hero's blade ;  
When, seizing guns and tumbrels, down the steep  
He roll'd the silent engines to the deep.  
Clara with beating bosom, and with eyes  
Glist'ning with tears of joy, beheld the prize  
Of valour won ; the snowy lawn she drew  
That screen'd her breast, and o'er the cheering crew,  
Clinging to slippery shrouds, exulting waved  
Love's precious signal ; peril now she braved, 639  
Though round her shower'd the whistling balls ; serene  
With trust in Heaven—when lo ! some hand unseen  
Grasp'd her white arm, her brows with fillets bound  
So quick, the careless seamen ranged around,  
With anxious eyes directed to the shore,  
Saw not the deed—the lurking robbers tore  
Her fingers from their hold—her slender waist  
Rudely encircled, and with savage haste

Deep in a boat their trembling victim cast.  
They hoisted sails, and soon the rising blast  
Bore them beyond the musket's range ; in vain 650  
The sailors storm'd ; around the wat'ry plain  
No barge appear'd ; and should their cannon sweep  
The waves, *she* too might perish in the deep.  
Is this, poor Clara ! this the mournful end  
Of all thy toils ? to weep without one friend  
To share thy tears, and o'er the wilds to rove,  
Torn from a husband's—father's tender love ?  
Oh ! no—there still was one, whose grateful heart  
Was centred in thy fate—thou couldst not part  
Unheard, unseen by her who owed to thee 660  
More than life's blessing ; ere the sails were free  
To scud before the wind, had Tamba sprung  
Amidst the yesty billows—long she clung,  
Imploring, to the vessel's side—the blade  
Was raised to gash her hands—the captive maid,  
Starting to hear the well-known accents, spread  
Her arms in speechless agony, and shed  
Such tears of anguish, that the savage breast  
Was melted at the scene : received a guest  
In sorrow's bark, that faithful girl behold 670  
More blest than pleasure's slaves in halls of gold !  
But where was Neptune ? where the guardian true  
When danger summon'd ? well the villains knew  
The brute's devotion, coax'd him from her side,  
And chain'd him in the hold—when Clara cried,  
Unheard by man, that watchful creature tore  
The deck, and stain'd the fetters with his gore ;

With lion's strength he burst his bonds—but vain  
His desp'rate spring the felon band to gain ;  
The hatch was closed, and when the yelling sound 680  
The seamen reach'd, he ranged the bark around  
As if in madness, and a long, deep moan  
Utter'd, whose peal would melt a heart of stone.

Meanwhile on church and tower the flag of peace  
Proclaim'd that battle's trumpet tongue should cease ;  
And Sidney hurried through the slippery street,  
Wading in blood, surviving friends to meet,  
And learn brave Chester's fate—too swift, alas !  
On eagle wings misfortune's tidings pass,  
While joy is seen on tortoise limbs to creep, 690  
Though rack'd with doubt desponding millions weep.  
A bleeding wretch the mournful tale disclosed,  
How Chester, by resistless power opposed,  
Expired in glory's arms—" Lost friend, farewell !  
Peace to thy ashes—Oh ! what tongue shall tell  
The news to Clara ? How shall Sidney speak  
The fatal words, that o'er that smiling cheek  
Will strew death's pallid flowers, and bend that form,  
As yields the virgin lily to the storm ?  
But soft ! perchance beneath the bosom stain'd 700  
With gore some latent spark of life remain'd ;  
For oft on battle's wild, promiscuous bed  
Slumber in trance the living with the dead."  
He hasten'd on—explored each roof and square,  
And raised to light the fractured bodies there ;

At length before the castle gate he spied  
The form of Chester ; prostrate by his side,  
That morn replete with life, now senseless clay,  
Faithful in death his brave companions lay.  
The sword still glitter'd in his sinewy hand, 710  
Pointed aloft, in token of command,  
To where the standard of Britannia's foes  
Above the citadel triumphant rose.  
Now Sidney from the crowd the soldier drew,  
And bathed his temples with the fountain's dew :  
He held a sabre to his lips—the blade  
Of polish'd steel, discolour'd by a shade,  
Proclaim'd the vital breath ; rich wine he pour'd ;  
The potent juice the ling'ring spark restored—  
Behold the hero live !—he cast around 720  
His swimming eyes, and soon the features found  
Of faithful Sidney—dropp'd his sword, and grasp'd  
His hand in speechless gratitude, and clasp'd  
The noble seaman to his bleeding breast ;  
But Sidney sought a calm retreat to rest  
The warrior's feeble frame—a convent stood  
Tranquil and cool beside La Plata's flood ;  
Thither he bore him in his arms, and bared  
His streaming wound ; the holy sisters shared  
The work of charity ; with wond'rous art 730  
And pious zeal perform'd the leeches' part,  
Infused those drops that wand'ring sense recall,  
And from his bosom drew the flatten'd ball.  
But sweeter still than herb or opiate's power  
Were Sidney's soothing words—" Within this hour

I left thy Clara blooming as the dawn ;  
I saw her wave aloft the snowy lawn  
To greet me on the shore ; to her I fly  
To calm her fears and check the struggling sigh ;  
A little while, farewell ! these holy maids 740  
Will tend thee ; and, ere evening's mellow shades  
Soften the horrors of this bleeding land,  
The cup of joy shall flow from Clara's hand."  
They parted with a glance that utter'd more  
Than lips can speak ; now gaily from the shore  
The sails bore Sidney to the Cæsar's side,  
Herald of gladness to his promised bride.  
No welcome from her gentle voice—no cheer  
Of cordial greeting charm'd the seaman's ear ;  
The tars around abash'd and silent hung 750  
Their mournful heads—the faithful spaniel's tongue  
With low and murmuring sound proclaim'd alone  
That all he prized on earthly worlds had flown.  
But Sidney roused them from their trance, and drew  
The fatal secret from their breasts : a crew  
Of bold Hibernians, never known to pause  
In peril's path, or lovely woman's cause,  
Stepp'd forth, and volunteer'd on sea or land  
To rescue Clara from the robber's band.  
" Swift, man the pinnace"—scarce the word was said,  
When Neptune bounded to the boat, that spread 761  
Her white wings to the breeze, and dash'd around  
The foaming water with the cannon's sound.  
With sails, that swept the gunwale on the wave,  
They flew with dread rapidity to save

The precious moments lost—when glow'd the west  
Brilliant and sweet, in blue and crimson drest,  
They touch'd Colonia's strand, and sprang ashore  
To seek their plunder'd treasure, and explore  
Each hill and forest in the trackless wild, 770  
Till on their toils benignant Fortune smiled.

While Sidney now consumes in fruitless chase  
The golden hours, the Muse returns to trace  
The path of Clara ; by her Tamba's side  
She lay in darkness, till the rolling tide  
Far from Colonia bore them to the land.  
To aid her doubtful steps a trembling hand  
Softly clasp'd hers, her humid eyes unbound,  
When, kneeling 'midst the robbers ranged around  
She mark'd Alphonso ! that Iberian proud, 780  
Whose spirit to victorious Sidney bowed  
In love and war—" Forgive me, gentlest maid !  
Impell'd by madness, when that tongue forbade  
The faintest gleam of distant hope to rise,  
I tore from rival arms the matchless prize.  
Pardon the rudeness of untutor'd hands,  
Train'd to perform a corsair's bold commands ;  
These savage men amidst the billows' roar  
Have furl'd the sail, and tugg'd the dashing oar ;  
On the rough sea their stormy lives were past, 790  
Nurst on the surge, and cradled by the blast ;  
Unknown to them, a wild and lawless crew,  
The courtesies to charming woman due.

But now, from vain pursuit and peril free,  
The pirate's stubborn heart shall bend to thee ;  
And he, the patient victim of thy scorn,  
At eve, in dusky night or cheerful morn,  
Shall still in zeal, in word, and action, prove  
A Spaniard's honour and devoted love.  
Amidst those isles, that like green jewels stud 800  
The crystal breast of Oronoko's flood,  
My sires a princely castle built ; the walls  
Of precious marble, and the lofty halls  
Adorn'd with plumes and gold, by valour won  
From costly domes and temples of the sun,  
Where Montezuma reign'd ; rich groves of palm  
With crowns umbrageous shed a holy calm  
Above the torrent ; flowers of glowing hue  
And sweetest odour, ever bright and new,  
Springing spontaneous from the virgin ground, 810  
A web of pure mosaic weave around—  
Of all the charms of that romantic scene  
Shall Clara reign the sole, despotic queen.  
Thither we fly—and when long months are o'er  
Of patient servitude, I ask no more  
Than pity prompts that gentle heart to give,  
When Clara's smile shall bid Alphonso live.”  
“ Oh ! never,” said the maid, “ while glows one beam  
Of holy spirit in this vital stream,  
Shall Clara faithless to her Sidney prove ! 820  
Prepared o'er rocks and thorny dells to rove,  
With trust in Heaven I feel an inward charm,  
That shields a virgin's fame from mortal arm.

A train of noble mules, of Spanish breed,  
Stood ready on the beach—with eagle's speed  
Was Clara borne along the pampa wild,  
Till evening on the sea of verdure smiled.  
On the sweet grass a snowy tent was spread,  
And flowers of clover gave a balmy bed ;  
Fruits and rich wine, in cups of cocoa pour'd, 830  
To life the captive's languid pulse restored ;  
And Clara, on her blooming couch reclined  
In peace, to gracious Providence resign'd.  
Now as bright Cynthia pour'd her silver ray  
On the dark group, that round in slumber lay,  
Tamba's keen eye discern'd one pallid face,  
Oft seen before, with lips that bore the trace  
Of vengeance gratified, as laughter broke  
Through stormy dreams, and savage smiles bespoke  
The traitor's task fulfill'd : the watchful maid 840  
With wringing hands implored Alphonso's aid  
To save the virgin from that monster's steel ;  
And Clara's heart was cold, as lambs will feel  
Instinctive terror when the wolf is nigh.  
“ The venom'd shaft shall through his bosom fly,”  
The Spaniard said, “ if e'er his coward hand  
Be raised to harm thee ; blackest of the band  
Of daring outlaws, he it was that first  
Proposed the desp'rate deed, to slake his thirst  
Of dark revenge—'tis he—the robber *Pest* ! 850  
Long rankling in his deep, satanic breast,  
Hatred to Sidney link'd him with this corps  
Of wand'ring pirates, who for worthless ore



Have seized a living treasure, that contains  
A heart more precious than Potosi's veins.  
By honour bound I lead them to those fields,  
Where nature's bosom in profusion yields  
Unlabour'd wealth ; and trust that tranquil hours,  
Pastures, and bleating flocks, and balmy flowers,  
May with sweet power their savage lives reform, 860  
And calm succeed to passion's wintry storm.  
But should one wretch offend my captive maid  
In gesture, word, or act, this trusty blade  
Shall pierce him to the earth ; repose in peace ;  
Alphonso guards thee ; when the moon shall cease  
To fling his borrow'd beams on wave and shore,  
We tread this weary wilderness once more."  
Clara sigh'd deeply ; but with steady trust  
In Him, whose guardian wings protect the just  
Through night and storm, in sleep oblivious lay, 870  
Till matin birds proclaim'd the dawning day.

But ere the morn arose, the mules were found  
Helpless and struggling on the dewy ground.  
Lo ! on each brute a rav'nous monster spread  
His grasping claws and wings of dusky red—  
The vampire bat, that o'er the pampa flies  
In flocks of raven gloom that shade the skies.  
These to the panting beasts tenacious clung,  
And suck'd the bleeding veins with thirsty tongue ;  
And through the flesh with piercing talons tore, 880  
Ere man could chase them from their feast of gore.

With tardy pace along the grassy plain,  
Enfeebled by the loss of blood and pain,  
The mules their burden bore ; the solar beam  
Shot fiery down—nor shade, nor warbling stream,  
Cheer'd them with sounds harmonious ; chaplets cold  
Of humid weeds and bells of flowery gold  
They wove, and twined around the hair to chill  
The rage of Phœbus ; wild and mournful still  
The green savannah, like a shoreless sea, 890  
Spread to the meeting clouds its dread immensity.

When Nature scatter'd with majestic hand  
Gigantic features o'er this wond'rous land,  
Pour'd amazonian waves, to which the Nile  
A streamlet seems, and rear'd the mighty pile  
Of Chimborazo, monarch of the chain  
Of snow-capp'd Andes—on this awful plain  
She ceased from toil ; and 'midst these balmy flowers  
Refresh'd in verdure her exhausted powers,  
Like a tempestuous morning's crimson close, 900  
Splendid in storms, but lovely in repose.  
Thus the calm evening of a noble life,  
Spent in distracting cares and martial strife,  
That prince of patriots, who held in scorn  
Ribbon and star that meaner breasts adorn,  
Immortal Washington serenely pass'd,  
Glorious at dawn, and brilliant to the last.  
At noon, when all the languid world around  
Seem'd wrapt in sleep, a soft and murmuring sound

Floated mysterious in the viewless air. 910  
The crack'd and dusty soil, the mountain bare,  
The wave, the blasted tree, the smiling rose,  
All teem with life ; the hum of insects flows,  
Like sweet and distant waters, on the breeze ;  
And breathing myriads o'er the solemn seas,  
Though too refined for mortal vision, prove  
The ceaseless action of eternal love.

When eve declined, the golden dusk was seen  
A globe of fire above the boundless green ;  
The grass, illumined by his dying rays, 920  
Seem'd trembling with a momentary blaze,  
And pearls were dropping from the flowers of dew,  
As o'er the waste melodious zephyrs blew.  
At night, when glow'd the heavens with starry gems,  
Baldrics, and rings, and glorious diadems,  
Beneath, bright shoals of phosphorescent flies  
Copied on earth the splendour of the skies.  
On humid grass the shining glow-worm lay,  
As on green ocean gleams the midnight spray ;  
While the wing'd *luciole* in quivering flight 930  
Shower'd on the gloom his sparks of living light.

Long days they wander'd o'er the level soil,  
Thirsty and faint from heat and ceaseless toil ;  
At length above the far horizon's rim  
A stately forest dawn'd—how sweet to him,  
Whose tedious hours on plains or cheerless sea  
Have pass'd, the music of the waving tree,

The tremulous leaves, the lapse of lucid stream,  
And shades impervious to the burning beam !  
Nor less the brute enjoys the grateful sound ; 940  
The mules, by instinct with vivacious bound  
Sprang like the free-born stag, and scorn'd the rein,  
Panting that sylvan paradise to gain.  
They reach'd, ere eve, a dark, majestic wood  
Of Cucurito palms—each column stood,  
With soft plumes waving, like a mighty mast,  
Whose flags and streamers flutter in the blast.  
Forest on forest seem'd to rise, and shoot  
Aloft the feathery crown and milky fruit.  
*Lianas* crept around the barren stem, 950  
And mingled with the cocoa's diadem  
Their graceful flowers; from branch to branch they wove  
Arcades of verdure ; and the silent grove,  
Where those sweet rambling plants were seen to bloom,  
Screen'd the blue heavens, and spread nocturnal gloom.

Dear was the shelter of that calm retreat ;  
A bed of golden moss refresh'd the feet,  
Ductile as eider down ; a virgin spring,  
Wand'ring around in many a crystal ring,  
With nature's nectar cool'd the thirsty tongue, 960  
Purer than juice from grape or berry wrung.  
Train'd in the Lybian woods the branch to mount,  
Where flows rich gum as from an amber fount,  
Tamba embraced the cocoa's naked rhind  
Firm as an oak with ivy clasps intertwined,

Climb'd like a squirrel to the plummy crown,  
And shook the vegetable treasure down.  
Scoop'd from the clean, cool shell, and dripping sweet  
With lucid milk, amidst oppressive heat  
How pleasing was that fruit ! and Clara drank 970  
The liquor from the brimming bowl, nor sank  
Despondently beneath the frown of care :  
She was not one to tremble in despair,  
In peril's face to close her eyes and ears,  
To pine and pipe in solitude and tears.  
Her spirit, like the pine-tree on the rock,  
Tower'd in the tempest ; wave or thunder's shock  
Threatens in vain, and lightning hurtless flies  
To her, whose hope is anchor'd in the skies.

Long wander'd they beneath the cool arcade, 980  
Where no keen sunbeam pierced the grateful shade.  
Pleasant it was to see the playful tribe  
Of chattering monkeys, full of jest and gibe,  
Swinging from branch to branch ; where distant hung  
The waving boughs, with clasping tail they clung,  
And, pendulous, attain'd the neighbour tree  
By ceaseless oscillation ; wild and free  
From man's oppressive bondage : parrots bright  
With golden plumage glitter'd in the light ;  
And hoarse macaws with croaking voices drown'd 990  
The moaning gale, and palm-tree's solemn sound.

I seek not here by geographic scale  
Their path to measure ; over hill and dale—

Through tangled forests never trod before  
By mortal feet—across the rapid's roar  
On slight canoes, or swinging bridges twined  
Of pliant osier, waving in the wind,  
Their vagrant journey lay ; the bending trees,  
Whose broad boughs yielded to the tropic breeze,  
Served as a compass—awful was the scene, 1000  
When scorching sunbeams burn'd the rustling green,  
And, rolling from the brown savannah's bed,  
A casual spark to crimson torrents spread.  
One night, when slumb'ring on the parched ground,  
Their ears were startled by the sea-like sound  
Of rushing flames ; a billowy tide on high  
Of blood seem'd floating in the vaulted sky ;  
Beneath, the crackling palms and pine-trees glow'd,  
As the wide stream of fire incessant flow'd.  
When the loud wind on whirring pinions broke 1010  
Through the dense curtains of the sable smoke,  
The forest flash'd intolerable light,  
Vivid as flames, that burst in lurid night  
From Etna's bosom ; dreadful was the roar,  
Deep as hoarse ocean on the stormy shore ;  
And oft in cloudy heav'n some giant beam,  
Rent by the fulminating power of steam,  
Shot burning to the stars, and left behind  
A showery train, bright quivering on the wind.

Far from the scene with hurried steps they flew  
O'er blazing branches to the pampa's dew, 1021

Where, shivering beneath the midnight blast,  
Till morning dawn'd the weary hours they pass'd.  
The light shone glist'ning from an awful cave,  
A tomb of tribes extinct—a mammoth's grave !  
The tibia, tusk and joint enormous proved  
What monsters o'er these wild savannahs roved  
In ancient days ; the ribs gigantic lay  
Scatter'd through stones and indurated clay  
Like petrifications buried in the core 1030  
Of firm-bound granite, or the stormy shore  
Strew'd with the fractured rock, with boom and mast  
In thund'ring peals from ocean's bosom east.  
Perhaps, ere human hands the grass had stain'd  
With gore, the quadruped despotic reign'd  
O'er these wide realms, and this, the prince of all  
Those tyrant brutes that trod this earthly ball,  
The lordly mammoth, ranged the desert here,  
Trampling the lama, bear, and antler'd deer,  
Till the Great Man, as old tradition says, 1040  
Pour'd from the mountain rock the lightning's rays,  
And blasted all their tribe, save one, the sire,  
A mighty bull, that shook the forked fire  
From his broad front, and still in madness roars  
Along the wild Ohio's lonely shores.

Pierce a dark fissure of the shatter'd globe ;  
Strip its torn bosom of the flowery robe ;  
Deep in the caverns of the hollow ground  
Fossil remains, gigantic bones are found,

Colossal beasts that subject earth o'erran, 1050  
But not one remnant of imperial man.  
Could all this glorious firmament—the light  
Of cheerful day—the gems of starry night—  
The clouds, that hang like pictures from the sides  
Of azure heav'n—the stream that sweetly glides  
In wat'ry music—woods and crystal seas—  
The fruit nectareous on the bending trees—  
The new-born verdure of ambrosial spring,  
And flowers, that from their painted censers fling  
Delicious fragrance—could all these have sprung  
From nature's bosom to regale the tongue, 1061  
The sight of senseless brutes? Wild dreams, avaunt !  
That like a dim, heart-chilling spectre, haunt  
The brain of cold philosophy—this world,  
Clear as the banner of a god unfurl'd,  
Unfolds a scheme for nobler man design'd,  
A page to elevate th' immortal mind,  
By gradual steps along these blooming plains,  
As the young dove the patient mother trains,  
To lead us from this transitory shore 1070  
To brighter joys that Heaven has yet in store.

They still their desultory track pursued  
O'er the savannah's cheerless solitude,  
And through a dismal swamp laborious strain'd,  
Whose shaking surface scarce their feet sustain'd ;  
When lo ! a shock beneath the muddy stream,  
Swift and resistless as the lightning's beam,



The mules arrested ; palsy-struck and cold  
The leader fell, and down the quagmire roll'd  
Baggage and rider ; now the pirates knew 1080  
The source from which the flash electric flew,  
And rein'd their steeds, ere that mysterious power  
Had stunn'd the springs of life ; the fiery shower  
From thund'ring cannon, or the feather'd reed  
From Indian quiver, ne'er with deadlier speed  
Their victim struck, than that tremendous eel,  
The dread *gymnotus* ; like conducting steel,  
That shoots to earth the phosphor of the skies,  
Through the dark wave the mystic volley flies,  
Blasting young myriads of the scaly breed, 1090  
And paralysing man and lordly steed ;  
This, like the chill torpedo's touch, congeals  
To ice the fervid blood ; the victim reels  
Convulsive, and the charger's noble heart  
Sinks thunderstruck beneath a pigmy's dart.  
Wide was the marsh ; no bending osier stood  
With weeping boughs, a landmark in the flood ;  
All cold and desolate the fens around  
Trembled as if an earthquake rock'd the ground.  
Must beauty perish thus—the young—the fair 1100  
The fate of brutes and drowning robbers share ?  
Oh ! no—kind Heav'n with inborn power supplies  
That lovely sex, whose strength in weakness lies,  
And woman's slender form can laurels gain  
Where Hercules might wield his club in vain.  
When Clara's mule first shudder'd at the blow,  
That laid him helpless in the weeds below,

She sprang, and rested on the turf beneath  
Light as the cygnet on a flowery wreath,  
That clasps sweet Severn's breast; from sod to sod 1110  
She flew, and on the tender cresses trod,  
Till rushes spread their aiding spears no more;  
Then Tamba's circling arms the virgin bore  
To life and freedom on the solid shore.

A long détour the sad survivors made  
To clear that fatal swamp; when evening's shade  
Came, like autumnal softness when the flood  
Of fiery summer's past, they reach'd a wood  
Where juicy grapes in purple beauty clung  
Round elms, and offer'd to the thirsty tongue 1120  
Refreshing nectar; there the wand'ers closed  
That day of peril, and in peace reposed.  
Through these vicissitudes, in storm and calm,  
Clara was still resign'd; that healing balm,  
Active employment, panacea true  
For all those visionary sprites that strew  
Health's rosy path with thorns, or mental pain,  
Cheer'd her on lonely hill or burning plain.  
At sultry noon, when deep in slumber lay  
The weary pirates, from the lofty spray 1130  
She struck the pretty *cardinal*, or breast  
Of golden parrot on his airy nest:  
Yet not in sport she saw the songsters fall,  
Nor wanton cruelty; a ductile ball  
Of cotton tipp'd her arrows; or the gun,  
With harmless water charged, that served to stun

But not destroy, the flutterers to her feet  
Brought gently down; she loved the plumage sweet  
Of tropic warblers, in whose brilliant dyes  
Shone rose and gold, as if from crimson skies 1140  
And ore, that glitters in Peruvian springs,  
They stole the tincture of their splendid wings.  
All these with mildest art she tamed, and fed  
With seeds and fruit, till round the virgin's head  
They flew delighted; and at evening's fall  
The little humming-bird, the queen of all  
Those animated jewels, softly came  
And nestled in her bosom, bright as flame  
Of sparkling ruby, and till dawning day  
In that sweet paradise luxurious lay. 1150

Where streamlets wander'd through the shady grove  
She sought the flexile *tickle-moth*, and wove  
Light bonnets from its polish'd stem: the blade  
She platted, and impervious baskets made,  
Where crystal water floated in the grass  
Compact as closest grain of horn or glass.  
She tapp'd the juicy maple's rind, and drew  
Its dulcet sap; the liquid sugar flew  
In copious currents from each bleeding pore,  
As if a prophet's wand had touch'd the core. 1160  
She search'd the clefts of hollow rock or wood,  
Where wild bees treasured their ambrosial food,  
And from their balmy cells of golden gleam  
Extracted sweet Metheglin's lucid stream.

Those pleasing arts, that once in woodbine bowers,  
Pursued for pastime, cheer'd her careless hours,  
Now in the desert came like long-lost friends  
To sooth and charm ; the maid, who wisely blends  
Use and bright ornament, may laugh to scorn  
Ennui, weak nerves, and passion's rankling thorn. 1170

The pirates oft, when fail'd their season'd store,  
Chased the fleet roebuck or the bristly boar,  
While Clara and her faithful Tamba spread  
The rustic board, and dying embers fed  
With balmy cedar ; thus employ'd one eve,  
So mild, that zephyr's wing could scarcely heave  
The light mauritia, hark ! what thund'ring feet  
And wail forlorn disturb this calm retreat ?  
From the dark thicket, like a rushing wind,  
Bounded a bleeding tiger ; far behind 1180  
The hunter's horn resounded ; streams of gore  
Stain'd the green herbage as the savage tore  
Through shrubs and brambles ; running by her side  
A wounded cub with yells terrific cried.  
What could, alas ! two helpless virgins do,  
When those ferocious beasts in phrensy flew  
To mangle and devour ? But Clara shew'd  
The blood of heroes ;—where the faggots glow'd  
She rush'd intrepid—seized a burning brand—  
Fronted the tyrant, and with steady hand 1190  
Held to her horrid jaws the dazzling fire :  
She started back ; and ere the monster's ire

Return'd, had Tamba with a poison'd dart  
Pierced through her brinded bosom to the heart.  
But now the cub with double fury raged,  
And sprang on Clara—See the brute engaged  
In conflict with that tender arm, that ne'er  
Had hurt an insect, but with soul to dare  
Deeds amazonian ! woman's spirit now  
Rose to the zenith ; and the blazing bough 1200  
She thrust within his gnashing tusks : the flame  
Drove him to madness ; but Alphonso came  
Ere beauty's breast one precious drop had shed,  
And through his eyeballs sent the whistling lead.

Ghastly in death, the monsters on the green  
Lay cold ; the pirates now with sabre keen  
Stripp'd from each stiffen'd corse the speckled hide,  
Which soon the beams of sunny morning dried ;  
The Spaniard then to each intrepid maid  
The spoil presented—" When with golden braid,"  
He cried, " these housings are adorn'd, the steed 1211  
Shall bear this trophy of the matchless deed,  
That links young beauty with the brightest name  
Of splendid chivalry ; the spire of fame  
Henceforth shall man with gentlest woman share,  
And both participate the laurels there."

Again to horse—o'er deep and swampy ground  
With many a mazy turn the party wound.  
The summits of the lofty palms that night  
Flash'd with red volumes of mysterious light ; 1220

Along the boughs quick lightning seem'd to play  
Vivid and tremulous ; at dawning day  
Those magic fires they hurried to explore ;  
When, strange to tell—the bending branches bore  
A living colony—that roving race  
The *Tivitivas*, who from place to place  
Wander for blessed freedom when pursued  
By savage man—the sylvan solitude  
Is their proud temple, and the towering tree  
The standard of an exile's liberty. 1230  
When rivers, swell'd by equatorial rains,  
Spread like an ocean o'er those boundless plains,  
They form thick mats of sedge and ropy grass,  
And o'er the meshy surface lay a mass  
Of viscous earth ; on these securely burn  
Their household fires ; till wintry waves return  
Within their wonted channels, they suspend  
Their hammocks from the noble palms, that lend  
Those outcasts from the world, who claim the wood  
Their home, both shelter and refreshing food. 1240  
A shelly fruit the green mauritia yields,  
And farinaceous pith ; the plumage shields  
Its inmates from nocturnal dews ; it sheds  
Sweet liquor from the juicy core ; and threads  
Of hempen strength are woven from the rind :  
Thus in that wondrous plant the pilgrims find  
Those precious gifts that nature's hand bestows,  
Subsistence, raiment, freedom, and repose.  
Blush, sons of opulence ! luxurious slaves,  
Tost on the world like feathers on the waves, 1250

On rock or shoal at fashion's mercy cast,  
Jest of the wise, and sport of every blast ;  
Victims of sloth and visionary fears,  
Who bathe the couch of down with listless tears,  
Who tread on thorns within your marble halls,  
And sigh, encompass'd by your palace walls,  
Denied life's salutary storms to share,  
Whose sole misfortune is the want of care—  
Behold a race, of kindred blood and bone,  
With feelings—passions, vivid as your own, 1260  
Of peace and glorious liberty possest,  
And in the bosom of a palm-tree blest !

Cords from the cocoa's stringy husk they twine,  
And from the lofty boughs suspend the line  
From ants and worms the tender seed to save ;  
Secure from reptiles and the sapping wave,  
Form'd of a carvel's keel, or light canoe,  
These hanging gardens, as the breezes blew,  
With balmy pulse and breathing blossoms crown'd,  
Like censers flung ambrosial fragrance round. 1270

With hospitable smiles that tribe received  
The toil-worn strangers, and with fruits relieved  
Their drooping spirits ; milk of flavour sweet,  
Fresh as if brimming from the living teat,  
They pour'd in vessels by ingenious art  
Composed of palm leaves ; from the cow-tree's heart  
They draw that juice nectarious, and confine  
In flasks of sylvan mould the dulcet wine.

Unfetter'd by the world's cold forms, they gave  
An honest welcome ; long inured to brave 1280  
The bitter elements, to them unknown  
Those airy graces that adorn a throne ;  
Envied enjoyment ! sung in lofty strains  
By bards who soar above these sordid plains  
On condor's plumes, yet still their glittering chains  
Enamour'd clasp ; with adamantine hold  
Coerced, the spirit bends to fame and gold ;  
For who for freedom to the forest flies,  
Though all in theory the blessing prize ?  
Strange inconsistency ! the minstrel sings 1290  
Of brooks and warbling birds, yet fondly clings  
To purse-proud patronage and halls of state,  
Though menials spurn him from the palace gate,  
Where garter'd mendicants besiege the door,  
And beggars, crown'd with pensions, kneel for more.  
I would not, for a princely star, be bound  
To drudge and languish in a weary round  
Of courtly pageantries—to mark the wiles  
Of cringing parasites, and faithless smiles,  
That rise like bubbles from a fount of gall, 1300  
Where, like a slave within the cloister'd wall,  
While the gay ploughman whistles o'er the lea,  
The fetter'd monarch sighs for liberty.

While thus the free-born monarchs of the wood  
Feasted the strangers with luxurious food,  
Forth from the covert of a thorny brake  
Issued with rattling sound a hideous snake ;



His tawny skin, with stripes of sable hue,  
Shone fresh with youth, and glossy in the dew ;  
His tongue of aconite and eyes of fire, 1310  
Like stars malignant, shot vindictive ire :  
On Clara first his fascinating glance  
Was fix'd ; behold his burnish'd scales advance  
Convolving like the billows of the main,  
Wave after wave ; but ere his tusk could gain  
The flying virgin, Tamba swiftly tore  
A pointed rock, and with the monster's gore  
Steep'd the rank herbage ; now convulsive rang  
His clattering tail, and with envenom'd fang  
He sought to rend her cheek ; but undismay'd 1320  
She, a devoted victim, stood to aid  
By noble sacrifice her Clara's flight :  
While thus engaged in dread and hopeless fight,  
Her darts all flown, her strength nigh pass'd away,  
And the fell savage gloated on his prey,  
A negro sprang with more than panther's speed,  
Poising an Esmeralda's polish'd reed,  
And with one thrust transfix'd him to the ground ;  
With agonizing folds he twined around  
The dreadful sarbaean, but writh'd in vain, 1330  
The griding spear had pierced through tongue and brain.  
Now Tamba knelt, with clasped hands, to thank  
Her brave preserver ; but the negro sank  
O'erpower'd with joy and wonder—Tamba's eyes  
Wander'd alternately from earth to skies,  
Uncertain whether some delusive dream  
Had mock'd her vision, or a golden gleam

Of Lybia's streams and balmy woods arose,  
Which after death repays the captive's woes,  
(Her country's wild tradition), but the kiss 1340  
From burning lips awoke to living bliss  
Her rambling senses—to her fervid breast  
She held her lover—him, whom long at rest  
She deem'd with sister, mother, friend, and sire,  
Who bled and perish'd in the robbers' fire.  
Long was the fond embrace, and sweetest tears  
Bedew'd their cheeks, ere Tamba's ravish'd ears  
Could list distinctly to *Anziko's* tale :  
'Twas short and mournful ; in his native vale  
Amidst his murder'd relatives he lay 1350  
Wounded and senseless ; with returning day  
A band of plunderers, who came to strip  
Each bleeding corse, perceived his quivering lip  
Yet warm with life, and bore him to their bark,  
Where ocean's breeze revived the latent spark,  
And his first glance was cast on cord and chain ;—  
“ I will not tell thee of the negro's pain,  
Bound by the fair-skinn'd savage, thou, alas !  
Poor maiden, to the dregs that bitter glass  
Perchance hast tasted ; but the thoughts of thee, 1360  
Lost virgin ! deeper anguish gave to me  
Than lash or fetters—still some voice within,  
Mysterious, cheer'd me, and the horrid din  
Of torture soften'd ; when the western shore  
We near'd, I plunged amidst the surges' roar,  
And reach'd the strand unharm'd, though fiery showers  
Swept the surrounding billows ; weary hours

I wander'd in the woods, till spent with toil  
And famine, towering o'er the swampy soil  
I mark'd the Tivitivas' midnight flames, 1370  
Whose light to persecuted man proclaims  
Freedom and charity : with them I range  
The forest, nor for jewell'd crowns would change  
This blessed liberty, had not the powers,  
That strew the waste with unexpected flowers,  
Ordain'd that, poor Anziko's perils o'er,  
His arms should clasp thee to this heart once more."  
Clara was witness to this tender scene,  
Charm'd with the graceful form and lofty mien  
Of Tamba's lover ; she in brief express'd 1380  
What debt was due to her, whose bounty bless'd  
The slave with freedom, and the grateful swain  
Knelt down and kiss'd the virgin's feet : with pain  
Alphonso mark'd those joys to him denied ;  
Stung with impatience and indignant pride,  
He hurried them to horse : Anziko bade  
A last farewell to those, whose timely aid  
Preserved him in the desert ; swiftly now  
They clear'd the forest, scaled the mountain's brow,  
And rested on a lonely river's bank ; 1390  
There on a bed of rushes Clara sank  
Exhausted ; but the wakeful Tamba cried  
" Rouse thee ! and hark to joy's returning tide ;  
The spoiler's reign is o'er ;—relief is near ;—  
The voice of Sidney strikes my startled ear."  
While thus she spoke, the hills and valleys round  
Rang to the rushing squadron's trampling sound :

Through clouds of dust the flash of sabres bright  
Like meteors gleam'd with momentary light.  
The cheers of champions thunder'd on the breeze 1400  
Loud as the billows of the dashing seas ;  
With stormy speed they flew ;—the pirates stood  
Undaunted ; but when brave Hibernia's blood  
Wells from the gen'rous heart, and nerves the hand  
In woman's cause, what corsair can withstand  
The whelming tide ? Like grass the robbers fell  
Hewn by the scythe—not one survived to tell  
The fatal story ; Tamba's ringing bow  
Laid with each shaft a bleeding ruffian low ;  
Anziko with resistless valour plied 1410  
His thirsty sarbacan, and deeply dyed  
With gore the herbage ; but the miscreant, *Pest*,  
To glut his vengeful bosom sprang to wrest  
The prize from Sidney ; where the trembling maid  
Stood faint and pale beneath a plantain's shade,  
(While groans of dying men assail'd her ears  
Her spirit droop'd ; forgive a virgin's tears ;  
The flame, that for a father's safety burn'd,  
Expired, and woman's gentle soul return'd),  
Furious he rush'd, and 'midst the battle's roar 1420  
Swift to the flood his helpless burden bore,  
Resolved to hurl her headlong from the steep,  
To pierce her breast, or drown her in the deep.  
“ Help ! help ! oh heavens ! ” distracted Clara cried ;  
Her prayer was heard—quick dropping from her side  
The villain's arm, arrested by a grasp,  
Writhed as if tortured by the boa's clasp ;

Her champion, nimble as the lightning's beam,  
Dragg'd the pale wretch, and dash'd him in the stream :  
He struggled long in slime and wat'ry weeds,      1430  
Snatch'd at thin air, and seized the slipping reeds ;  
When lo ! a crocodile, that lurking lay  
In floating sedges, sprang upon his prey ;  
Through quivering flesh the crackling bone he ground,  
And mix'd his life-blood with the billows round ;  
In vain the victim, shrieking on the wave,  
Implored that mercy which he never gave ;  
The ruthless hypocrite, besmeared with gore,  
Sank in the bubbling stream to rise no more !

And he, who rescued thus from instant death      1440  
A weeping virgin, now with panting breath  
Sprang o'er the dead the long-lost maid to seek,  
Clung to her knees, and lick'd her pallid cheek,  
While the long murmur, that spontaneous broke  
From nature's source, his ecstasy bespoke.  
Clara shed tears—" And is it thus from thee,  
My faithful Neptune ! on the stormy sea  
Or Indian wastes, that man must learn the ties  
Of love and gratitude ? Can shrieks or sighs,  
Or eloquence that flows with warmth divine,      1450  
Display devotion, friendship pure as thine ?"  
While now the maid caress'd with patting hand  
Her bounding favourite, with flaming brand  
Sidney o'er bleeding corse and courser flew  
To fell the leader of the ruffian crew.

Alphonso met him ; prompted by despair  
To pierce his rival's bosom, or to share  
His cold companions' fate. As on the shore,  
Where Alpine brutes descend with savage roar,  
Two famish'd wolves in dread encounter meet, 1460  
(In conquest life—destruction in retreat)  
Gnash their sharp tusks, and rend the echoing sky,  
While the contested lamb stands trembling by—  
So rush'd the brave competitors ; both skill'd  
Alike in battle's murd'rous art, and fill'd  
With passion's flame ; bright sparks of living fire  
Sprang from each sabre, as with desp'rate ire  
The rivals all the hero's heart display'd,  
And clash'd alternately the ringing blade.  
But justice triumph'd in that awful hour, 1470  
And nerved the Briton's arm with magic power  
Unknown to guilt ; one swift and whelming blow  
Shatter'd the Spanish brand, and laid the foe  
Extended on the field—his glory past,  
His tow'ring hopes all flown, Alphonso cast  
One parting glance on her his soul adored,  
And bared his bosom to the victor's sword.  
But Sidney scorn'd to strike ; he bade farewell  
To vengeance, when his helpless victim fell ;  
And Clara like a spirit stood between, 1480  
Sheathed with her gentle hand the falchion keen,  
And raised Alphonso from the bloody ground.  
“ Fortune has now,” she cried, “ my Sidney, crown'd  
The labours of thy love ; the pirates slain  
Press with their mangled limbs the slippery plain ;

And he, whose vengeful bosom plann'd the deed,  
Has perish'd in the waves—by fate decreed  
To wander lonely in this shadowy vale,  
Thy rival lives to tell the mournful tale ;  
His heart is honour's seat, though passion's power 1490  
Sullied its pride in one distracted hour.  
Through the dark wilderness my steps he led,  
Watch'd the coil'd serpent, and the tiger's tread ;  
With sweetest fruits refresh'd my feeble frame,  
Lord of my life, yet guardian of my fame ;  
Nor could the favour'd suitor's soul express  
More noble truth, or manly tenderness.  
Henceforth let rival feuds and discord end ;  
Receive a grateful penitent and friend.”  
She placed his hand in Sidney's—frank and free 1500  
The seaman grasp'd it ; but the Spaniard's knee  
Now press'd the ground—“ Unequall'd pair,” he said,  
“ Youth of undaunted heart, and matchless maid !  
Design'd by Heaven, ere yet the blazing sun  
Had from chaotic night his course begun,  
To bless each other's arms ; may blissful years  
Roll on through flowers, and joys unstain'd by tears  
Rise like the morning star each dawning day,  
And cloudless shine till life has past away.  
Forgive a wretch, in love and glory crost, 1510  
Fame, honour, beauty's smile for ever lost !  
And think, when Hymen's torch serenely burns,  
Forlorn Alphonso in the desert mourns.  
I fly from man and all the cultured race  
To join the lonely savage in the chase,



And drown those thoughts, that sting me to the core,  
In the dark hurricane, or torrent's roar."

He joined their hands, and sprang upon his steed ;  
The courser bore him with the rein-deer's speed ;  
And long they traced him by the evening's light, 1520  
Till the receding speck was lost in night.

Of all his wildest dreams of joy possest,  
Now Sidney clasp'd the virgin to his breast :  
She shrank not from his loved embrace ; the heart  
Of virtue scorns the prude's dissembling art.

But 'midst her smiles one shade of transient gloom  
Flew, like a shower, across the rose's bloom.

" My father"—scarce the tender word in tears  
Was utter'd, when, to calm the maiden's fears,  
Sidney exclaim'd, " The noble Chester lives, 1530  
Enrich'd with all that fame or glory gives,  
Bright laurels, that with towering splendour move  
The rival's envy and the soldier's love.

He was to ev'ry manly soul endear'd,  
The star—the magnet, that to honour steer'd  
Through the cold billows in the stormy night  
Till hope came cheering with returning light.

'Tis true, that on that fatal morn, when showers  
Of fire descended—when the viewless powers  
Wrapt in assassin's gloom, the firm and brave 1540  
Scatter'd like mighty shipwrecks on the wave,  
He too, the foremost of the daring band,  
The peril shared ; some dark and coward hand  
Aim'd at his gallant breast the deadly ball,  
And shouting cravens saw the hero fall.



Weep not, my Clara ; Heaven's impartial laws  
Shield him who suffers in his country's cause :  
Ere touch'd the bosom of thy valiant sire,  
On earth or stone the bullet spent its fire ;  
Death's semblance o'er his pallid features spread, 1550  
Senseless he lay on battle's gory bed ;  
But timely care revived him ; pity pour'd  
The cup of balm, and languid life restored.  
I left him tended by those holy maids,  
Whose mercy penetrates misfortune's shades,  
Who seek no recompense nor glory here,  
Save peace of conscience, and the grateful tear—  
Sisters of charity ! immortal name !  
Brighter than princely pomp, or victor's fame,  
No bigot zeal, to caste or sect confined, 1560  
With arms of love embracing all mankind,  
Spanning both wave and shore through stormy night  
With one pure galaxy of living light !  
Thy sire composed, I hurried to impart  
Glad tidings to my Clara's boding heart :  
But oh ! what words can paint the wild alarms,  
The soul's distraction, when from Sidney's arms  
The raging tars confess'd that pirates bore  
My helpless virgin to some distant shore ?  
I follow'd thee, as eagles seek their young 1570  
Torn from the plunder'd nest ; and fondly clung  
To hope, as sinking swimmers in despair  
Stretch their pale arms, and grasp at empty air.  
By wanton sport, or dark design misled,  
I sought thee on the pampa's sea-green bed ;

Pierced the deep forest, climb'd the towering pine,  
And mournful traced the faint horizon's line.  
Oft in the distance, like a captive's dream,  
That cheers the soul with freedom's lovely beam,  
I mark'd the pirates' red, nocturnal fire 1580  
Glow with delusive splendour—and expire.  
Reserving for this last, momentous hour,  
Those precious grains, that imitate the power  
Of thund'ring Jove, we saw the briery lands  
Peopled with game that mock'd our feeble hands.  
This faithful dog procured us daily food  
In swamp, on mountain, or in tangled wood,  
Sprang on the mallard in the marshy spring,  
And seized the screaming curlew on the wing.  
One eve I mark'd with many a mazy round 1590  
And quivering nerve he snuff'd the dewy ground,  
Gazed in my face, and with mysterious cry  
Proclaim'd the close of toil and sorrow nigh :  
We follow'd where the path his instinct traced,  
As Israel's sons the pillar on the waste ;  
Unerring as the trembling magnet leads  
The rolling bark, o'er hills and grassy meads  
He steer'd our footsteps to this lonely dell,  
Where virtue triumph'd and the robber fell.  
Some winter's eve we'll count our perils o'er 1600  
When Heaven shall waft us to our natal shore ;  
Enough that now I strain thee to my heart ;  
No power, but Death, that levels with his dart  
The rich and poor, the monarch and the slave,  
Shall more divide us—on the bounding wave,

To spare thee from the morning's burning beam  
And midnight dews, we'll reach La Plata's stream.  
And thou, poor Tamba ! grateful, tender maid—  
Faithful in joy's high noon, or sorrow's shade ;  
Be this embrace my pledge that wealth and peace 1610  
Shall crown thee when our toils and danger cease."

Now from that field, with mangled bodies strewn,  
Where gleam'd the red grass to the pallid moon,  
Sidney with gentle hand his Clara led ;  
Of softest moss he laid a balmy bed,  
And wove aloft of flexile shoots a bower  
To screen her from the penetrating shower  
Of night's cold dew ; with patient love he stood  
Her guardian spirit, till the rosy flood  
Of morning flowing through the forest glade 1620  
Oped the sweet eyelids of his slumbering maid.  
A tear stole down her cheeks as Clara press'd  
Her Sidney's hand—" And hast thou, robb'd of rest,  
The long and chill nocturnal hours for me  
Past in the shades of dread obscurity ?  
Oh ! heart of sterling honour—still the same  
On wave or desert—still the virgin's fame  
Protecting as the mother guards her child,  
Torn from the world, and helpless on the wild.  
What poor return can Clara make to thee 1630  
For these deep proofs of matchless loyalty ?  
Can gratitude till life's departing day  
Her Sidney's love—his tenderness repay ?"

“ Sole treasure of my heart !” the seaman cried,  
“ To see the bloom of joy’s returning tide  
Once more revisit that fair cheek is all  
That now I ask ; let dark oblivion’s pall  
Shroud thy past sufferings, and pleasures new  
Spring in thy path, like blossoms in the dew.  
Long used to mark the aspect of the skies,                   1640  
Where the light scud through viewless ether flies,  
I feel, though circled by the forest here,  
Instinctive proof that ocean’s flood is near.  
Come then, my love ! while morning cool and sweet  
Smiles cheeringly, ere yet the burning heat  
Has scorch’d the verdure of this flowery land,  
We’ll range the field, and seek the breezy strand.”

With heart at ease, her lover by her side,  
See Clara now, in youth and beauty’s pride,  
Exulting, as when erst in Evesham’s vale                   1650  
Her own Arabian spun before the gale.  
A brisk and bounding barb, that Sidney led  
For this anticipated hour, and fed  
With richest grain, the lovely virgin bore ;  
Bravely his breast through briars and brushwood tore :  
They soon the forest clear’d ; her noble steed  
Flew like a shaft across the level mead.  
Ere noon the spirit of the fresh’ning breeze  
Came o’er the meadow, and the lofty seas  
From hill and rocky promontory shone                   1660  
Like heaving silver ; with the trumpet’s tone

Sidney's clear voice o'er sounding billows hail'd  
A skiff, that through the creeks and shallows sail'd  
In search of turtle : 'midst the western isles  
Those creatures stand in long and martial files  
By thousands, with extended necks, to mark  
The lurking tiger, or approaching bark ;  
When all is calm on wave and shelly strand,  
With crooked claws they dig the burning sand,  
And in the bosom of that sunny nest 1670  
Their eggs deposite ; through the night they rest  
Brooding with care maternal, but retire  
When morning dawns, and trust the solar fire  
To act the mother's part : with anxious eyes  
The Indians watch their tardy march, surprise  
The tribes unwieldy as to rocky cell  
Or sea they move ; reverse the pond'rous shell  
And leave them helpless ; or with barbed spear,  
When softly diving in the waters clear,  
Pierce the testaceous crust, o'er which a wain 1680  
With trampling buffaloes might roll in vain.

Intent on sport, and deafen'd by the roar  
Of wind and surf, the fishers from the shore  
Heard not the sound, nor saw the kerchief play,  
But, careless whistling, slowly sail'd away.  
Sidney, with heavy heart, the virgin led  
Beneath a dark and hanging rock, that spread  
An awful canopy : the day-star now  
Flash'd from the zenith, and the dusky brow

1690

Of Tamba, though to Phœbus' fiery stream  
Long season'd, melted to the blazing beam.  
They rested there till, sinking in the west,  
The king of splendour flung o'er ocean's breast  
His gold and crimson mantle ; far and wide  
It flow'd in glory on the glittering tide,  
Like fields of roses in Arabian vales,  
Blushing in dew, and fluttering in the gales.  
Thee, charming evening ! in the flowery spring  
Or winter wild the bard delights to sing ;  
The day's sweet Sabbath—sorrow's soothing balm—  
Season of social joys, of pleasures calm, 1701  
Gather'd affections, and domestic love ;  
Dear as the coming of the welcome dove  
When storms were past ; or music on the shore  
Of Lemn when the vintage labour's o'er.  
How fondly to the world would mortals cleave,  
Were man's existence one eternal Eve !  
Oft on presumptuous wing my fancy flies  
Through rosy vistas to those tranquil skies,  
Where martyr'd saints in bowers of bliss repose, 1710  
And that pure light for ever softly glows.  
Oh ! could a limner's hand those streams arrest,  
That flow in brilliance from the flaming west,  
Like him who stay'd the splendid sun's career,  
To mould those cloudy forms in colours clear,  
To sketch the transient beam and awful shade  
Of those red fringed curtains ere they fade !  
But swift the vision passes from the green,  
As on the mimic stage the shifting scene.

Ere the last glimmer of that glorious ray 1720  
Set on impassion'd Rousseau's closing day,  
"Raise me," he cried, "while yet Apollo swims  
On ocean's verge; oh! bear these languid limbs  
To yon bright casement; let these eyes behold  
Once more those draperies of floating gold  
And azure, that in youth's ecstatic hour  
Fill'd me with rapture!"—Such the magic power  
Of lovely sunset, that the failing breath  
Implored one parting gleam to gild the porch of death!

Now from that arch of rock the youthful pair 1730  
Came forth, allured by vesper's balmy air.  
Pensive they wander'd on the lonely shore  
To mark a sail, or hear the dashing oar;  
Clara was silent; but a tear, repress  
In vain, fell trembling on her gentle breast;  
When, soft! a liquid flute, harmonious, clear  
As lucid fountains, murmuring in the ear  
Like melting music breathing on the wave  
From siren lips, a charming prelude gave;  
And soon a well-known voice with mellow sound 1740  
Woke the sweet echoes from the caves around;  
And, as they stood entranced in pleasing pain,  
The viewless minstrel pour'd this joyous strain.

### The Turtle Feast.

JUSTICE GULLET would sigh, with a tear in his eye,  
 Could he hear of the tar's recreation ;  
 This four-footed fish were an epicure's dish  
 To the lips of a whole corporation.  
 Oh ! this dear little turtle ;  
 This tender voluptuous turtle ;  
 Callipee, callipash, sweetly float in the hash 1750  
 Of this lively, delicious, fat turtle.

I see them unbuckle, and smilingly chuckle,  
 Preparing to feast on a mock fish,  
 That's like this no more than a pig to wild boar,  
 A turbot or sole to a stock-fish.  
 Oh ! could they see the green callipee  
 Of this oily, rich, unctuous turtle,  
 They would eat till they split with a savoury bit  
 Of this luscious, unguentulous turtle.

At St Patrick's desire, that all snakes should retire  
 From the fields of my own little island, 1761  
 Viper, adder, and toad all left their abode  
 In the valleys of Erin's green island.  
 But oh ! he'd have spared this fine turtle,  
 This quadruped creeper so frisky ;  
 His disciples would fast on rich fat to the last,  
 And wash the sin down with old whisky.



But still folks will swear there are toad-eaters there,  
And parasites smiling as cider,  
That will bubble sweet notes while they're cutting men's  
throats, 1770  
And reptiles that crawl like a spider.  
Oh ! my poor little island !  
All hubbub on water and dry land ;  
Between Captain Rock and the falling of stock  
There's no rest in that dear little island.

We have Hock and Madeira ; if Sidney and Clara  
Could share the delights of this meeting,  
How gaily the glass round the circle would pass,  
In feasting, and songs, and in greeting !  
Oh ! this mellow Madeira, 1780  
That slips down so soft and so neatly,  
To my organs auricular London *particular*  
Bubbles from bottle less sweetly.

In the absence of friends, as dame Fortune still blends  
Our joys with the salt tears of sorrow,  
We'll drink to them now, and clear the sad brow  
In hopes of success on the morrow.  
Then here's to our captain, gay Sidney,  
A sterling brave tar to the kidney ;  
And here's to his bride, and all lasses beside, 1790  
That are worthy the heart of a Sidney.

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Now, as resounded o'er the strand and sea  
The Britons' jovial cheer of three times three,  
Beneath a cool pavilion's pleasing shade,  
By rambling vines and green lianas made,  
Sidney his merry messmates found, all gay  
With lusty health, and sparkling as the spray  
Of their own element ; on mossy beds  
They lean'd like Roman epicures ; their heads  
With clusters of the purple grape were crown'd, 1800  
And brows with bacchanalian ivy bound ;  
Their table was a level rock ; their glass  
The cocoa shell ; nor could a court surpass  
The richness of their wines and luscious fare.  
Hart, whose bright spirit never bow'd to care,  
Their joyous president, the bumper pour'd,  
And sent, with mirth and music, round the board  
The soul-inspiring toast ; and one, whose name,  
Yet unrecorded, from the bard must claim  
This late remembrance, o'er the festal scene 1810  
Strew'd, like a vernal sunbeam on the green,  
New life and lustre ; on Iberian strands,  
On Lusitanian hills and burning sands,  
I shared the painful march, the dews of night,  
With *Graham Henry* ; from the morning's light  
Till evening's shades together have we prest,  
With weary feet, the mountain's rocky breast,  
And through the joyless hours of darkness lay  
In the cold bivouac on swampy clay.  
Form'd of those happy elements, that blend 1820  
The cheerful messmate with the steady friend,

In all those scenes that try the sterling ore  
Of heart and temper to the inmost core,  
Henry was still unchanged, and o'er the bowl  
Or battle proved the sound Hibernian's soul.  
Like the clear sun, that o'er Hesperian isles  
Rises in brilliancy, and sets in smiles,  
From dawn to dusk his spirit, ever gay,  
Chased from the bosom sorrow's clouds away,  
And to misfortune's deepest shadows gave 1830  
New joy, like sparkles on the midnight wave.  
If e'er this idle strain his eye shall meet  
In fields of glory, or the calm retreat  
Beneath his well-earn'd laurels, days long past  
May rise in soft remembrance, and the blast  
Of war's shrill trumpet from Mondego's shore,  
Mellow'd by time, salute his ear once more.

While now they waved their cocoa cups, and sang  
Till rock and cave with roaring music rang,  
Sidney, with Clara smiling by his side, 1840  
Before them like a spirit stood, and cried  
“What cheer, my lads?” that voice, whose thund'ring  
sound  
Oft warm'd them when the god of battle frown'd,  
Silenced their revels with electric tone,  
And each wild Bacchus seem'd transform'd to stone.  
But soon the cordial grasp of Sidney woke  
The statues into life, and shouts bespoke  
Their honest joy ; around the blushing maid  
They danced like satyrs, ecstacy display'd

Which none but jovial sons of Neptune feel ;      1850  
And, ere one lip was suffer'd to reveal  
Their strange adventures, to the plenteous board  
They led their smiling guests, profusely pour'd  
All fruits that glow beneath the burning line  
On dewy leaves, and brimm'd with rosy wine  
The sylvan chalice ; Neptune frolic'd round,  
Greeting with speaking eyes and lively bound  
His old companions ; young Anziko shared  
Their gratulations, and with Tamba fared  
Luxurious on the rural feast ; when now      1860  
Keen hunger slacken'd, and each glistening brow  
Reflected joy untarnish'd by a shade,  
Henry thus spoke, “ I see that gentle maid,  
Though silent, panting with impatient love  
To hear a father's fate ; the Powers above,  
Guardians of piety and martial fame,  
Have heard her prayers, and ere the living flame  
Of yon bright orb shall vanish from the west,  
Chester shall clasp her to his glowing breast.  
Those charitable sisters soon restored      1870  
The hardy veteran ; the bosom gored  
- With honourable scars their balsam heal'd ;  
But deeper stung the dart, when tongues reveal'd  
His Clara's loss ; the soldier's hope alone,  
That withers not till life itself hath flown,  
Sustain'd his spirit : when those promised lands,  
The Western Paradise, to hostile hands  
Return'd, and glory's splendid dream was o'er,  
We sail'd dejected from that fatal shore,

Where all, but honour, perish'd in the grave. 1880  
Along La Plata's melancholy wave  
We slowly moved, explored each creek and bay,  
Pour'd a loud peal of signal-guns by day ;  
And, like the southern cross, with streams of light  
Our floating Pharos glitter'd through the night.  
We sent the Peon on his flying steed  
To pierce the woods, and range the trackless mead,  
With brilliant promises of tempting ore  
To him who first successful tidings bore.  
We swept wide ocean and Brazilian land 1890  
From Maldonado to the golden strand  
Of rich Janeiro ; but the father's love  
No more could brook delay ; a shelter'd cove  
Now holds the Cæsar, where thy valiant sire,  
Fair maiden, fill'd with all the pristine fire  
Of lusty youth, prepares at morning's dawn  
To search the flood, the forest, and the lawn,  
To trace the robber, and his darling child  
Once more embrace, or perish on the wild.  
To this small inlet has the gracious hand 1900  
Of Heav'n our course directed ; we, a band  
Of hearty volunteers, and champions bold  
In beauty's cause and honour's ranks enroll'd,  
Came hither to recruit our scanty store  
With fruits and pulse on this luxurious shore :  
But, thanks to Providence, our cares are vain ;  
Spring, my brave tars, and dash the sounding main ;  
Adieu to pirates, swamps, and war's alarms ;  
Come, lovely maid, and bless a father's arms."

Tears of pure gratitude the virgin shed, 1910  
Then followed where her trusty pilot led ;  
But Hart, the jovial soul, a turtle spied  
Supine and panting for the coming tide ;  
“ Thou swimm’st not here, my turtle-dove,” cried he,  
“ Nor shall wild Indians taste thy callipee.”  
With thong and buckle then the living pack  
He bound, and strapp’d him on his bending back ;  
Monkland and Colton seized a lusty brother,  
And Henry’s nervous arms embraced another ;  
As thus, half men, half fish, they march’d along, 1920  
The merry minstrel cheer’d them with a song.

### **The Jolly Bachelor.**

I am like an old hack, with a load on my back,  
That would puzzle a porter to carry ;  
A lad might as well pull the Muscovite bell,  
Draw stones, row the galleys——or marry !

Oh ! what a life a man with a wife  
Must lead when he’s pinion’d for ever ;  
Cold, hunger, and thirst I can brave to the worst,  
But Harry will marry—oh ! never.

If thus a fair bride on my shoulders were tied, 1930  
How she’d sing in bass, altos, and trebles !  
How her sharp tongue would clatter, and knuckles  
would batter  
My brains like a sledge on the pebbles !

The fish has soft paws, and the woman keen claws  
That would tear me and scratch me for ever ;  
It were wiser to carry a grampus than marry  
A spouter, that holds her tongue never.

I would rather thus bend with my four-footed friend,  
Though his pressure may give the lumbago,  
Than sink to the ground with the heart-piercing sound  
From the lips of a two-legg'd virago. 1941

A bachelor sails, unruffled by gales  
That Hymen's frail tackle soon sever ;  
For a Benedict's life is an ocean of strife,  
Where he's tost, duck'd, and pickled for ever.

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The careless youth, who thus in merry strains  
Chanted the freeman's joys, and wedlock's pains,  
Ere long was noosed, and with the nuptial kiss  
His recantation seal'd ; the selfish bliss  
Of lonely bachelors he sings no more, 1950  
Snared in the trap like many rakes before.  
Who can his mystic horoscope divine ?  
Such fate, perchance, young reader, may be thine,  
Though now incredulous—alas ! or mine.

Gaily with feathering oars they swept the spray,  
And from the bosom of an opening bay  
The Cæsar's mast arose in streaming pride ;  
Clara, with fluttering heart, her father spied

Pre-eminent amidst the martial throng ; he stood  
With telescope in hand, and o'er the flood 1960  
Impatient gazed to mark the boat's return.  
Torn by the rowers' blades, now seem'd to burn  
The sparkling billows ; swift as solar light  
The pinnacle flew, and ere the vet'ran's sight  
One feature of the crew distinctly traced,  
The faithful spaniel sprang on board, embraced  
His long-lost master, and with mellow roar  
Proclaim'd that friends were join'd, to part no more.  
Clara with trembling feet and beating breast  
The steps ascended ; now in silence prest 1970  
To that paternal heart, whose ruddy stream,  
No longer glowing to ambition's beam,  
But flow'd for her, with feeble voice she cried  
“ My father !”—Nature's crystal source supplied  
Passion and eloquence, and tears, that speak  
Mysterious language, glitter'd on her cheek ;  
Her sinking frame required a soldier's aid—  
“ Welcome, my Clara ! sweetest, gentlest maid ;  
Welcome to Chester's bosom as the light  
Of dawning day to him, whose wintry night 1980  
Through dreary moons has linger'd on the shores  
Of icy Lapland—as Peruvian ores  
When first the sparkle of the golden vein  
Cheers the despairing miner ; lo ! I strain  
Once more my rescued child ; bereft of thee,  
Like the blind pilot on the stormy sea,  
I drifted on the rocks and faithless sands,  
Or like the pale, mysterious stork, that stands



All lonely on the Lusitanian spire,  
An alien from the world, the stirring fire 1990  
Of glory quench'd, I gazed on all around  
In listless vacancy ; but thou art found,  
My soul's dear treasure ! and this brilliant hour,  
An iris, shines through fortune's bitter shower."

With honest cheers the circling seamen came  
To greet their blushing favourite ; the flame  
That burns within the fond, maternal breast,  
Is scarce more pure than that which now possess'd  
The bosoms of those brave, untutor'd tars  
For her, whose tender hand had heal'd their scars, 2000  
And golden vistas shewn beyond the grave :  
But night now spread her pinions on the wave,  
And Sidney with affection's piercing eye  
Saw from his Clara's cheek the roses fly.  
It is not when the passions' lofty tide  
Swells to the tempest of indignant pride  
Of glory, that material organs feel  
Toil or depression ; sharp excitements steel  
The nerve for noble deeds, and heroes warm  
To trump and cannon in the battle's storm, 2010  
Like the proud condor soaring to the sun,  
But sink exhausted when the day is won ;  
And Clara now, of all her hopes possest,  
A pensive mourner seem'd, and sigh'd for rest ;  
'Twas deepest joy in nature's language told,  
Though heartless tongues may call the feeling cold.

“ She thanks you all,” the grateful seaman said,  
As from the deck her falt’ring steps he led ;  
“ Wake not the slumb’ring maid this peaceful night,  
And mirth shall dawn with rosy morning’s light.” 2020

Sweet is the vernal blossom’s tender bloom  
On earth’s green carpet, when the winter’s gloom,  
Tempest and bitter frost have pass’d away,  
And hawthorns tremble to the blackbird’s lay ;  
Sweet to the mother’s eye the crimson streak  
That sparkles on her infant’s pallid cheek,  
A pledge of health return’d ; but sweeter far  
The glorious beam of day’s imperial star,  
That gilds the marriage morn ; in rays of gold,  
As bursts the turnsol from its dusky fold, 2030  
O’er ocean’s brim the splendid orb appear’d,  
And from the rocks and glassy billows clear’d  
Nocturnal shadows ; fluttering streamers flew  
From yard and towering mast, as softly blew  
Melodious zephyrs ; on the living sea,  
Whose pulses throb’d with deepest harmony  
In unison with Clara’s heart, the waves  
Spread their white bosoms, warbling to the caves  
In wat’ry music ; now like sportive girls  
Dash’d their bright arms, and scatter’d dewy pearls  
On beds of crystal, or with polish’d hands 2041  
Glided harmonious to the glowing sands.  
With steps of cheerful confidence, array’d  
In vestal purity, the blue-eyed maid

Came forth as brilliant as the first-born light  
That smiled on chaos ; Hymen's holy rite,  
To some a sacrifice, to more a jest,  
With temper'd joy inspired her candid breast ;  
No trembling limb suspicious dread bespoke,  
Nor from the cheek deceitful blushes broke ; 2050  
No tears were shed ; (I love not bridal tears,  
That flow from fountains of prophetic fears,  
Or tutor'd affectation, damping all  
The bridegroom's bliss, and flinging sorrow's pall  
O'er beds of blossoms : woman's cordial heart  
Should on the nuptial morn become a part  
Of him, to whose warm hand she trusts her own,  
And smile a gem upon her husband's throne.)  
With honest joy the gallant Chester gave  
His treasure to those arms, that on the wave 2060  
And wild her fame protected ; proudly heaved  
His bosom, as the noble youth received  
That sacred pledge, and rapture lit his brow,  
When beauty's lips pronounced the solemn vow.  
Silent the breathless seamen stood around,  
But when the ring her snowy finger bound,  
The mystic ring, which powers immortal wove,  
That little circle of eternal love !  
From cave and forest of the rich Brazil  
Hark to the echoes of the thund'ring peal ! 2070  
The cannon woke the tiger from his lair ;  
On plumes of iron through the troubled air  
Rose the majestic condor ; o'er the dew  
Glided the startled snake, and Indians flew

In terror from the woods ; but Sidney cried  
“ Avast ! my lads—here’s yet another bride .  
To grace our festive morn ;” with modest mien,  
Deck’d in the splendour of an eastern queen,  
Tamba stepp’d forth ; Anziko’s glowing hand  
Clasp’d hers, and there before the Christian band 2080  
They both abjured their Lybian rites, embraced  
The blessed Cross, and firm reliance placed  
For mercy in redeeming love : no tongue  
Of fire-denouncing missionary wrung  
The faithless lips’ assent ; their piercing eyes  
Discern’d the light, that needs no dark disguise ;  
Conviction flash’d through feeling, sight, and sense,  
And reason proved its practick excellence.  
Their hands were join’d, and to the sounding shore  
Another peal the happy tidings bore. 2090  
Swift flew the winged hours ; but merry Hart  
Display’d that morn his culinary art ;  
“ Gadzooks,” cried he, “ my toil must now begin,  
Tuck this soft napkin underneath my chin ;  
My cares commence where bride and parson end ;  
Bring hither, cook, my fat, amphibious friend ;  
No hand, but Harry’s, shall one atom dash  
Of pepper on my noble callipash.”

I know no sound in music, prose or fable,  
So thrilling sweet as “ dinner’s on the table.” 2100  
Let Butler Tom his rosy face display,  
And lo ! the solemn circle melts away.

The host, in winter, like a hero bold,  
May poke the fire, and vow the weather's cold ;  
Alas ! in summer who can say or sing  
One magic word to break the dreadful ring ?  
All tongues are lock'd ; all hearts deplore with wonder  
Silence more awful than the crash of thunder.  
While Time, the drone, on leaden pinions flies,  
All watch the door with wet, beseeching eyes ;      2110  
Good Justice Paunch looks thin—the parson thinner—  
Cheer up, my ducklings ! hark ! the call to dinner,  
That charms alike all sexes, ranks, and ages,  
Kings, soldiers, doctors, bishops, fools, and sages :  
The stern philosopher looks wondrous wise ;  
But sharp observers pierce the thin disguise ;  
Unwieldy aldermen with sprightly bound  
Spring like a roebuck to the joyous sound ;  
Old maids unbend, and (wondrous to relate !)  
Stir their stiff bones, and start to win the *plate* ;      2120  
No more the smerking miss in window lingers,  
Pouting, but circles with her dainty fingers  
The captain's elbow ; all are smart and merry,  
Light as a shuttlecock, and brisk as perry.

The feast was spread ; with Sidney by her side  
Sate, like a new-blown rose, the happy bride ;  
And Tamba too with young Anziko there,  
Caress'd by all, partook the nuptial fare.  
The soul of Clara soar'd above the forms  
Of narrow prejudice ; the stream that warms      2130

The negro's heart, though Ethiopian skies  
 The skin have stain'd, to her impartial eyes  
 Was pure and precious as the ducal blood,  
 That flow'd through titled robbers since the flood.  
 She prized intrinsic excellence, though drest  
 In sable robes ; beneath an inky breast  
 She saw the mine, as Nature in the core  
 Of rugged rocks conceals her richest ore.

But who is this, with copper vessel bending,  
 The double task of cook and butler blending? 2140  
 With Stentor voice young Harry, ever gay,  
 Cried " Fhaig an baille"—alias, " clear the way !"  
 He placed the smoking cauldron on the board  
 Brimful of turtle's luscious soup, and stored  
 With soft, green fat ; the parson's jolly face  
 Glow'd at the sight—then first he utter'd grace—  
 Smiling he dipp'd the polish'd spoon, when lo !  
 (So near is mortal happiness to wo)  
 The festal table, of Norwegian oak,  
 Sank on its tott'ring pedestals, and broke 2150  
 With awful crash—" *O Domine Sanctissime,*"  
 The chaplain cried, " we'll lose the callipee ;  
 Save the sweet turtle—murder ! treason ! arson !"  
 Hart grasp'd the cauldron—Henry seized the parson ;  
 All roll'd together, but with wondrous art  
 The jovial cook preserved the better part.  
 Chester and Sidney hail'd with hearty cheers  
 The turtle's rescue ; and when Clara's fears

Subsided for the panting priest, she too  
 Join'd in the laughter of the joyous crew ; 2160  
 Pure was her soul, but not of mould too fine  
 A joke to relish ; now the sparkling wine  
 Flow'd copiously ; “ Amidst this merry throng  
 Can none,” cried Sidney, “ weave a nuptial song ?  
 Harry's our cook ; on this auspicious day  
 What minstrel chants the bridal roundelay ?”  
 Henry sprang up, a social volunteer,  
 And caroll'd thus in manly tones and clear.

### Come haste to the Wedding.

Come haste to the wedding—but where are the lasses  
 With bosoms of lily and *levres de rose* ? 2170  
 No matter—we'll brim with a bumper our glasses,  
 Drink health to our friends, and oblivion to foes.  
     Pass round the bowl, each jovial soul ;  
     Drain to the bottom the flask of Madeira ;  
     Let not a tear in the crystal appear,  
     While we fill to the joys of brave Sidney and Clara.

In merry Westmeath a gay wedding begins  
 With a cake, stuck with nine pins and ribbons all over ;  
 But we play with nine-pounders, and not with nine pins ;  
 A cannon's the voice of the maritime rover. 2180  
     Pass round the bowl, &c.

No May-poles are here, the green meadows commanding;  
 No queen of the spring, with her nymphs dancing  
     round her ;

But look to the mast like a pyramid standing,  
 That never has bent to a forty-two pounder.

Pass round the bowl, &c.

No bagpipe, nor fiddle, nor dulcimer's twidle  
 Is heard, and no bonfires bituminous burn ;  
 But hark to the roar of our guns on the shore,  
 Which the rocks of Brazil in loud thunder return !

Pass round the bowl, &c.

A bumper, my lads, like the wave's foaming crest ;  
 Let the dew of the vine bathe the olive of peace ; 2190  
 May Sidney and Clara for ever be blest,  
 And ere nine moons are past may the blessing increase !

Pass round the bowl, while carronades roll ;  
 Fling to the billows the flask of Madeira ;  
 With love-verses fill it, and let a sweet billet  
 Fly post through the ocean for Sidney and Clara.

Thus, like wild blossoms on the mountain earth,  
 Amidst my solemn scenes I scatter mirth ;  
 Hard is the task to hit each reader's fancy ;  
 Mary's a pensive soul—wit pleases Nancy ; 2200  
 We, bards, must labour like a rogue in chains,  
 To meet with poor compassion for our pains !



The merry dance, the harmless jest, the glee  
Combined in streams of cordial harmony ;  
Monkland the strains of ancient bards applied,  
Or apt effusions flowing in a tide  
From his rich mind with classic treasures stored ;  
And Evans' warbling flute new measures pour'd  
That blissful evening ; whirring rockets flew  
Replenishing the vault's transparent blue 2210  
With showers of stars ; the silver waves beneath  
Spread to the glittering heav'ns a rival wreath  
Of living pearls ; and Cynthia's peaceful light  
Smiled o'er the scene, and bless'd the nuptial night.

Once more wild ocean's crystal fields we plough,  
Spurning dull care behind, with gallant prow  
Pointed to merry England ; " blow, fair breeze !  
Waft my sweet bride across the torrid seas  
To home and joy"—the winds blew fresh ; the mast  
Bent like a Dofrine pine-tree to the blast ; 2220  
Beauteous it was to mark the glassy waves  
Swell'd into mountains—hollow'd into caves,  
While roll'd the gallant ship, her steady line  
Preserving still, victorious on the brine ;  
An arch of emerald, with diamonds crown'd,  
Moves with majestic march and solemn sound,  
Denouncing ruin in the thund'ring peal,  
But sinks, and softly glides beneath the keel.  
And oft, when struggling in the midnight storm,  
Arose serene the Cæsar's fearless form, 2230

Proud as the Vatican's imperial dome,  
And charged, like warrior's stead, through fire and foam.  
Short was the voyage ; one delicious night  
Gleam'd to the moon the shores of lovely Wight ;  
The heart, that never on a foreign strand  
Has panted for the lost, the native land,  
Can faintly feel that joy that fills the breast,  
When Albion's cliffs exalt their silver crest  
Above the billows ; sweet sensations then  
Rush to the bosom, and the tongues of men 2240  
In that loved language, which from infant years  
We utter'd, bathe our cheeks with holy tears.  
Sad was the scene, when Clara bade adieu  
To all those gallant tars ; the pearly dew  
Swam in their eyes, as each brave hand she press'd,  
Thank'd them for all their kindness past, and bless'd  
Their future labours ; gold their spirit scorn'd ;  
But ringlet, plume, or ribbon, that adorn'd  
Her mild and graceful person, shone to them  
More precious than a costly diadem. 2250  
Hart and his gay companions promised soon  
To seek her rural paradise ; bright June  
Had now enrich'd Britannia's fields with flowers,  
And strewn the hedge and hawthorn branch with showers  
Of milky blossoms, when to that dear shore  
The Cæsar's barge the pensive party bore ;  
The roll of echoing cannon, and the swell  
Of cheering warriors spoke their last farewell.

It was a lovely evening, cool and calm,  
When Clara first inhaled the breathing balm 2260  
Of woodbine cottage ; Neptune wildly sprang  
To meet Cornelius ; hall and garden rang  
With cries exulting, as the old man came  
With beating bosom, though with bending frame,  
To greet the father's and his child's return.  
“ No longer shall my trusty steward mourn,”  
Brave Chester said, “ in sorrow and distress,  
If gold can purchase mortal happiness.”  
“ The roving sailor is a thirsty soul,”  
Cried Sidney—“ bring, my friend, a foaming bowl  
Of British wine, by Clara's fingers made, 2271  
Sweeter to me than rich Tokay, display'd  
On boards imperial, and my bride shall pass  
In circling harmony the jovial glass.  
I know thy faithful services ; on thee  
Shall wealth descend, as Heav'n shall prosper me.  
Cornelius from his secret cupboard drew  
A store of cordials ; brisk as soda flew  
The sparkling gooseberry ; Metheglin clear  
Stream'd in transparence like the lucid tear 2280  
Of *vin de goutte*, and all a double zest  
To Sidney gave, by beauty's hands exprest.  
For Tamba first the brimming cup she pour'd ;  
“ Welcome ! thrice welcome to thy Clara's board,  
My life's preserver ! long may thou and thine  
Share at my table sweetest fruits and wine,  
And all that Sidney's bounteous heart bestows ;  
A cottage stands where silver Severn flows

Through greenest pasture ; there shall Tamba find  
Repose and shelter, should the fates unkind 2290  
E'er frown on Clara ; bleating lambs shall feed  
Along thy dewy downs, the sprightly steed  
Range through rich meads of clover ; wealthy kine  
Shall stock thy fields : thy blooming gardens shine  
With golden fruitage, and thy future cares  
Henceforth be needless ; to Anziko's heirs  
My husband shall bequeath them ; far at sea  
This plan our gratitude arranged for thee.  
But Woodbine Cottage still shall be thy home ;  
If thy free will incline thy steps to roam 2300  
Round these fair shores, to Clara ever dear  
Shall Tamba find a cordial welcome here."  
Sobs choked the Lybian's utterance ; but eyes  
And heaving breast, whose language well supplies  
All dearth of eloquence, her feelings told ;  
But young Anziko's bosom could not hold  
His joy tumultuous ; he clasp'd her knees,  
And bless'd the gales that o'er the tropic seas  
Bore that bright cherub in a mortal form  
To save his shipwreck'd Tamba in the storm 2310

Now Clara fill'd the sparkling glass for all ;  
Music and mirth resounded through the hall ;  
Her plaintive harp was sighing in the breeze ;  
Her flowers, fresh blooming, from the roscid trees  
Dropp'd nectar, and her grateful spaniel's eyes  
With pleasure glistened. Morning's crystal skies

Smiled on her path ; the golden moments flew  
 Like rose-leaves on a river ; o'er the dew  
 Of Worcestershire's ambrosial fields once more  
 That airy form her loved Arabian bore. 2320  
 Her lambs, though fully grown, remember'd still  
 The hand that fed them ; o'er the balmy hill  
 And blossom'd valley were the creatures seen  
 Her steps attending ; brilliant and serene  
 Brave Chester too the sun of fortune bless'd,  
 Gilding, though late, the hero's drooping crest :  
 When Fame's loud trump to Britain's king reveal'd  
 The worth that noble modesty conceal'd,  
 Titles and gold, and glory's brighter ray  
 Graced the calm sunset of his splendid day. 2330

To Clara now was ev'ry blessing given  
 That mortals taste, anticipating heaven—  
 Friends, sweet companions, blooming girls and boys,  
 External honours and domestic joys—  
 A garland which the hands of angels wove  
 For filial piety and matchless love !

### Parting Admonition.

WOMAN ! with thee began this simple lay ;  
 What brighter theme can close my setting day ?  
 For now, enchanted by the magic spell  
 No more, I bid a long, a last farewell 2340  
 To lovely Poesy, that soothing power,  
 That oft has cheer'd the solitary hour,

Strew'd flowers, when thorns were rankling in the brain,  
And conquer'd real by fictitious pain.  
Through the vast realms of ocean, earth and air,  
The temple, forest, camp, and desert bare,  
The bard his various song incessant weaves,  
And careless scatters, like autumnal leaves,  
His mystic numbers ; hark ! to every note,  
From the hoarse croaking of the raven's throat, 2350  
Through each gradation—twitter, pipe and swell,  
To the sweet thrush, and lovely philomel :  
And hear the dark, mysterious Byron sing  
In words and thoughts of nervous power, that wring  
The bosom like a vice ! while he, and more  
Of fame inferior, rushing from the shore  
Through towering waves in storm and thunder sweep,  
My little skiff must perish in the deep.  
But, ere I sink in cold oblivion's sea,  
The muse shall breathe one parting lay to thee, 2360  
Of Nature's works the sweetest and the last !  
We meet no more—forgive all errors past.  
If e'er my pen, to weave some idle strain,  
Sprinkled one drop to give an angel pain,  
Oh ! blot from memory the careless line—  
'Twas but in jest—my heart was ever thine.

An era dawns to cheer and bless mankind,  
True golden age—millenium of the mind !  
Progressive Science now expands her store,  
Brightens the gloom, and gladdens ev'ry shore. 2370

See where the steam-wrought bark serenely glides  
Through calm, through tempest, and opposing tides,  
Like a leviathan subdues the main,  
While rage the battling elements in vain !  
Through polar ice the naval hero steers ;  
The tongues of northern worlds salute his ears,  
And Parry reaps beneath a Brunswick's reign  
The laurel, while Columbus hugg'd a chain.  
The steed no more, inglorious in the team  
Tugs the dull barge against the foaming stream ; 2380  
His limbs shall now, for nobler use design'd,  
Leave on the course the whistling breeze behind,  
Exulting spring victorious in the race,  
Or bear young beauty in the glowing chase.  
The wretch that now in cold and darkness pines,  
Buried, a sleepless mole, in shafts and mines,  
Or in the burning glass-house wastes away  
The sap of life, henceforth in sunny day,  
Free as the wand'ring tenants of the air,  
May light, and joy, and mental glory share. 2390  
While man thus shines, shall lovely woman still  
Plod the dull round, and tread the weary mill ?  
Were those fair hands by Providence design'd  
To cut and shuffle, knots and nosegays bind,  
To dress a doll—a prating parrot feed—  
To tickle wire, or string a worthless bead ?  
Forbid it, Heaven ! the female heart contains  
More strength than revels in a giant's veins—  
Spirit and promptitude, that never bow  
To fate, though lightnings flash from peril's brow ;

Presence of mind in hours of awful need,                    2401  
When man, the despot, trembles like a reed ;  
And patience, never worn, that tends the bed  
Of anguish, till the fatal shaft has sped.

Rouse the deep energies, that dormant lie,  
And soar resplendent to your native sky ;  
Snatch, or divide, the wreath of deathless fame,  
Which proud competitors exclusive claim ;  
Assert your bright prerogative, to cheer  
With smiles the pilgrim's lonely journey here,                    2410  
And lead the path to purer realms above  
With heart of innocence and wings of love.  
Search the rich classics in their native ore ;  
The depths of Plato's mighty page explore—  
Maro's harmonious strains—the song of Troy—  
Be man's adored companion—not his toy.  
Design each tendril, plant, and breathing flower,  
That crowns the rock, or blossoms in the bower,  
From the dark pine, that braves the northern gale,  
To Scotia's bell, the primrose of the vale,                    2420  
To mountain weed, or blade of trodden grass.  
Peruse the heavens through Herschel's awful glass ;  
See, where the flames of glimmering orbs expire,  
The comet pour new cataracts of fire ;  
And through all space eternal concord hear  
With mortal organ, or with mental ear,  
From the deep chorus of the thund'ring sea  
To those bright spheres' mysterious melody.



Look to De Staël, fair, unrivall'd star !  
Whose spirit, like Columbus, burst the bar,           2430  
That screen'd a glorious world from human sight,  
And brought the mines of woman's soul to light.  
Tread in her lofty steps, and prove that more  
May grasp the wreath her splendid temples wore.  
Fling tinsel to the winds, and seize the gold ;  
Then shall the partner of thy joys behold  
The lustre of the mind from beauty's eye  
Sparkle like sunbeams through an azure sky,  
And view once more, as at creation's birth,  
Angels commingling with the sons of earth.           2440



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## NOTES.

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## NOTES TO BOOK I.

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PAGE 62, LINE 783.

*Floating like filmy folds of Abrovan.*

THERE was a sort of muslin, called Abrovan, which was manufactured solely for the use of the emperor's seraglio, which, if spread on wet grass, was scarcely visible. The Emperor Aurung Zeb was angry with his daughter for shewing her skin through her clothes; whereupon the young princess remonstrated in her justification that she had seven jamaks, or suits, on. Another story was, that a weaver was chastised, and turned out of the city of Decca, for his neglect in not preventing his cow from eating up a piece of the same sort of muslin, which he had spread, and carelessly left on the grass.

LORD LAUDERDALE ON INDIA.

But all those exquisite specimens of oriental art are surpassed by the Munich cobweb, which has the virgin and child worked in it, and wrought to such an unrivalled pitch of delicate fineness, that the figures it contains cannot be discerned without a microscope.

PAGE 63, LINE 824.

*Or web the flying spider weaves.*

Mr Knight relates the following anecdote of this curious insect. "I have frequently placed a spider on a small up-

right stick, whose base was surrounded by water, to observe its most singular mode of escape. After having discovered that the ordinary means of retreat are cut off, it ascends the point of the stick, and, standing nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind readily carries to some contiguous object. Along this the sagacious insect effects his escape, not, however, till it has previously ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached to the opposite end."

Dr Lister informs us that the flying spider ascends the top of a wall or tree, and turning its head towards the wind, ejaculates several threads ; and rising from its station, commits itself to the gale, and is thus carried beyond the loftiest towers—they catch minute winged insects in their progress, and descend by contracting their limbs, and gradually disengaging themselves from the thread which supports them.

PAGE 66, LINE 889.

*The creature turn'd his downcast head aside.*

Some of my readers will smile at the idea of a dog's modesty ; but I have witnessed it a thousand times, and seen that sensitive creature hang down his head, and look another way, seemingly abashed, when surprised in the act of watching his master at meals.

PAGE 66, LINE 894

*He felt the magic of harmonious sounds.*

We frequently hear dogs howling to the sound of bells and bugles, and it is difficult to determine whether they receive pain or pleasure from the music ; but undoubtedly some of them have a correct ear for harmony. I had a spaniel, whose ear was particularly affected by one key,

and indifferent to all others. I often played a tune on the flute in various keys, without his taking the least notice of it ; but the moment I began on two flats (the softest key on the flute) he raised his head, and commenced with a low murmur, rising gradually in unison with the instrument, till the notes ascended too high for his compass, when he gave a bark of vexation, and waited till the return of the low notes, which he again accompanied. I tried this experiment at various times, and with different tunes, and always with the same effect.

PAGE 79, LINE 1257.

*And robb'd proud Venice of her orient mines.*

Before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama, Venice monopolized nearly the whole trade of India.

END OF NOTES TO BOOK I.

## NOTES TO BOOK II.

---

PAGE 100, LINE 153.

*Thus Clara moved and charm'd—*

I ATTEMPT not to delineate a piece of puritanical perfection, like Lucilla Stanley ; my heroine is no controversialist, nor do I consider the most pious Christian less amiable for the possession of graceful accomplishments. I have represented Clara as skilled in the art of dancing, because I conceive it to be a healthy and innocent amusement. There are precise pastors, who, undoubtedly with the purest intentions, hurl their anathemas from the pulpit against the most harmless pleasures. If those spiritual legislators would enlighten their minds by travel, they would find that vice invariably flourishes most where innocent recreations are proscribed. The Christian religion, in its purity, is distinguished from all others by its cheerfulness ; the *mens conscia recti* is always cheerful ; gloom and despondency are the companions of guilt. Dark must be the soul of that puritan, who can frown on his blooming daughters, employed in the harmless pastime of the dance. Cold is the heart, that can witness unmoved the peasant girl of Provence dancing under the elm-tree, after toiling all day in the vineyard, and enjoying that wholesome exercise by way of *rest* from her labours. When relaxation is forbidden, the weary spirit will seek some powerful stimulus to



recruit exhausted strength. In the tropic climes, when the air is rarified by heat, the storm rushes in to restore the equilibrium. Some visionary fanatics of the present age have thrown such a gloomy veil over the lovely face of Religion, that one is almost tempted to believe they are atheists in disguise, and whetting their daggers against crowns and altars under the cloak of sanctity. The madhouses are peopled with the victims of spiritual delusion. Our evangelical Lycurguses, full of

“ Cold, dead freedom, and of dull, sad pride,”

have bent the human passions to the ground, till the spring must either break, or recoil with double force ; and the consequent reaction will naturally lead us to an age of licentiousness, similar to that of the profligate Charles II., after the whining hypocrisy of Cromwell. We want another Hudibras to overwhelm the torrent of cant with the powers of ridicule ; and it becomes the duty of every man, who possesses the command of pen, pencil, or chisel, to exert his wit, learning, or genius, in the cause of true religion, and to strip the mask from those Tartuffes, who worm themselves into credulous families, and disturb the peace of innocence. I would say then to the guardians of youth, “ Proscribe not harmless recreation ; for nature abhors a vacuum, and the intervals of toil and study must be filled with rational amusement, or with something worse : let your daughters dance and sing, and thank Heaven if they have no deeper crimes to repent of.”

Though an advocate for dancing, I am no admirer of what the French call, with their ludicrous pomposity, *La declamation des Jambes* ! I have seen the first opera dancers in Europe, and felt no more gratified by their unnatural

antics, than by the movements of a dancing dog. The only theatrical dancer I ever saw to please me, was the fascinating Miss Foote, in the character of Fair Star ; her graceful performance was the true “ poetry of motion ;” and I have seen the child and the philosopher derive equal pleasure from the beautiful Arabian story, of which she was the brightest ornament.

PAGE 108, LINE 375.

*Ne'er from Canova's living chisel sprang.*

Ye compounds of lilies and roses ! hide your diminished heads ; this poor slave, black as ebony, was, with one exception, the most perfect beauty I have ever seen.

PAGE 111, LINE 457.

*High o'er his brow fantastic horns arose.*

Many of the goats in the Cape de Verd islands have four horns, and some six ; which is effected by splitting them with a knife, when young and tender.

PAGE 112, LINE 489.

*They were a simple race—*

As a proof of the simplicity of the females, I asked a respectable shopkeeper at Porto Praya if she had any children ; she replied, in Portuguese, that she had one boy, whom she was nursing ; and to explain herself with greater perspicuity, she uncovered one of her breasts, and, squeezing it with both hands, squirted the balm of life in my face across the counter !

PAGE 117, LINE 629.

*All ocean was alive—*

Those brilliant coruscations in the tropic seas seem to be satisfactorily accounted for by M. Labillardière, author of the voyage in search of La Pérouse: he preserved some bottles of sea-water, taken up during its phosphorescence; the water, poured in a glass, was set in motion in the dark; he immediately saw luminous globules similar to those which appear when the waves are agitated; he strained the water through a piece of brown paper; some molecules, very gelatinous and transparent, remained in the strainer, and from that time the water lost all its phosphorescence, which he restored at pleasure by throwing therein the little molecules. It was necessary not to leave these diminutive animals exposed long to the air, for they soon lost all their phosphoric properties.

Mr Scoresby calculated, that a single drop of water, taken from the surface of the Greenland sea, contained 26,450 animalcules.

PAGE 145, LINE 1446.

*The tulip-tree, by noble Anson rear'd.*

The botanists may exclaim against this description of a tulip-tree; but it was so called by the natives, and I have sketched it graphically from notes written on the spot. I was once telling a story to a shrewd Frenchman, and began my narration with "*J'ai vu*"—"I love that *j'ai vu*," said he, "it carries more conviction to my mind than all the theories of the academicians." In fact, I have caught from the cabin window scores of fish, that would puzzle a Buffon or Linnæus, and resembling nothing to be found

in books of natural history ; and it would be an advantage to science in general, if every traveller would describe what he has seen in plain English, and leave technical terms to the fireside philosophers ; and particularly omit such vague expressions as *suave rubente*, and *suave olente*, which are no more characteristic of a tree than they are of a jack-pudding.

PAGE 147, LINE 1507.

*See that old sempstress creep—*

For the sake of variety, I have attempted a few lines *à la Crabbe* ; a poor imitation, I confess, of his admirable style of Dutch painting ; but, with all due respect for the original talents of Mr Crabbe, his unrivalled graphic delineations of homely scenes, and fearless fidelity to nature, I do not conceive that he has been happy in his choice of poetical subjects ; he brings us too near the painful truth, like the waxen image of a departed friend, which is disagreeable in proportion to its minute resemblance. Goldsmith has given us pictures of rustic poverty, equally forcible and true, without one unpleasing image. The beauties of painting and poetry consist, not so much in a faithful representation of natural scenes, as in a selection of those objects which are most agreeable to the imagination ; which are calculated to touch the heart without shocking the feelings. We view with pain and commiseration the body of a bleeding soldier, but contemplate with delight the statue of an expiring gladiator in polished marble. The charming illusion of some theatrical scenes proceeds from an invisible curtain ; and the spell of Mokanna was dissolved, when the mystic veil was torn from his unsight-

ly visage. Had Mr Crabbe always written in the style of "Sir Enstace Grey," these observations would appear equally unnecessary and presumptuous.

## PAGE 153, LINE 1684.

*At length the waves their blue transparence lost.*

For poetical effect, perhaps I should have represented La Plata and the ocean meeting like a brace of curly-headed bulls, and bellowing to the clouds. There are poets and orators in my country, who, in a strain of metaphorical madness, would have painted Neptune in the act of thrusting his foaming head into the river's jaws, like a cauliflower into a boiling cauldron; but plain truth is worth all the flights of the muses; the fact is, that we were sailing for two days up that immense river, without perceiving any difference between it and the sea, except by the colour of the water.

END OF NOTES TO BOOK II.

## NOTES TO BOOK III.

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PAGE 165, LINE 180.

*Across the roads the slaughter'd cattle lay.*

THERE is such an abundance of cattle in the province of Buenos Ayres, that the natives kill them for the hides, and allow wild dogs to carry off the meat. Such is the indolence of the inhabitants of Monte Video, that a cow and a pound of butter bear the same price—one dollar ! During the siege of that city, they killed four thousand head of cattle for the purpose of making sand-bags of the hides.

PAGE 168, LINE 270.

*And, wild with nature's spirit, raced the steed.*

We employed the Peons to catch wild horses at a dollar a-piece ; but when the officers had saddled those untrained animals, and strapped their boat-cloaks on them, they frequently broke loose and set off at full speed, when the soldiers fired a volley after them, in hopes of saving those précieux articles, which perhaps some of them carried to their death.

PAGE 175, LINE 465.

*In the black ashes of their former cot.*

In the track of Massena's retreat near Lleria, I saw numbers of women and children begging for bread, and kneeling in the ashes of their former habitations.

## PAGE 177, LINE 509.

*With fear and wonder when the blood is cold.*

At the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming party crossed a deep trench and scaled a part of the wall, seemingly inaccessible—a feat, which appeared as incredible to the gallant survivors next morning, as it did to the spectators, who were drawn there by curiosity.

## PAGE 178, LINE 556.

*Nor less shall gallant Burne exalted shine.*

Major-General Burne, who commanded the 36th regiment in every quarter of the globe; the standard of the soldier and the gentleman—a man, whose gallantry in the field is equalled only by his modesty in retirement. When seated by the side of that unpresuming veteran, in his plain uniform, how some of our titled ciphers and parliamentary heroes must blush at the stars and crosses that adorn their poor persons! His character may be well described in the emphatic words of Sheridan, when speaking of Lord Lyndoch, “There never was a loftier spirit seated in a gentler breast.”

## PAGE 188, LINE 824.

*A train of noble mules, of Spanish breed.*

La Pérouse remarks, that the introduction of two domestic animals into America has had the most striking influence upon the manners of all the tribes; they no longer follow any of their ancient customs; they no longer live upon the same fruits, nor wear the same garments; and they have a much stronger resemblance to the Tartars, or the borderers upon the Red Sea, than to their ancestors of two centuries past.

PAGE 189, LINE 875.

*His grasping claws and wings of dusky red.*

Dampier mentions a bat, whose wings extended as far as his outstretched arms.

PAGE 190, LINE 890.

*The green savannah, like a shoreless sea.*

There exist in the pampas of Buenos Ayres twelve million cows and three million horses, without comprising the cattle that have no acknowledged proprietor.

DE HUMBOLDT.

PAGE 195, LINE 1040.

*Till the Great Man——*

A tradition among the Ohio Indians.

PAGE 197, LINE 1087.

*The dread gymnotus——*

The gymnotus shoots the electric fire from the bottom of the waters, and benumbs the fisherman through his wetted line—it kills small fish at a distance, by giving them a shock through the water ; it gives no shock when wet sealing-wax is applied to the organs, but violent strokes when excited by a metallic rod.

PAGE 198, LINE 1136.

*With harmless water' charged——*

La Vaillant, to preserve the plumage of African birds uninjured, fired at them on the summits of the trees with a charge of water, which was separated from the powder by a wadding of wax candle.



PAGE 203, LINE 1273.

— *Milk of flavour sweet.*

The cow-tree, *palo de vacca*, yields abundance of a glutinous milk, of an agreeable and balmy smell. Incisions are made in the trunk; the natives recognise, from the thickness and colour of the foliage, the trunks that yield the most juice, as the herdsman distinguishes, from external signs, a good milch-cow.

PAGE 205, LINE 1327.

*Poising an Esmeralda's polish'd reed.*

The reed of the Esmeralda, of which the sarbacans are made, is 17 feet long, without a knot.

PAGE 217, LINE 1681.

*With trampling buffaloes might roll in vain.*

Turtles have been found of the enormous weight of 480 lbs., and strong enough to bear 600 lbs. on their backs.

PAGE 225, LINE 1880.

*Where all, but honour, perish'd in the grave.*

I have cautiously abstained from making any remarks on the conduct of the unfortunate commander of the expedition; he has been tried and sentenced by the laws of his country.

PAGE 228, LINE 1986.

*Like the blind pilot on the stormy sea.*

This alludes to that awful instance of retribution, when some hundreds of slaves were seized with the ophthalmia, and the monsters who captured them flung the unprofitable cargo into the sea; but the disease had spread amongst the crew, and a passing ship beheld the blind murderers rolling at the mercy of the winds and waves!

PAGE 229, LINE 1989.

*All lonely on the Lusitanian spire.*

The stork is regarded with superstitious veneration in many countries, particularly in Portugal, where laws are enacted for its preservation ; a custom which probably originated with the Egyptians, as those birds are useful in destroying the young serpents on the banks of the Nile. I have never seen a more striking example of solitude personified than one of those revered creatures standing on the summit of a spire in a Portuguese village, during a calm summer evening, when all nature was at rest, and he looked down from his throne in proud security, as if despising the idle world beneath him.

PAGE 230, LINE 2036.

*Whose pulses throb'd with deepest harmony.*

These lines are versified from a passage in the pleasing novel of Rangan Gilhaize, by Mr Galt.

PAGE 232, LINE 2084.

*Of fire-denouncing missionary wrung.*

In the "Conquesta de Alnas," the Spanish missionaries killed all who made resistance, burned their huts, and carried away the old men, women, and children, as prisoners!

DE HUMBOLDT.

I have no doubt that there are many of our British missionaries, who set out on their sacred errand, inspired with all the fervour of apostolic zeal ; but they appear to me too sanguine in their expectations of the miraculous interference of Providence, when they have neglected all rational means of success ; their labours commence where they ought to end ; they should educate, civilize, and

shew those children of ignorance the practical effects of the Christian religion, before they attempt to explain mysteries, which are above all human comprehension, to a troop of naked savages.

PAGE 243, LINE 2391.

*While man thus shines, shall lovely woman still.*

As an instance of the advantages arising from an improved system of education, I cannot resist the pleasure of noticing a miniature debate, which lately afforded the highest gratification to a crowded audience in my native place. It was an exhibition of parliamentary eloquence by the pupils of a preceptor, who is more a companion than a master among his scholars, forming a striking contrast to the pedagogue of former days, when schoolmaster and tyrant were considered synonymous terms. There was an excellent band, in which the pupils were the sole performers; and, at an age when a few years since the fingers of youth were employed in chalking their knuckles to play marbles, the choice orations of Pitt, Fox, and Ponsoby, were recited in a style of animation and classic elegance, which have rarely been surpassed in the British senate.

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I have already transgressed too long, and now, courteous reader, I make my farewell bow; for the field of poetry is at present occupied by such a phalanx of heroes, that a poor tyro, like myself, can only expect to be sent to the rear with the heavy lumber, with the mortification of hearing the shouts of victory echoing from hill to hill in the distance, and cheering the hearts of the fortunate commanders. I therefore retire, and pledge myself, if ever I

again intrude on the public, to appear before them in the garb of humble prose, which it is probable some critics will say is the only proof of good sense to be found in my pages. I part with my muse as I did with my ship after a fourteen months' voyage, thanking her for the many pleasant hours which she afforded me, and hoping most sincerely never to see her face again. But in thus taking a formal leave of my readers, I expose myself to a retort similar to that which a modern hero received, on taking the command of an invading army—"Soldiers," said he, "I arrive amongst you;" when a wag provokingly whispered "Who the devil cares?"

THE END.

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